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James H. Hyslop

Aged about 64 years.

From a photograph by Estelle Huntington Huggins, New York, 1918.

James H. Hyslop—X

HIS BOOK

A Cross Reference Record

Collated and Annotated

By

GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY, B. S.

*Formerly Secretary of the American
Society for Psychical Research*

With a Preface by

WESTON D. BAYLEY, M. D.



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Dedicated
to the Philosopher and Friend
Who Continues to Live in These Pages.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."—Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 203.

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PREFACE

BY WESTON D. BAYLEY, M.D.

Formerly Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, Hahnemann Medical College, Neurologist to St. Luke's Hospital (Philadelphia), Women's Homeopathic Hospital, West Jersey Hospital; Consulting Neurologist, Misericordia Hospital, Philadelphia.

In all times and among all peoples there have been singularly persistent accounts of strange and unusual happenings, uncanny experiences, and weirdly veridical rituals which are devoid of any present rule-o'-thumb comprehension. These phenomena have appeared with varying descriptive detail as widely scattered narratives, in the writings of history, travel, anthropology, exploration and adventure. Only when collated and compared do these apparently diverse incidents reveal a remarkably concordant resemblance. Thus, the obviously supernormal procedure described in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, whereby a thief was identified, is similar to the methods of "anticoot" employed among the Eskimos; a first-hand instance of which was narrated to Dr. Heysinger and myself and by him recorded with affidavits, and published in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research for January, 1909 [Vol. III, pp. 54-61].

More than this, these descriptions are of a kind with phenomena recorded in many of our older books; and strangely enough, in spite of our progressing scientific clarity and developing "common sense," there is a steady and undiminished continuity of these same insistencies; and a number of these have been gathered and placed on record in the various publications of psychical research. In the now somewhat antiquated two volumes of *Phantasms of the Living* * there appeared many cases, often fully supported by concurrent testimony, and technically classified, with an effort at interpretation, by several of the great early specialists in psychical research. The cases therein reported were gathered in a fortuitous and often accidental manner, and in the nature of things represent but a modicum of those which are in actual existence, but kept secret, suppressed and lost to interpreta-

* Gurney, Myers and Podmore, London, 1886.

tion and study, because of the terribly fixed inhibition of "social decorum." This taboo has maintained an inexorable avoidance of any open mention of supernormal experiences. It is only the most understanding or the courageously independent who have been willing to disregard the likelihood of public ridicule and place their experiences on available record. It may be safely said that if all of the recent and contemporaneous material were freely available for detailed record and study, there would be such a formidable total that even the professors of psychology, who now teach (under that false caption) nothing but brain physiology, would be compelled to realize that the only possible science of psychology must grow, as it inevitably will, out of the developments of psychical research. There is no other source of substantial or credible information regarding the *nature of mind and its relation to the body*. This is in no wise a disparagement of the importance of the study and teaching of the functions of the brain, since the present writer has given forty years' attention to that particular subject. It is merely an insistence *that things be called by their right names!* At present there is little open recognition of this infant science in our great centers of learning. It is quite possible that were the Richard Hodgson Memorial Fellowship in Psychical Research in Harvard University adequately endowed the subject would be appropriately taught by trained and competent specialists. In some universities the accredited teachers of psychology continue sublimely uninformed regarding these psychical studies, as is readily manifest by some of their oracular discourses. In others, there are teachers privately interested and well qualified, but should they proceed to didactics they would be doomed to dismissal by trustees who are usually dominated by some particular brand of orthodox theology. A very brilliant friend of mine, holding a professorship in a certain university, and who had made an earnest study of psychical research, soon felt the pressure of the soft pedal under the digits of these dignitaries who in these matters were, as usual, delectably dumb!

But both collegiate and popular attitudes are progressively altering, as they always have done, under the pressure of legitimate and competent observation. The Harvard of today, with its magnificent curriculum, can scarcely credit the Harvard of old whose (then) President sanctioned the murderous horrors of Salem. Especially in England has psychical research become even religiously respectable. An increasing caution is now observable, in that eminent professors rarely declaim on this subject with a vociferousness measurable in inverse

ratio to their competency. In this connection one may profitably revert to the conditions of about four decades ago. In those days, as now, there existed a mass of material persisting as a perpetual plague to the pedantic; a lot of husky and pestiferous orphans with no accredited parentage. These were mesmerism, hypnotism, spiritualism, alleged hauntings, so-called apparitions, trance phenomena, and many responsibly detailed narratives of mental intercommunication between living people often widely separated.

Theology (whose very essence is based upon a host of similar manifestations, only with less credentials than are patent in modern ones) passed them by on the other side of the road. The orthodox sciences were similarly evasive. Even the quasi-sciences of psychology and biology—not yet sure of their own legitimacy—turned a deaf ear to the wailings of these fantastic creatures.

But the time came when a little group of the eminentia in and about Cambridge University paused, curious, at their strange and unintelligible outcries. These Samaritans, urged by an awakened realization of unwarranted neglect, made a good beginning by giving them a most appropriate generic name: **THE RESIDUAL PHENOMENA**. For their trouble these gentlemen were at once indulgently exculpated by the bulk of their academic brethren, since it was deplorably realized that a sort of senile dementia may surreptitiously manifest as a soft spot even in minds otherwise vigorous. Nevertheless, there was a determined purpose in this little group which gathered for psychic inquiry at Cambridge in 1879; and the movement steadily broadened until, in 1882, the English Society for Psychical Research was formally organized. This comprised eminent teachers, investigators, experts, and people of general prominence; and the movement soon spread to other countries. A considerable Branch was organized in America, sponsored by men of the type of Professor William James. “Residual Phenomena” were at last to have an orphanage of their very own where they could be tested for their truthfulness, measured for their materiality, weighed for their worthiness, their corpuscles counted, their deceptions dissected; where difficult, unusual and seemingly incredible things could be mounted for the microscope and tried in the test-tube. In other words, these improvident phenomena were destined to undergo the same method of study, observation and interpretation which has been so competently valuable in all other lines of responsible human inquiry. Since that time, a very large literature has accumulated, especially of so-called trance phenomena, and lately (notably in France) on phys-

ical manifestations. *The Societies do not advertise; they are averse to anything like publicity bureaus and they specifically disclaim official opinions*; so for that reason one very general misconception regarding these studies remains largely uncorrected. That is, the utterly false and erroneous idea that the founders of the Society, its later members and the responsible sister organizations, started out with the assumption of "immortality" and then sought to prove it by psychical investigations! Nothing could be further from the truth! There has never been an *a priori*; and it has been a specific disclaimer that any and all opinions of individual investigators are entirely personal and carry no official endorsement. It could be expected that some such false idea would likely filter into the loose notions of the general public, but such a concept is utterly inexcusable among scholars, who certainly should know better if they know anything at all of the subject. It is unfortunate that some men of scientific prominence in other departments of inquiry may successfully gloss over their ignorance of psychical matters, yet carry an authoritative weight that is purely fictitious and of no more value than the opinions of a bootblack. It may be remarked that the status of contemporaneous psychology, as related to its possible future, bears the same general relation that alchemy once did to modern chemistry; and its progression into an established science is a matter of human perspective, human inquiry, and time. Once this is realized, it carries with it the implication that scientific endeavor should always manifest a proportional modicum of scientific modesty. Mind may indeed be an elusive and at present an entirely uncomprehended activity of cerebro-spinal neuron bodies. On the other hand, it may be an equally puzzling and obscure separate entity which has builded and temporarily utilizes the complex structure called the physical body; and is inherently capable of surviving its destruction. There is just as much presumptive evidence for the one concept as for the other, and the interrelation of mind and body still remains a profound mystery. Any reflecting person, especially one technically trained in the structure and functions of the body in general, and the nervous system in particular, can fully comprehend the late and present psycho-biological trend toward materialism. Yet this is not so satisfying, after all. Even the greatest exponents of mechano-vitality have met with equal if not greater difficulties. Tyndall was emphatic about the "impassable chasm" between the functions of brain and the phenomena of mind. Huxley, "in the hardness" of his "head or heart," found any causal relation "com-

pletely unthinkable." The final conclusions of Spencer and Hæckel were in similar vein. Loeb's more recent *Heliotropism* is interesting but does not explain intelligence. As Moore * pertinently remarked: "If one went in a room with the windows at one end only, and saw the leaves of the plants all turned to the light, and a group of men gathered at the light reading and writing, he would scarcely be inclined to ascribe to one and the same mechanical tropism this orientation of men and plants to the source of light."

Much better is it to suspend judgment and cautiously proceed with the exploration. The investigators who traverse more open fields should keep in touch with the equally earnest and competent groups struggling against greater odds through forests; and be ever alert to comprehend their difficulties and evaluate their discoveries. Biology, brain physiology, psychical research and morbid psychology are now separate strands ultimately destined to be braided together into the rope of final understanding of things called "living" and things called "dead."

The *Proceedings* and *Journals* of the Societies for Psychical Research are rich in material, and the wealth would have been much greater had Dr. Richard Hodgson lived, or had the records of the Piper material been left in this country and intrusted to the care of Professor James H. Hyslop, by whom they would have been vitally used, instead of being carried to London, where the manuscripts have been virtually buried until most of those who could have explained and clarified the bulk of unpublished cases have died. Only one case was worked out for publication in the English office (if my memory serves me rightly), and that was the "Junot" series. Anent this I have a personal letter from Mr. "Junot" in which he regretted that he had not been shown the manuscript before publication, since he could have clarified numerous points and given additional explanatory data.

Some of the most competent students of this mass of material have reached the conviction that the only possible explanation that will account for all of the data is the survival of a human personality who, with rare opportunity and encountering inconceivable difficulties, can hark back in a fragmentary and often confused way to the friends in our life.

Others cavalierly explain everything by "telepathy;" but this is one of those "polarized" words mentioned by Samuel Laing. It is a

* Thomas V. Moore, M.D., *Dynamic Psychology*.

term devoid of descriptive value; it does not define anything; but merely exists as a loosely convenient and empirical caption for a large body of well accredited phenomena. To liken this subtle psychic phenomenon to "wireless" is another superficial and fallacious analogy. The energy of wireless bears a direct ratio to distance; telepathy, at least that accredited as the spontaneous kind, is clearly unrelated to spatial limitations. Wireless requires powerful generators for its transmission. Who can conceive of any kindred energy evolved by the tiny cells of the cerebral cortex? Again, if neuron groups "vibrated" they would be likely to shake off the more stable memories, instead of disseminating recollections and incidents often of remote, forgotten and out-of-the-way character, including ancient trivialities totally unknown to the sitter and necessitating consultations with aged and distant relatives for their verification. Events which, when all is considered, are certainly the normal and natural choosing if these alleged "communicators" are what they insistently claim to be. Yet the exact methods of scientific responsibility require that we proceed to the interpretation of the vast material now at our disposal with great caution, and not rush to a hasty acceptance of the spiritistic explanation. Telepathy has been discussed in great detail by various writers, and the consensus of opinion is that it is inadequate to account for all of the facts. There are some of us who comfortably evade an evaluation of our material in its entirety, but pick out things here and there to support some pet preconception, and then with an impressive wave of the hand, announce a *pronunciamento*, "all of these phenomena are merely telepathy." This is a very comfortable means of dismissing the whole matter, providing there is no impudently inquisitive interrogator within earshot who rudely demands a comprehensive definition of that term. The self-satisfied telepathists of the present day are mostly recruited from the type of college professors which Dr. Hyslop with an amusing impatience designated as Philistines. They are confronted with an inevitable embarrassment when it is necessary for them to "explain" psychical phenomena. It is imperative that this be done in a purely orthodox fashion. The term telepathy is a meaningless fiction but comfortably endowed with high-powered respectability. After all, these pretentious telepaths are not one whit less scientific than certain well known persons who, after a few experiences with the supernormal, became ardent spiritists, discarding in their subsequent observations all of the precisely formulated conditions of responsible psychic inquiry. Some of these have added an attitude of

impatience and even hostility toward the bulk of earnest investigators who remain skeptical or amiably agnostic. In the case of any or all hasty generalizations, science has in course of time the inevitable way of demanding the precisely weighed pound of flesh.

More recently some French investigators * have evolved the concept of a sort of super-telepathy, in which we are presented with a new set of names which are supposed to clarify "the most complex phenomena of mental metapsychics" and explain all so-called "mediumistic" manifestations on the empirical assumption that there are "two great *abnormal* † psychological activities, i. e., *Metagnomy* (literally, beyond intelligence), designating the exceptional and pathologic human capacity for the supernormal cognition of events; and *prosopopesis*, which means the displacement of the psychic's personality by the simulated mannerisms of a real discarnate or fictitiously dissembling intruder. *Cryptæsthesia*, also, defines the ordinarily latent, morbid (?), at any rate exceptional awareness of a universality of affairs—past, present and future; a puissance which appears to our ordinary channels of sense but with endowments qualitatively different from their known functioning. This newer terminology is planned to replace familiar but supposedly obsolete words long in common use, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, lucidity, possession, telepathy and the like, for greater definitive precision. If this can be demonstrated it should have immediate acceptance, but the more formidable "metagnomy" and "prosopopesis" can make their way into general acceptance only by conveying special or specific meaning, adding to or modifying our common stock of knowledge. There is a ready test since all descriptive terms resolve into one or the other of two classes:

- (1) Words bearing intrinsically a mere empirical value.
- (2) Words endowed with the connotation of definitely descriptive value.

An example of the first is table salt; of the second, sodium chloride. It does not appear that the newer nomenclature bears any more credentials than the older, since all of them are of Class 1. Indeed, since they appear to be materialistically conditioned as vibratory functionings of the cortical cells by their sponsors, the concept is subject to prompt challenge by experts in brain structure and function, for sub-

* *Supernormal Faculties in Man*, Osty; also various articles by Sudre in *Journals A. S. P. R.*

† Italics mine.

stantial verification. It is even less explicit than the insistence of the spiritualists, since the survivalist finds the cortical neuron to be just what it appears—a mere piece of chemico-biologic machinery. At one moment it is a mechanism for the expression of personality and intelligence; the next moment, with its structure seemingly intact and unaltered, the “personality” is gone and the individual is “dead.” When this happens the spiritist is under no obligation to trace the once familiar nexus to the neuron. To him, the performer has merely closed the keyboard and moved away from the organ. Our metagnomistic colleagues are entitled to full sympathy in their endeavor to make out a case, since every possible avenue of inquiry must be fully explored; when their investigations are carried further it will doubtless be found that they have endowed the poor little weak and watery neuron with capabilities much less comprehensible and tremendously more complicated than the not inconsiderable puzzle imposed on it by the believer in spirit identity.

In any event, all competent and responsible investigators of this complex and elusive material must carry open and receptive minds for all accumulated and accumulating data and the suggested explanations for them. That the psychic communications should be encouragingly clear at one moment, and maudlin, confused or prevaricating in the next, is a real problem; since from the inquirer’s point of view one series of remembered events should present no more difficulties of expression than another. But the many cases wherein a communicator has started with statements specifically veridical but soon degenerating into incomprehensible confusion, manufacture greater problems for the metagnomists than for the spiritists. The communicators (assuming these to be what they so strenuously insist) refer to the difficulties of utilizing a brain similar to but not identical with the one discarded at death. Their attempted messages are subject, through some complexity of mechanism, to dream-like defections. They have explained that peripheral unrelated and unintended thoughts may inadvertently slip in to the displacement or confusion of the central intent of the message; that even the thoughts of other personalities, in chance proximity, may be registered unawares; that on occasion, communication is carried on by pictographic symbolism. This may be more or less meaningless in our ignorance of possible disembodied conditions; but to me it appears a degree less so than the mechanistic theory which not only ascribes activities to the nervous system totally unsupported by our knowledge of its functioning, but cavalierly endows the cortical

structures with a useless, confusing and cruelly deceitful capacity, all to no purpose.

Since present-day "psychology" (so-called) is without credentials for even a tentative inclusion among the established sciences, the only refuge for the responsibly competent inquirer is a comprehensive agnosticism until future findings fix the final formulæ. These may carry conclusive and convincing credentials clinching the obviously materialistic concept of cryptæsthesia; or, on the other hand, they may competently clarify and confirm to a certainty the conviction of continuity of consciousness carrying on after the casual circumstance or supposed "catastrophe" of death.

When psychical research finally lays the foundation for a real science of psychology, the reaction of the average expounder of Christian theology is easy to predict:

(1) Should the spiritistic explanation fail in the ultimate explanation of psychic material, the preachers will continue with the familiar vocal unction, "We have always insisted upon the limitations of science. Conditions of immortality remain the precious pearls of faith, as enunciated by the infallible scheme of salvation."

(2) If the spiritists prove their case, there will be a similar sanctimonious rolling of clerical eyes, only with the necessary readjustment of text: "Have we not always taught that the soul survived the calamity of bodily death? Now comes a scientific psychology which verifies the infallibility of Scripture!"

Either outcome will work out with no visible disturbance of the brainy material sitting in Sunday morning pews; since fixed custom precludes the possibility of anyone arising and taking issue with the customarily unverifiable theological assertions; and, furthermore, even were this possible, its occurrence would be a rarity because those who have rationally studied theological problems and are conversant with ecclesiastical history remain at home or otherwise spend the day more profitably.

To those who have devoted a lifetime of study to the intricate problems of the relation of life and mind, the mass of ignorant twaddle handed out Sunday after Sunday to the credulous, by ignorant preachers, would be pathetic, were it not funny.

Naturally my memory goes back to the period of close friendship with two men of great genius and originality; and reverts to a precise acquaintance with their punctiliously scientific methods. With the passing of these two competent and discerning pioneers of American

Psychical Research, Dr. Richard Hodgson and his friend and co-worker, Professor James Hervey Hyslop, there was pressing need for active successors to carry on their work with the same accuracy and detail, continuing the established procedures of scientific inquiry. There were a few technically qualified friends and cultured colleagues, competent to have done this, but they were, unfortunately, dependent for livelihood on other professional lines of employment. As a result, the precise and fruitful investigations which remain a basic method of procedure and were at one time productive of a wealth of competent material in America, came to an end, save for the individual work of a scattered few, including my friend, Gertrude Ogden Tubby; well known to psychic researchers through her long association with the American Society as a member of its staff. For thirteen years Miss Tubby enjoyed the privilege of being Professor Hyslop's trusted associate in his psychic investigations. From him she acquired the definitely prescribed technique of psychical procedure, conforming with the fixed principles of scientific responsibility.

Professor Hyslop had, with wonderful persistence, patience and precision, placed on record a vast amount of experimental material, fully accredited and exactly sustained in accordance with the standards of evidence. His data, together with his detailed commentaries and observations, are a matter of public record. What he thus accomplished is his greatest monument; and no marble shaft could be more imperishable. After his death some of us regarded it as an imposed obligation to give this devoted inquirer (in case he survived) every facility to communicate; since it was natural to assume that his intense interest while living would continue after he had passed away. Long association with him in his work made it an incumbent obligation upon Miss Tubby that she should, to the best of her ability, extend every possible chance for manifestations of his ability to communicate.

The purported James H. Hyslop (under satisfactory conditions) apparently seized the earliest opportunity; that is, five hours after his death, when Miss Tubby, making an ostensibly casual friendly call on Mrs. C. G. Sanders, of New York, was given highly pertinent and evidential information, the medium being uninformed of Dr. Hyslop's death. Continuing from then until the present time the same communicator has utilized practically every available opportunity to establish his identity as having survived the destruction of his frail and outworn physical body. The communications purporting to be his which are

the collated material of this volume cover widespread and certainly dissociated fields of investigation. Many of the scattered threads of persistent effort at communication preserved the same continuity and relevance when, in 1924, Miss Tubby, having freed herself from official duties, went abroad incognito. Yet it appears that wherever she went (allowing for the personal capacities and idiosyncrasies of the individual psychic) the communications sustained the continuity of personal effort on Hyslop's part. His insistencies were strengthened and sustained by a series of cross-references which were manifest on her return to America. This posthumous endeavor is obvious in the records and suggests the survival of a persistent individuality carrying on despite the difficulties and confusions inherent in trance and other psychic phenomena: difficulties of the nature of which we have but scant understanding.

This volume is the first collection of the Hyslop material which has been collated, and it is actually only the later and minor portion of the mass of psychical material Miss Tubby has accumulated since the passing of that eminent student of psychics in 1920. The present work is an introductory contribution to a larger literature of similar import, which could be much enriched by the publication of the Hodgson-Piper records which, after Richard Hodgson's death, in 1905, as I have earlier remarked, were taken from America and have since then reposed in the strange and unaccountable silence of years. This defection was exceedingly unfortunate, since it was a part of a specific written agreement that, on the dissolution of the American Branch, the Piper-Hodgson records were to be published at the earliest available moment. This understanding was culpably ignored in London, and the manuscripts have now passed the period of their usefulness and doubtless will continue a moldering neglect of the invaluable material which was the life work of one of the most sterling, accomplished and devoted workers I have had the privilege of knowing.

Miss Tubby's diverse experience in the study of subjective psychic phenomena in the past twenty years gives responsible background to her present publication; and her years of training and study with Professor Hyslop have equipped her with a full sense of responsibility, representing both the courage and the prudent punctiliousness of that pioneer psychologist. Her records are notably accurate and detailed, and those who may demur at her conviction that they are the persistent efforts of the surviving Dr. Hyslop striving under varying and little understood difficulties to make himself manifest to the one person who

was closest to him in his years of technical work must, at all events, base their judgment upon the facts as here set forth.

This volume contains a collection of records with notes of interpretation. I commend the work to the attention of inquirers and researchers interested in the pros and cons of the possibility of survival of bodily death. Miss Tubby wisely makes no claim for infallibility as an interpreter, but she is a competent student of these phenomena and is understandingly qualified in all possible explanations of these puzzling psychical verities. To her mind the hypothesis of survival is alone competent to explain not only the material of this book, but also the detailed records of cases published in the *Proceedings* of the English and American Societies for Psychical Research. Yet, should there be a subsequent and satisfying interpretation of the accumulated data which will explain all of the accumulated material better than the spiritistic hypothesis, it is the genius of psychical researchers, and naturally it will be hers, to give it full acceptance.

Philadelphia, Penna.
May, 1927.

FOREWORD

Gradually, since the second decade of the twentieth century, forces and interests of apparently diverse character in the field of psychic research have been coming to a focus, coördinating to add to the fundamental materials of a new science which is, in its unfoldment, destined to solve the problem of the relation of life and mind. The much-discussed ectoplasm has gained recognition, whether as a theory or as a reality, from even the most conservative researchers. Its investigators appear to have the conviction that certain physical manifestations are the amazing fabrications of unseen intelligence, drawing a plastic material from the medium and molding it into partial or complete human simulacra. So incredible a mechanism will require much additional laboratory confirmation before it will even be considered by orthodox science or impress the lay mind. In certain rare cases of psycho-physical mediumship, properly safeguarded under laboratory conditions, the manifestations have linked up with intelligence, both conscious and unconscious. Thus they have bearing upon both the physical, physiological and psychological powers and possibilities of the human race.

There are some knotty problems disclosed by the careful work of competent investigators in this novel line of inquiry, wary of the tricks and devices of the public séance room, but mindful of Nature's illimitable fecundity of phenomena and patient and reverent toward the strictly ascertained facts of the laboratory. A checking up of physical mediumship to rule out conjuring and "magic" is an intellectual necessity. A clearly verified and established phenomenon fears no critic of its manifestation; indeed, such an evaluation is a rational necessity.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for scientists to ignore the numerous and accredited demonstrations that intelligence operates in physical manifestations, even when the personality governing them is not physiologically present, in the accepted sense of those terms. Gradually the truth is being disclosed to the physicist and the physiologist that the body is merely an instrument of expression and that it is not the only instrument at the disposal of human and individual

intelligence. Moreover, that a given individual is not necessarily confined to the use of a single instrument, its "own" human body for expression, but may, to some degree at least, find expression through alien human bodies or even through non-organic forms of matter. Even before death, transferred expression is possible in hypnosis and telepathy. And the familiar "rap" in hollow wooden constructions or otherwise enclosed small spaces sometimes occurs at a distance from any possible human agent, such as to preclude the supposition of even an extended "arm" or "rod" as its cause, and has been known under such circumstances to indicate apparent intelligence and purpose to express.

For many years I was associated with and in the employ of Dr. Hyslop in his psychical investigations, which were chiefly concerned with the study of supernormal evidence in subjective mediumship. Daily I was impressed by his sincerity of purpose, his zealous interest in his research, which never departed for an instant from his ideal of scientific responsibility. He emphasized the necessity of establishing or confuting the claims of communicators, thus providing a background of judgment for the earlier as well as for the more recent purported psycho-physical phenomena. He passed out with accredited prodigious accomplishments which are his monument. At his death, I was concerned to give him an opportunity to prove that he still survived and could make himself manifest. That opportunity, extended within five hours of his death, has been continued. The portion of his supernormal communications herein presented is a network linking American and European mediumship and will serve to strengthen the slowly formed conclusions of the scientific public as to the actuality of intercommunication between individual human consciousnesses separated by embodiment and disembodiment.

Those who take refuge in theories of the "subconscious," the "unconscious" and the "superconscious," to account for much of the material presented in the following pages must implicitly assume the task of explaining why the communications so clearly disclose individual intelligence and personal character of communicators whose personal idiosyncrasies and temperament,—yes, even whose existence is totally unknown to the human instrument they appear to be recording upon.

Advocates of the telepathic explanation in particular may profitably ponder the words of the great English pioneer in the psychic field, Frederic W. H. Myers, who, at the opening of the present century

already sounded a warning: [*Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, Vol. II, p. 195:]

"Telepathic phenomena are in fact soon seen to overpass any development which imaginative analogy can give to the conception of ethereal radiation from one material point to another.

"For from the mere transmission of isolated ideas or pictures there is . . . a continuous progression to impressions and apparitions far more persistent and complex. We encounter an influence which suggests no mere impact of ethereal waves, but an intelligent and responsive *presence*, resembling nothing so much as the ordinary human intercourse of persons in bodily nearness. Such visions or auditions, inward or externalized, are indeed sometimes felt to involve an even closer contact of spirits than the common intercourse of earth allows. One could hardly assign ethereal undulations as their cause without assigning the same mechanism to all our emotions felt towards each other, or even to our control over our own organisms.

"Nay, more. There is . . . a further progression from these telepathic intercommunications between living men to intercommunications between living men and discarnate spirits. . . . We may now rest assured that telepathic communication is not necessarily propagated by vibrations proceeding from an ordinary material *brain*. For the discarnate spirit at any rate has no such brain from which to start them."

Indeed, the protagonist of telepathy, subconscious, unconscious or cosmic, must admit that pushed to logical limits these theories leave their protagonist himself in a quicksand. How is he to prove that his own point of view is his *own* when it may conceivably, by his own premises, be foisted upon his consciousness telepathically, a chain of subconscious logic rushing up through the subliminal over the threshold of his attention from some source he is unable to fix. There are many who admit telepathy and fear or dread to move beyond it, who may conceivably themselves be subject to its effects unawares. The fish does not know that it swims in a sea of water; the infant does not know that it breathes a composite gas called air; the primitive man does not know that his morals, manners, customs and forms of worship are a geographic and ethnographic heritage; the average man or woman in the European and American societies of today, where scientific discoveries play a large part in standardizing social and economic as well as mental training, is no better off as regards his understanding of the intricate workings of mind and soul. Even the expert technician and the physical scientist has usually no concept of the tides of thought and

feeling which may surround and mold his inner world. His idea of what is normal to the mind is conditioned upon the mathematics of the physical laboratory, and this remains true too often of even the laboratory psychologist, studying the physical sensory apparatus and taking only minor account of the fluctuations manifest in the will, the temperament and the higher emotions.

Telepathy has scarcely made its academic début and the association of ideas has been only superficially studied in the psychological laboratory, as concerning its bearing upon various human susceptibilities that are thrown into mixed company and labelled "supernormal" in laboratory parlance.

The rounding of the first quarter of the twentieth century has witnessed a phenomenal gain. Few realize, perhaps, the hopeful portent of the appearance in one year of two such serious contributions to psychology as *The Mind and Its Place in Nature*, by C. D. Broad, of Cambridge, England, and *The Crisis in Psychology*, by Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipsic University. A third treatise, *The Nervous Mechanism of Plants*, by the illustrious head of the Indian Institute of Calcutta, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, which appeared within the same twelvemonth, fairly crowd the year with hopeful indications of scientific progress in the study of mind. The Western philosophers devote two sections (about two hundred pages) in each of their respective volumes to studies of the unconscious, of dreams, of hypnosis, dissociation, co-consciousness and subconsciousness, "parapsychology," including both physical and psychical and psycho-physical phenomena, prophecy, immortality and the evidence for human survival, all these subjects being germane to psychic research.

The great work of Dr. Bose has concerned itself for the past thirty years with the searching out of the life reactions not alone of plants but of minerals, linking the manifestations of life in the inorganic and vegetable realms with similar reactions in animal organisms. This, taken together with Professor Driesch's espousal of vitalism in biology, marks a notable rapprochement of the sciences of conscious life in all ranges, which may go farther in future toward the connection of disparate forms and the understanding of their interrelation. Materialism, at the close of the nineteenth century, had already come to its checkmate as to the inertness of "matter." It now begins to appear that the ranges of matter give evidence of an informing principle in rising scale.

Theories of the "normal" consciousness in our age may, and

doubtless will, prove to have been only distorted and partial representations of the full meaning of life. Physical and mental and psychic sciences may one day join hands in a full sweeping circle that shall include all manifestations of life, "normal" or "supernormal." The discarnate as well as the incarnate may therein find their place as secure as that of the ion or the electron, the alkali, the acid or the metal, the amœba or the bacterium, the hoptoad or the horse. In that day, man may come more fully and consciously into his own rightful estate, now too often hemmed in, restricted and provided with scientific danger signals and warnings to keep off the property.

If it be that we are right in our interpretation of the apparent efforts of one bold pioneer from the next life, whose record is here to be read, one more nail is well driven into the coffin of materialism. If we be wrong, the interpretation that sets us right needs must be a larger one than materialism has offered and we shall receive it thankfully.

G. O. T.

January, 1927.

*It is most certain that there are still cosmic laws unknown, and that of these there may well be some one within range of discovery which may govern more directly the region in which these problems lie. We shall do well, therefore, to consider whether there be any primary belief held in common by all religions; and, if so, whether that belief is capable of being expressed in a form in which it might conceivably be proved by Science to be a cosmical law—a fourth law lying at the root of Psychology as those other laws at the root of Physics and Biology. If we can do this, we shall at least know where we are and what we have to aim at; and the controversy, which is now too often like a fight between a dog and a fish,—between the subjective instincts which glide in the ocean and the objective facts which bark on the shore,—may be conducted in something more resembling a common element.—F. W. H. MYERS, *Modern Poets and Cosmic Law*, published in 1893 in the volume, *Science and a Future Life*.*

The time has arrived for making a step forward. . . . The evidence [in mediumistic communications] for personal identity is sufficient to convince intelligent men. It is time to attack some of the more complicated and perplexing problems in this subject. . . .

*The main territory has been won and it is now our duty to organize it into a civilized government and not any longer cower before those who never construct but always destroy. . . . A “resolute incredulity” is no better than a “resolute credulity.” Evolution had the same enemies to meet and won more by attacking them than it did by accepting their authority. It must be the same in this problem.—JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, 1912, Vol. VI, pp. 14, 15.*

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS

A. B.	Mrs. Annie Brittain, London psychic.
C. B.	Mr. Charles Glover Botham, English psychic.
E. A.	Ernest Ainslee, deceased [pseudonym].
L. A.	Laura (Mrs. Ernest) Ainslee [pseudonym].
A. L. B. C.	Mrs. C., private English psychic.
L. M. C.	Mrs. Louise M. Chamberlaine, American psychic.
Mlle. G.	Mlle. Guerson, Paris psychic.
Mme. G.	Mme. Girard, Paris psychic.
F. E. H.	Frank E. Hyslop, brother of J. H. H.
J. H. H.	James Hervey Hyslop, founder of the A. S. P. R.
J. H. H.-X	James Hervey Hyslop, deceased communicator.
O. L.	Mrs. Osborne-Leonard, English psychic.
L. E. P.	Mrs. Leonora E. Piper, American psychic.
A. V. P.	Mr. A. Vout Peters, London psychic.
Mrs. Ph.	Mrs. "Physician," private Philadelphia psychic.
A. S. P. R.	American Society for Psychical Research.
S. P. R.	Society for Psychical Research (British).
C. G. S.	Mrs. C. G. Sanders, American psychic.
M. M. S.	Mrs. M. M. Soule (Chenoweth), American psychic.
H. T-S.	Mrs. Travers-Smith (Hester Dowden), Irish psychic, London.
G. O. T.	The Author.
P. B. T.	Miss P. B. Tenney, private English psychic.
()	Enclose sitter's remarks at a séance.
[]	Enclose explanatory remarks interpolated.
	Matter printed in <small>SMALL CAPITAL LETTERS</small> embodies a cross-reference to other matter indicated in Index of Cross-references.

INDEX OF CROSS-REFERENCES

Items printed in SMALL CAPITALS throughout the volume

ITEM	LONDON	PARIS	U. S. A.	No. of Psychics
Journey abroad.....			Nevill 5/23/24 C. G. S. 5/19/24	
Publisher—Funk.....			C. G. S. 6/26/24	2
Second story, stairs.....			L. M. C. 5/19/24	
Medie tired, holiday.....	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/16/24	2
Star [Mrs. L. A.] Stella.....	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Young man speaks—boy.....	7/4/24		L. M. C. 11/6/24	2
Paper, <i>not papers</i>	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Muddie—Medie, Peculiar speech.....	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Bell—the bell.....	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Mother [Ella] a communicator.....	7/11/24		Judson 5/26	3
	7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24, etc.	
	5/29/25		L. M. C. 3/3/26	
Analytical Mind of G. O. T.....	7/11/24			4
G. O. T. a healer.....	7/4/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24		2
		Mme. G. 9/3/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	
G. O. T.'s aura—"fluides".....	7/4/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24	L. M. C. 11/13/24	4
		Mlle. G. 9/3/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	
G. O. T. sensitive.....	7/4/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24	L. M. C. 11/13/24	4
Clairvoyance predicted for G. O. T. and inspiration.....	7/4/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	2
		Mlle. G. 9/3/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	4
Pink roses—flowers.....	7/4/24			
			L. M. C. 10/3/24	
Writing about Mary.....	7/4/24		11/13/24 1/8/25	2
Picture of Mary.....	7/4/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24	L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
			L. M. C. 10/3/24	
"Henry"—a guide.....	7/4/24	Mlle. G. 9/3/24	C. G. S. 11/13/24	3
			L. M. C. 9/22/24	
			L. M. C. 10/3/24	4

ITEM	LONDON	PARIS	U. S. A.	No. of Psychics
Guide a man of attainments		Mme. G. 8/27/24 Mlle. G. 9/3/24		2
May	7/4/24	L. M. C. 3/3/26	2
Lady eager to talk	7/4/24	L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Switched from J. H. H.'s method	10/19/23 5/29/25	M. M. S. 10/2/23	2
		C. G. S. 5/19/24	
Caroline [Cad].	7/4/24	L. M. C. 11/21/24	4
Margaret	7/4/24	L. M. C. 3/4/26	2
Book [E. F. and Publ.]	5/29/25	C. G. S. 5/18/24	3
Now doing right	9/2/24	C. G. S. 5/19/24	3
		L. M. C. 3/4/26	
		L. E. P. 6/24	
John	7/4/24	L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
Charles	7/4/24	Mlle. G. 9/3/24	L. M. C. 3/3/26	2
		C. G. S. 9/22/24	
Thomas	7/4/24	L. M. C. 3/3/26	4
Dog	7/4/24	C. G. S. 9/22/24	3
Way opening	7/8/24	L. M. C. 11/13/24	2
	7/15/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	
	7/11/24	Mme. G. 8/27/24	Nevill 5/23/24	5
Young man, soldier communicating	7/4/24		
E. A. [Ernest] knows G. O. T. through research, L. A.	7/8/24	L. M. C. 12/4/24	2
	7/15/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	
	7/30/24	11/6, 13, 21/24	
	7/9/24	Mlle. G. 9/3/24	4
J. H. H. obstinate	7/9/24	
	7/8/24	3
Trouble with head, weary, oppressed	7/9/24	Mlle. G. 9/3/24	
	7/8/24	L. M. C. 1/13/25	5
Hour of sitting changed	5/29/25	L. M. C. 10/3, 30/24	2
	7/9/24	L. M. C. 10/30/24	
Influenced psychic physically	7/9/24	3
	7/30/24	

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ITEM	PARIS	LONDON		U. S. A.	No. of Psychics
				L. M. C.	
Quotation, sentence not decipherable, "Hauptsache".....		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 10/30/24	
Photograph of E. A.....		H. T. S. 7/15/24		3
Confused messages: E. A. and J. H. H. overstepped.....		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 11/6/24	2
M—mother, Alice, daughter; Mary with me finally clear..		A. B. 7/4/24		L. M. C. 10/30/24	3
		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 5/16/23	
		A. B. 7/4/24		[to F. L. L.]	
				L. M. C. 10/30/24	
Feda Communicator.....				L. M. C. 11/6/24	2
L. A. at O. L. seance.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
Wished power would hold longer.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 11/13/24	2
L. A. at H. T. S. seance.....		H. T. S. 7/17/24		L. M. C. 11/13/24	2
Room, etc., described.....		H. T. S. 7/17/24		L. M. C. 11/13/24	2
House described.....		H. T. S. 7/17/24		L. M. C. 11/13/24	2
Room dark.....		H. T. S. 7/17/24		L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
				L. M. C. 11/13/24	
Mrs. Leonard.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
Somebody defended.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
Mary Hyslop.....		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 1/8/25	2
Rue de l'Ecole.....				L. M. C. 10/3/24	2
				L. M. C. 12/18/24	
E. tried hard—Feda, July.....		O. L. 7/30/24		1/8/25	2
				L. M. C. 11/21/24	
Place de Sorbonne.....				L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
O. L. room dark.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
Neck-chain of O. L.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
O. L. going away soon.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
Very specially saw G. O. T.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
"Medie" tired.....		O. L. 7/30/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	2
		A. B. 7/4/24		L. M. C. 1/13/25	
Color of Coat.....		C. G. B. 7/11/24		L. M. C. 11/21/24	3
				L. M. C. 11/13/24	
Colored help in J. H. H.'s youth.....		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 1/22/25	2
Afternoon sitting, London—E. with me.....		A. V. P. 7/9/24		L. M. C. 11/6/24	2
				L. M. C. 11/6/24	
				10/30/24	2

ITEM	LONDON		PARIS	U. S. A.		No. of Psychics
	Closer touch in London than G. O. T. knows—Home of John			L. M. C.	10/3, 30/24	
Cold person and Ernest		A. B. T.		C. G. S.	9/22/24	4
Smile of J. H. H.		A. V. P.		L. M. C.	11/6/24	2
Cough—breathiness		O. L.	Mlle. G.	L. M. C.	11/28/24	3
Sidney [Sydney.]		A. B.		L. M. C.	1/13/25	2
May		A. B.		L. M. C.	11/6/24	2
A ring		A. B.		L. M. C.	3/3/26	2
Pet names of G. O. T. Ottie-Vec, Titia-Tooshie.		A. B.		L. M. C.	3/3/26	2
George Hyalop		O. L.				2
G. O. T.'s return to old work predicted		H. T. S.		Mrs. Physician	5/20/22	2
J. H. H. and "spirit photograph"		O. L.		C. G. S.	9/22/24	2
Three X's written		O. L.		L. M. C.	11/6/24	3
				L. M. C.	1/22/25	3
				L. M. C.	10/3/24	2
				Mrs. Physician	5/20/22	2
				L. M. C.	12/4/24	2
					1/18/25	2

Total items of cross-reference, 96. No. of psychics, 27.

Total points by: A. B., 39; C. G. B., 6; A. L. B. C. and A. Judson, 1; L. M. C., 90; Mlle. G., 13; Mme. G., 11; O. L., 28; M. Nevill, 4; Mrs. Physician, 3; L. E. P., 2; A. V. P., 22; C. G. S., 17; M. M. S., 4; H. T. S., 21; P. B. T., 2.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

At the end of May, 1924, when I resigned from official connection with the American Society for Psychical Research, it seemed wise to devote the summer to a period of work in my chosen field, across the Atlantic. In less than a month I was off, without a word to my late associates and spreading the news of my purpose as little as possible. A friend who sailed with me understood my wishes in the matter and, moreover, was a total stranger to psychic research and researchers. She was making her first tour abroad and had no acquaintances in England or on the Continent. Abroad, only my hostess knew of my plan. The few to whom I imparted the arrangements for my sailing included an even more limited number of psychic researchers, so that the leakage of news in these circles abroad might be precluded if possible. My desire for strict silence was known to those necessarily informed. I merely mention these precautions. The value of my sittings is independently protected, as will appear in the records.

I was unknown personally to the workers abroad, save Miss H. A. Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. Dingwall. Them I did not inform of my whereabouts or see until I had secured my records anonymously. One American stranger whom I met at the hotel on my arrival pledged her word to say nothing of my presence. Sir William Barrett, whom I wished to see, when I wrote him that I had come to town anonymously for several weeks in order to do some investigating, thought I had been over-cautious and I could discern his surprise at learning of my arrival.

My series of séances included a few more than I here report. It was begun even before I sailed, with work from Mrs. Chenoweth (Soule), of Boston, who had given Dr. Hyslop many years' work in his lifetime, much of which has been published in the *Proceedings*, A. S. P. R., and has given me much since; and with Mrs. Sanders ("Salter"), of New York, who had for years done special work for Dr. Hyslop and for me, as a private psychic, a study of whose work ap-

peared in *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, Vol. XVIII, 1924. I include a bit of Mrs. Chenoweth's material which bears upon Dr. Hyslop's point of view as to types of evidence and gives his posthumously chosen sign, X, which she was among the first, if not the first, to receive, and which he has used customarily through her since his death, when friends of his work have had sittings. I include also a séance of Mrs. Sanders, in so far as it bears upon the present work, by way of prediction before I myself knew that I should take the journey abroad. Indeed, I had repeatedly refused the invitation to visit Europe in the summer of 1924. Two other American psychics had predicted the trip also: Mrs. Margaret Campbell, deceased November 10, 1925, an excellent Spiritualist medium willing to work under test conditions; and Mrs. A. C., a private psychic who uses cards in her readings, much as one might use a ouija board as an instrument and for concentration purposes.

I had already, in the course of four years, received Dr. Hyslop's posthumous sign, posthumously chosen, from many psychics, both professional and private, as my chapter on that subject will show. The sign offered excellent opportunities for cross-reference in Europe. I was therefore the more pleased when it proved to be possible for me to make the attempt abroad.

In London, I secured strictly anonymous appointments from some of the more widely known psychics. I am still unknown by name to all but those who have given it in the course of their work or subsequently, as in the cases of Mrs. Dowden (Travers-Smith) and Mr. A. Vout Peters. From these two and from Mrs. Annie Brittain and Mrs. Osborne-Leonard I had private work. Mr. Charles Glover Botham I saw as one of a private circle at the British College for Psychic Science, where I was known only to my hostess and to the lady who presided at the meeting of the circle.

In Paris, owing to the lateness of the season when I arrived, it was difficult to find psychics in the city. Through the kindness of Mr. Stevens, a member of the Institut Métapsychique, an Englishman living in Paris, I secured a reading from one Spiritualist clairvoyant, Mme. Girard, and from one who works for the Institut, Mlle. Gourson. In both cases my anonymity was preserved, as the records will indicate. The Institut Métapsychique was closed, its secretary, Mlle. Thomassin, away, and no one else in Paris connected with psychic matters knew me even by correspondence. The French clairvoyants gave me equally good work, of which certainly some of the value was lost through my

own limitations in replying in the French language, while at the same time translating and recording. Even so, the attempt was worth while.

On my return to the United States, I had such voluminous correspondence checking up the steps of my work abroad, through Mrs. L. M. Chamberlaine, a private psychic whose development I have watched and guided for years, that I became convinced of the usefulness of the work as a contribution to the study of subjective mediumship.

In going over my papers in February, 1925, after the completion of the bulk of this work, I discovered two predictions given me over the telephone, on May 18, 1924, by Mrs. C. G. Sanders. One was fulfilled by a death in my family within the month, though I had at the time no anticipation of any such loss. The relative concerned appeared as a fluent and successful communicator one year later through Mrs. Osborne-Leonard (see Séance 28). The other prediction ran as follows:

"There will be a pamphlet or a book: there will be something about writings of some kind or a book or a pamphlet that has been published or will be published, but it has to do with these writings; and it seems as if it would be a finishing or a continuation of something that was old; that had been finished or typewritten, or that was old. And in addition or completion to something that had already been written, see?"

"(Yes.)"

"And where you go there is an awful lot of tall trees, tall and top-heavy like; pretty limbs and tall from the top."

Now, I was engaged upon records from James H. Hyslop, collected by me since his death and being at that very time typed out and in preparation for permanent record and use by the American Society for Psychical Research, of which I was secretary. These records have not yet appeared, but the present work is in a very true sense a continuation of that, and of much smaller bulk, though exceeding the limits of a pamphlet. Mrs. Sanders did not know precisely upon what I was engaged at the time, but she herself had been the one through whom I got my first message from J. H. H., on the very day of his passing and before the world at large had been informed by the announcement of his death published in the evening papers several hours later.* She had

* Miss M. Belle Cross has kindly given me, with permission to use it, my letter in reply to one of hers in 1920, in which she had recounted a vision or dream she had

continued to transmit messages from him to me during the years following. But neither she nor I had the slightest notion that the present work would be done or appear in book form aside from the publications of the American Society for Psychical Research. The "lot of tall trees" is just beside the home of L. M. C. (Mrs. Chamberlaine), through whom many of the cross-references in the following pages were secured, the description, "pretty limbs and tall from the top," being especially fitting to one of the trees in the foreground of vision from L. M. C.'s library window and visible to me and often silently admired during the sittings, as I glanced out. Neither of these psychics has ever met the other or seen the other's home.

It therefore appears that two predictions of Mrs. Sanders, given within the same two or three minutes, have both been fulfilled. A portion of a sitting given me by her the following evening contains further predictive matter and evidence of supernatural knowledge of my work and problems. [See Séance 1.]

on the morning of the death of Dr. Hyslop. I append both her original letter and the corroboration of Mrs. Stonebreaker, and the acknowledgment from me.

"Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.,
"June 20, 1920.

"My dear Miss Tubby:

"The enclosed incident may be of some interest. But a word of preface, first. My acquaintance with Dr. Hyslop consisted in the interchange of several letters during the past three years, in regard to Mrs. H., a medium I know. In 1918 I heard Dr. Hyslop lecture once in Baltimore, and had a three-minute talk with him about Mrs. H., whom he did not see. Two weeks ago my delayed *Journals* came, and I read of his illness, but hope of recovery. That is all I know of him.

"Secondly, my sleep is always broken, and my dreams are inconsequential muddle of my past and present condition. *Very* occasionally a dream comes which leaves an impress of *reality* that lingers for days. Such is this experience.

"About 7 A. M., June 17, I awakened *so sure* of having talked with Dr. Hyslop on another plane. I do not know the surroundings, in fact felt they were not different from present life. But both Dr. Hyslop and I were so fully awake to the fact of being 'in another world.' It was his words, uttered in his calm, dispassionate way, but so clear and steady, that still linger in my ears—just this sentence—'It is all so satisfactory.' I do not know what hour Dr. Hyslop passed out.

"I arose and dressed and went to the breakfast table and told the dream to my cousin, who attaches her evidence herewith. . . .

"Very sincerely,
"BELLE CROSS."

"Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.
"June 20, 1920.

"This testifies that Belle Cross told me the incident of the dream, at our breakfast table, 7 o'clock, June 17.

"HELEN R. STONEBREAKER."

To which I replied on June 28, 1920 [misdated 7.28.20]:

It is also to be noted that the very day before I sailed, in 1924, Mrs. Sanders called upon me and, as she was leaving the apartment, though no word had been spoken of my plan and no indication of it was visible in the home, she remarked that the impression was given her that I was to go abroad. This I admitted, but enjoined strict silence upon her. She is not in touch with foreign psychics, and she has proved herself entirely trustworthy in regard to confidence placed in her for many years, so I am justified in my belief that there was no leakage of information through her.

Mrs. Sanders had worked for years as one of the trusted few among the private psychics to whom the Society under Dr. Hyslop's régime

"I am very happy indeed to have your communication mailed June 22, with the corroboration of Mrs. Stonebreaker. . . . There are certain features of it that I will not explain that interest me peculiarly. . . ."

As the death of J. H. H. did not occur until several hours later, the dream offered a further suggestion of the probable activity of J. H. H. during his hours in coma, during the night and morning of the 17th. I therefore consulted Miss Cross personally about her experience and learned further that she had awakened fully at about 5 A. M. on the morning of June 17th, lay awake a little while thinking of things to be done during the coming day, "perfectly normal, nothing psychic in it at all. I probably lay awake about half an hour, I think. I heard the clock strike five. I fell asleep and awoke again and heard the clock strike 7 a few minutes after I woke. I saw him with his very keen eyes looking directly at me, and he said in clear, incisive tones, 'It is all so satisfactory.' And I then lay still for a few minutes, dressed, and went down and told my cousin, who was staying with me, Mrs. Helen Stonebreaker, of this dream. It was then about twenty minutes after 7. She said, 'Is Dr. Hyslop ill?' And I replied, 'I think not, because I saw in a paper of recent date that he would go on the stand in some case in New York, as a psychologist, to pass on some alienist contention; though I heard at the first of April from Dr. McComb that Dr. Hyslop was not so well and was going away for a rest.' But the mention in the paper, about a week before June 17, took away the impression from my mind of any sickness. I hadn't heard of any sickness, except that Dr. McComb had told K. Richardson in March or April that Dr. Hyslop was not so well and they were hoping to send him away for a rest. It never made any impression on me. I heard nothing more about him and I heard nothing from Dr. McComb any time in between. If I had any thought about it, I just dismissed it, thinking he was well now, that was all.

"My cousin said, 'You would better write this out and let me sign it, so that it would be evidence, if there were anything in this thing,' which we did, and sent it to you. All the day I retained the strong impression of his voice and manner, as he made that statement. And it was not till the next day that I was shown a New York paper in which it spoke of his death. It did not give the hour of his going, simply said 'yesterday.' I never did know what time he actually passed out of the body."

This she told me on January 27, 1928, and I then told her it was of particular interest, because her experience, falling between 5:30 and 7 A. M., seemed to follow on closely after that of Mrs. Sanders, who had been in apparent communion with J. H. H. as he lay in coma during the preceding evening and night. It appears, indeed, that he was active continuously over the period in which he appeared inactive in this life. And from the moment of his death, when his daughter's watch was stopped—which he afterward claimed to have effected, when communicating with me through Mrs. Sanders, before I knew anything of the watch-stopping—to the present time, he has not ceased to make his individuality known and felt in this life.

sent inquirers. I had had personal charge of much of this work, frequently apprising Dr. Hyslop of her development and of her success with various sitters. He himself had experimented with her occasionally, as opportunity offered. It was therefore natural that he should keep in touch with me through her after his passing, as he has done continuously. Often she has telephoned me, or called to visit me in the evening, and given me some message obscure to her, just when it fitted his and my interests.

Mrs. Chamberlaine's correspondence with the A. S. P. R. opened late in 1918, at the period when Dr. Hyslop's energy was waning, and he left her to my care, occasionally advising me upon her development and expressing interest in her letters and records. He had no personal contact with her, but she joined the Society in 1919 and thenceforward has seen the Society's *Journals* and *Proceedings*. She sees no other publications in this field, foreign or domestic. She never had a letter signed by Dr. Hyslop, nor saw a facsimile of his handwriting or signature. She has seen a facsimile of Frederic Myers's signature. She is totally ignorant of the handwriting of Dr. Geley, whose name she mispronounces *Gielee*, not knowing that the French *G* before *e* is soft and the *e* short. She works in a state bordering on trance, but not in complete unconsciousness, for she retains more or less fragmentary memory of what has occurred, after the séance. I have inspected her psychic library, which she purposely limits, in order to keep her work free of suggestion as far as possible.*

This briefly summarizes the types of psychic instrumentality which have served in providing my records.

My grateful acknowledgments are due to the psychics who have given their time and effort to the work presented, most of them doing their part cheerfully for an anonymous individual who brought no special credentials, and who took away with her full, verbatim notes of all that was said, to be used they knew not how or where. Most of us would not care to have our conversations thus noted and carried about

* Her library comprises: Hyslop, *Contact with the Other World* (read), *Life After Death* (not read); Hill, *Spiritualism* (read), *Psychical Investigations* (read); Lodge, *Raymond*, 1916 ed. (read); Lodge and others, *Proofs of Life After Death* (read); Crawford, *Reality of Psychic Phenomena* (read); Barrett, *On the Threshold of the Unseen* (read); Myers, *Human Personality*, 1 vol., 1919 ed. (read part on Ghosts, rest "too much for me"); Home, *His Life and Mission* (read, "Couldn't believe half"); Bennett, *Psychic Phenomena (Physical Manifestations)* (read); Ould, *Is Spiritualism of the Devil?* (read part); Doyle, *Vital Message* (read); M. A. Oxon, *Spirit Teachings* (read some, seemed repetitious); Carrington, *Modern Psychical Phenomena* (not read); Bamber, *Claude's Book* (not read). She has given me the last two named to take away.

to be read or printed or commented upon. Those psychics who knew me, and who have added so much to the American cross-references herein, have been most generous and patient, awaiting with me the opportune time for the appearance of the results of their work.

And to the friends who have encouraged the work and lent their comments and suggestions I pay my most grateful appreciation: to Dr. Weston D. Bayley, the friend of Dr. Hodgson and of Dr. Hyslop, for reading the entire manuscript and writing the Preface; to Mrs. Elida Evans, the author of evolutionary, psychological works, and to Miss N. L. Redfield, the translator and interpreter of Fabre d'Olivet, who have assisted in the practical shaping and editing of the volume by consultation and advice; to members of Dr. Hyslop's family, especially Miss Hyslop and Mr. Frank E. Hyslop, for painstaking notes on points of evidence; to those who made my trips abroad for evidence possible; and to Sir Oliver Lodge for his attention to my Index of Cross-references and his encouragement of my purpose to present the material to the psychic research public.

If my interpretation of the meaning of the records be correct, I feel sure that not alone my gratitude but that of my communicators also flows out in a generous flood toward all those who have participated in the production of this report.

My choice of the one to whom a name is pertinent in any given case depends upon the accompanying data and detailed references. For example, "Ernest" [pseudonym]. I know, as most of us do, several "Ernests," three of them living and two of those three related to my communicator, "Mary." But the only "Ernest" I can place as a communicator is the one who, though I never knew him, correctly refers to my "preparing the way" for "Laura" [pseudonym]; to work already done and work to be done through psychic channels with "Laura;" and to association with the research group who communicate with me.*

It must not be imagined that one can, in psychic communication, pick and choose at random the persons who may be referred to. The whole content, interwoven and detailed, must be considered before recognition can be given to a name. The same holds true of incidents and ideas expressed in the records. The familiar remark, "Oh, of course, everyone knows a Mary and a Charles," is no proper criticism of the communications through a psychic. It is rather a plain confession, albeit unconscious, of the total ignorance of the would-be critic

* See séances 3 and 4.

of such matters. No student who has actually worked over the problems of communications in mediumistic efforts would be guilty of it.

Perhaps I should state for the reader's information that it is my rule not to discuss the work of one psychic with another, and not to discuss my own personal affairs or those of others in the presence and hearing of any psychics. I try always to make note at once, in writing, of any unavoidable deviation from this rule.

All my records are from verbatim shorthand notes taken as the words were spoken, unless otherwise stipulated. I have now and again omitted repetitions of the same phrase or sentence, for clarity and brevity.

I should perhaps explain to those unfamiliar with careful séance procedure that my brief responses to a psychic in the course of a sitting are mainly made for the purpose of holding the thread of communication. "Yes," "good," "I see," "thank you," and the like serve to indicate that I have been listening and noting what has been said, or reading what has been written. One can the more readily understand the need for this response to an invisible communicator if he recall to mind the friends who do not continue their conversation over the telephone unless they are repeatedly assured that one hears or understands. They cannot seem to imagine that the listener is at attention unless he signify it repeatedly. I am always amused by this experience over the telephone, as it seems incredible that one should imagine the person "holding" the other end of the line as not paying attention. But where the line and the very terminals of the line are as invisible as the communicator, which is the case in séances, one finds by experience that a word now and then keeps the flow of the work more even.

In preparing these records for publication, it will be evident, prolixity of explanation has been avoided, the points appearing in the record in the first instance. It is my preference as compiler to include in the original matter all possible expressions of verification and recognition or the reverse, to remove the necessity of providing notes that too often distract the attention from the main theme. My endeavor has been to present a record of experiment as far as possible telling its own story. There are no lengthy preliminaries and discussions, no long summaries and conclusions. The editing is as succinct and terse as is feasible in making points clear.

I must at once declare myself a convinced proponent of the proof of persistence of individual identity and memory beyond death. On the basis of the present record alone I could so stand, but my conviction

dates from a period long antecedent: from my first experience in any séances of this sort, when I took the verbatim notes of about forty Chenoweth sittings, in the first series held with Mrs. Soule ("Chenoweth") by the A. S. P. R., in March, April, May, and June, 1907. In those months, one week of each was devoted to from eight to ten séances. Either Dr. Hyslop was present as sitter, receiving all sorts of information from divers communicators, including Frederic Myers, George Pelham, Richard Hodgson and the Emperor Group; or a total stranger to the medium and to me was introduced by Dr. Hyslop, as "Smith," "Jones," or "Brown," and left with us for a "Sunbeam" [speaking-trance] communication. Each Smith, Jones, or Brown responded to the individual and utterly diverse messages in a way that showed personal appeal had been made by the communications, though no information was vouchsafed from our side. There was apparently no blank in the whole series. And when later I discovered that the medium was not "Mrs. Harbin," as she had been introduced to me by Dr. Hyslop, and that she therefore supposed my name was not "Miss Tubby," I concluded that anonymity had been too thoroughly maintained and all potential leakage too well guarded against to permit of doubt in any case. Yet the communications, like those in the present series, bore earmarks of individual identity and memory, knowledge, character and taste. If a "cosmic reservoir" and "selective telepathy" combined could account for such intimacy of communication, it could as well account for you and me as we are, in character, and as we meet, in converse, and the distinction between personal identity and such a combined working would prove to be one of nomenclature only: a difference not of facts but of nomenclature.

The series of séances I here report cover but the last year of the five since the passing from the body of James Hervey Hyslop, whom I am fortunate in being able to call not only superior officer, but also instructor and friend. The years spent as his assistant were years of daily training not alone in psychics, but in the delimitation of science, metaphysics and philosophy. It has never, either in academic groups or in general reading or acquaintance, been my fortune to come upon another so well versed as he in the history of modern philosophy, from the Greeks onward. Each thinker of the modern centuries was placed logically and chronologically, as related to the development of modern thought, as naturally and familiarly in Hyslop's mind as a series of cardinal numbers in the average mind.

At the same time, he had a wonderfully clear idea of the value of

facts of experience and of their weight, in estimating the value of theories philosophical and metaphysical. Hyslop's training having been primarily logical and philosophical, it was surprising to one like myself, whose training had been primarily in empirical sciences, to find so clear-cut a concept of science in him. His strength lay in his fundamental grasp of the principles of logic and in his fearless and unprejudiced application of them at no matter what angle they might cut across the established currents of thought, academic or popular. It was this that made him a great psychologist, a century ahead of his contemporaries. Most philosophers are less balanced in this fashion, just as most scientists are lamentably deficient in the knowledge even of sister sciences, to say naught of philosophy and metaphysics.

Hyslop's was no ordinary mind: witness the vision that so straitly led him to devote it to problems neglected, despised or feared by nearly every one of his academic confrères in America. To him, position, recognition, income were dust in the balance of which the other pan was freighted with that which would enlarge every concept of life, whether religious, metaphysical, philosophical or scientific. Intrepid, he sought knowledge at first-hand—and found it. Despite overwork, discouragements and disloyalties that crowded one upon another's heels, he proceeded. It is inconceivable that he should stop now, when as yet the world, and even the scientists, are only blinking in their sleep over the study of psychic phenomena, his chosen field. The few who have waked still need leadership. Surviving mortality, he could do no other than “keep everlastingly at it,” as he has always said.

CHAPTER II

SÉANCE 1

Medium: C. G. S. May 19, 1924, 9 P. M.

Sitter: G. O. T.

[Mrs. Sanders quite unexpectedly called on me this evening and felt impressed to give me some psychic work, without any initial request from me.]

[Before the séance opens, the psychic speaks of the news in today's papers concerning a debate on psychic subjects, yesterday, at the forum in St. Mark's Church, New York. Speaks of her love of courage, especially the courage of one's convictions.]

[Conscious State]

So many funny names. I heard a name just now,—Jonathan. And a while ago when you were out in the hall [at the telephone] or just as you was coming in, "Clyde" or "Hyde," but it sounds more like Clyde. Nothing attached to it.

[I am unable to place these names.]

[I here left the room to go for a drink of water which C. G. S. always asks for in séances, particularly at the close.]

O, they have been talking here to me while you have been out. Something about a book. (Yes?) It seems like it is half or two-thirds finished. But it sounds like H R book, it sounds more like a name beginning *H-r* or *H-i-r*. More like a name than like letters. Like Hal or Har. The *H* and the *r*, I get the sound of it. Now it might be "H, our book," like. But you just put it down like *H-r* sound. Not as letters but as, we will say, a name. Try and get a name.

(All right.)

NOTE: The play of the conscious mind of the psychic here, endeavoring to interpret the sound "H-r" into a name is enlightening as to a fruitful source of error in psychic interpretations. But Mrs. Sanders has for years been accustomed to my request for a precise statement of what she hears or sees supernormally, regardless of her own understanding of its meaning, so she gives me the benefit of that information, which saves the point from being obscured or lost.

"Her" and "H-r" book manifestly have the same sound, and dis-

poses of the letters in a word [a name] instead of initials, which was the point she was striving to make. I was at the time very much occupied with going over the notes of my "book" of records I had received, purporting to come from the late James H. Hyslop, since his passing, preparing to hand them over, half or two-thirds finished, to the American Society for Psychical Research, on my resignation in less than two weeks from this date.

"H-our book" may have been an indication that there was an effort on J. H. H.'s part to refer to our joint efforts to get his communications ready for public presentation. Mrs. Sanders, beyond having given me some excellent evidence on a number of occasions, beginning on the day of J. H. H.'s death and before she knew of his passing, that J. H. H. could communicate, knew nothing of what I was engaged upon, nor of my decision to resign from my official capacity, taken last Saturday, the 17th.

Seems like it's been stopped either in the middle or a third to the end. Something about it, seems like it's got some little red hanging on it, some little markings or something like pink or red hanging on it. (Yes.) I don't know why I am seeing it, but that comes first. (Yes, good.) Then the voice says—I don't know who is speaking—"Don't stop." I just hear that.

(All right.)

"Don't stop."

(I won't.)

NOTE: My manuscript was kept in heavy cardboard envelopes tied with red tape. The envelopes were not new and a number of the tapes had faded toward the pink tone, noticeably.

Seems like somebody with a name begins with a C or maybe a G. Somebody has been speaking to you. Seems like it would be more a light-haired person, a man. Seems it would be a C or a G. (Hm.) I don't know if that would have anything to do with it, but seems more like some man has come up to you that has given a message or something pertaining to this book, that had come like a message from another person, another man, see? I don't know what he has told you, but it seems like it has something to do with the stopping, or impeding the continuance of this. Seems as if there has been an argument like of a Board or of a group of people like with you or through you, pertaining to this. Maybe this took place in the month of February. Maybe it took place in February or March. Maybe it is more the end of February.

NOTE: This has clear pertinence to a letter I had received from "G," a light-haired man, giving me certain information concerning a "Board" decision, as he had been requested to do, as to the Hyslop communications which comprised my manuscript.

This had entailed discontinuing that work in order to take up the supplementary editing of work done by J. H. H. in his lifetime, which later appeared as the *Proceedings* of the A. S. P. R. for 1925.

Somebody, their name begins with a P, seems like P.'s father—(Yes?)—has in some way assisted, or will in some way. Assisted you, or something pertaining to this argument. [NOTE: Not understood.]

We are speaking of—not widening of a breach, but widening of activities and a separation in a different direction from your old activities, the guide says. (Yes.) That will be—seems almost as if that will be completed here in the month of June or first of July, or something will begin at that time, you see. (Yes.) I don't know what it is that they are talking about.

(They will tell.)

But you are not to feel disconsolate, but to feel that your fate is being guided and brought to a perfect condition. That will give you more strength to stand still, you see? [repeated] (Yes.) Now put it down. (Yes.)

[Meaning that I was to make note of it. C. G. S. often uses this expression in the course of the communications. She knows literally nothing of my personal affairs, and I have no definite plan whatever for the future.]

There has been three definite changes in your life in the last two years, I will say, (Yes?) as pertaining to your position and your work. I don't know what they are, but there are three definite changes.

NOTE: True. In addition to being Secretary of the Society, I was appointed Associate Editor of the A. S. P. R. in 1923-24; assigned to part-time in Research Department toward the end of 1923; discontinued as Secretary, January, 1924.

These changes were generally accessible through the *Journal* of the A. S. P. R., which carries a routine statement on its inside front cover, which presumably attracts less attention than almost any portion of the *Journal*, amongst familiar readers. I do not stress the reference evidentially, but I would remark that Mrs. Sanders made no reference to any normal knowledge of these changes, as it is her custom to do in such circumstances.

Now there seems to be a wider breach, we will say, or a getting away from the old conditions that you—or your old position. Seems to be an entire,—a broadness [hands thrown wide apart] you know, and yet like it separates you see. (Yes.) And I don't know why, but you will feel more at home, the guide says. (Yes.) "You will feel more at home," I don't know what they mean by that. (Yes.) "You will feel more at home than you have been before." (Yes.) It seems that the guide says that you have had a decided setback, a decided setback in something that you had wanted to do or had been doing, but the guide says there will be no more setbacks, no more setbacks.

(Yes.)

NOTE: I was aware of the full pertinence of this to my affairs, but C. G. S. knows nothing of the details, being only aware that for several years I have hoped that evidential matter, including her own, from J. H. H. might see publication. As already stated, I had no idea of the work that was to follow my resignation. The prediction has been amply fulfilled. Witness: the present series of records, which are quite as good and in their breadth of scope even better than the incomplete earlier volume.

During this part of the séance, the psychic had been speaking with closed eyes and trance was slowly and spontaneously coming on.

There is a spirit of a gentleman here, an elderly man, just medium height; maybe a little below. He has grayish hair, and yet it seems as if it had been more to the sandy hair before it turned gray. He is an old coöperator, he says, and one that had been in the Society a long time, or like one of the first. He's been over some years, I would say. Maybe you will put it down to ten, ten or twelve years. Still interested in the work. He either left a wife and daughter, or two daughters. Seems like there were two women, when he passed out of the body. He's still interested in the Society, he tells me. Doesn't give me his name yet, but he's—

(Probably he will.)

—but he's a nice man and has a good face. His eyes were more gray; gray, might have a little of blue in them, but they are gray. He seems to have known you when he was in the body.

(I see.)

Because we are going back when—you have been there a long while, but he was like one of the originators or founders. Coöperators, we would call them. One of the founders, like. One of the first, anyway, interested. He found, or he knew Dr. Hyslop, he says, like when he

was at a college. It seems as if he had made his acquaintance there. But it doesn't seem to be here, seems more as if it was around—I don't know why I say this, because I have never been there—[repetitions] like when it was further up, more to Boston. I have never been there. It seems more at a college or a place up there. Don't know.

(I am still wondering just who he is, trying to think. I have known so many.)

Would you call his name beginning with a P or a B or a T?

(You are hearing that, are you?)

Yes. Hearing a name. [Pause.] Also an L. that seems to be a woman's name, first name. [Pause.] R. There is also a spirit here says "FRINK." (Brink?) Frink. (Oh. Oh.) Put it down. (Yes.) So glad.

(Oh, I think I know who the sandy man is.)

Yes. Yes. Be of courage, be of courage. (Yes.) Be of courage. (Thank you.) Just a little step more, a little step more. (Yes.) And our dreams, wishes, as they had been in those days will be fulfilled; certain wishes, or the dreams. Also the book. He knows the books.

(He knows the books, did you say?)

Yes. He wishes he was in the body and it would be all right, he says. He would get them out. HE WOULD PUBLISH THEM, he says.

(I suspect he might.)

He says you understand why. (I do, yes.) You know what he means. He says you know why. (Yes.) "IT WOULD BE EASY," he says, "FOR ME, WITH ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA," he says. He says that is what you lack, and the support, support."

(Yes, that is true.)

Says to tell you that Dr. Hyslop and he are good friends, (Yes) as they were when he was in the body. (Yes.) And he says that they laugh together now about the mistakes. He says Dr. Hyslop has had to acknowledge some of his mistakes to him. Will you see, will you understand it? (Yes.) He says they laugh together, and over there he says Dr. Hyslop has had to acknowledge some of his mistakes. That they used to have some controversies and great delineations [*sic*], he says. "But we are in full confidence and accord now. I, too, have a mad mind."

(That is interesting.)

NOTE: I take this to be Dr. Isaac K. Funk, of the publishing house of Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, author of *The Widow's Mite* and *The*

Psychic Riddle, published at about the time J. H. H. was establishing the American Institute for Scientific Research, of which the A. S. P. R. was a section. The earlier Society had been located in Boston, and was later merged with the Branch of the English S. P. R., also located in Boston. Dr. Funk was always interested in the work and was one of the original members of the reconstituted independent A. S. P. R. formed at the death of Dr. Richard Hodgson, if my memory serves me. He and J. H. H. were personally acquainted in life. Whether they first met "at a college more up toward Boston" I cannot say. J. H. H. was once a member of the faculty in a Massachusetts college, and of course the Boston headquarters of the older organization then existent were not far from Harvard University, where there was a group of men interested in psychic research. It is true that J. H. H. and I. K. F. did not always agree, they were too individual for that, and I know that sometimes J. H. H. felt that I. K. F. would have been wiser to have taken a slightly different course, but he always admired Dr. Funk's courage and his unprejudiced presentation of facts and the strong appeal he made to the public interest, with his published work in the psychic research field. They corresponded, and I sometimes had something to do with the correspondence, but I cannot recall ever meeting Dr. Funk personally. But it may be that he was among the anonymous sitters for whom I took notes in the 1907 series with Mrs. Chenoweth, of Boston, who came to New York for the purpose.

It is true that Dr. Funk, like Dr. Hyslop, and many another psychic researcher, often suffered unfriendly criticism as to their soundness of mind, which disturbed neither of them. They took it rather as a joke or a compliment. Dr. Funk's son has since told me that such a humorous reference as "I, too, have a mad mind," is quite in character for his father. He tells me also that his father used to have great arguments on psychic questions with a member of the family who disapproved his views.

As I was unable to check up the personal description of Dr. Funk myself, I secured the necessary information from his son:

Dr. Isaac K. Funk was of medium stature or slightly below; his hair was gray, but had never been sandy. It was originally black. He died in 1913, eleven years before this sitting. ["Ten or twelve years," according to C. G. S., is therefore correct as an approximation.] He had a wife and daughter in the home together for a long time, but the daughter alone was living in the body at the time of Dr. Funk's death. His eyes did not have "blue in them," but they were gray. He was one of those originally interested in the founding of the American Society for Psychical Research, a coöperator. His son does not know what the reference to the college "up toward Boston" may point to, being

unfamiliar with much of the history of his father's earlier years. There would be two women of his family whom he might refer to together, as Dr. Funk had been twice married and twice widowed.

That's a peculiar name, there is another name coming there. (Yes?) Sounds like Belrose or Bellroad. I think it is Belrose, sounds more like that. (Belrose.) Yes. [Repetition.] Just put it down.

NOTE: Dr. Funk's daughter had, during his lifetime, and still has, to a degree, interest in *Melrose* Sanitarium. Her father, of course, knew of this. It may or may not have bearing here. Until my interview with Mr. Funk, Jr., I knew nothing of this, and the Funk family do not know Mrs. Sanders.

Seems to speak of a guide. Seems this gentleman must have believed and have had faith in us. You put it down. This is White Light speaking. [C. G. S.'s principal communicator and "guide." Trance had supervened at a point not determinable, as quietly and naturally as sleep, as is the usual procedure in this case.]

(Yes.)

This gentleman must have had great help and great faith in us. And I am glad this gentleman has been able to come through. Had a very quick eye and a very quick understanding when he was in the body and he has learned a great deal more. And he is a great helper now and is trying to further the cause in the body and he has enjoyed many courtesies of his old friends and associates here. (Yes.) Yes.

(That is good. I am glad to have his interest for her and for us—for you, White Light, and for us.) Yes.

NOTE: Dr. Funk's son states that it is probably true that his father had a "quick eye." He was quick to discover deception or fraud in his psychic investigations. And it is, of course, true that he was convinced of the reality of psychic intercommunication between the discarnate and the incarnate. His son states, also, that his "father's intellect was of the careful, studious type, not quick in action, but sure and clear in grasp of what was painstakingly acquired. He had, of course, an excellent mind, and an unusual understanding of psychic problems and implications, as well as of editorial and lexicographical matters."

(Would any of his people be interested now in the books?) [Pause. No reply to my question, apparently, but a following of a line of thought quite aside from my own suggestion.]

Put a name down: Jennings [repeated twice, after pauses to "lis-

ten”]. Oh, no. No. William James, James. (Yes? Yes?) I think you call him William. (Yes.) He says that William James is here. (Yes.) And he had gone over before he did, he says, but he knew him, and he knows him now. (I see.) Yes. Dr. Hyslop also is with James.

(Good. Yes.) [They have all three appeared as communicators in an earlier, unpublished series.]

Yes. William James, he says. Sounded like Jennings first.

NOTE: This psychic is more familiar personally with the name of *William Jennings* Bryan than with that of William James, the Massachusetts professor. Her earlier life was spent in the Southwestern States, where Bryan was a familiar character. It is true that William James died before Isaac Funk, his death having occurred in 1910. The psychic might easily be supposed to know this, but the name of Funk never came through clearly and it was only by inference that I had surmised who was intended. The references to “having all the paraphernalia” for publishing and to his early interest in the work and his personal acquaintance with J. H. H. were all suggestive. On the other hand, the personal description helped me not at all, for I cannot certainly recall ever having seen him at a public meeting, though it is possible I once heard him speak from the platform. It was untrue that he was ever “sandy” haired, but the other items of personal description seem to have been correct, and I was quite unable to have supplied them, with even approximate fitness. It is not known to C. G. S. that he has been one of the communicators in my early series, as that fact has never been published and is known only to workers in the A. S. P. R. familiar with my records who, as a matter of course, would guard the information from the knowledge of psychics.

James, yes, James. (Yes.) He says there was a lot of backfire and criss-cross between them, as to their belief, all of them, when they were in the body; but he says that they have all got straightened out now, and makes them very happy, and they are working harder than they had, really, while they were in the body, you see. They are working harder now to establish communication and their real work and interests. (Good.)

NOTE: There have been communications from William James to J. H. H. before the latter’s death, expressing regret that he had not worked as hard when still alive in the body to assist in the psychic investigations of J. H. H. as he might have done. No one who did not know the inside facts of the matter would understand this apology, but it was pertinent and so recognized to be by J. H. H. at that time. I knew the fact.

Miss Tubby, this is White Light speaking.

(Thank you, White Light, my dear.)

Well, it has been some little time since we have seen each other. (Yes.) Did you know that I was talking through my medium—I don't know what day this is, but last week, we will say, maybe; and I spoke to Mr. Sanders [pseudonym—the psychic's husband] and I told him what lovely times we had, and I said, "Where's Miss Tubby?" And he said we didn't see you much now. But we did have good times, didn't we?

(Oh, yes, and I want to see more of you.)

Well, my medium will be stronger; and she has had many things on her mind. [Illness in her home.] Yes, we are going to get together again, and then we will be happy. Miss Tubby, you have been quite mixed up, as I see you tonight. There's been so many things with you and in your work that has been . . . [true references in a phrase or two omitted].

(Yes.)

But I would say to you that you are being protected and also guided. And there will have to be many changes before the Society will be in good working order, you see. (I see.) And, that is, to do its best and highest work there will have to be a broadening both of mind and also in location, and a BUILDING, you see (Yes?) more like a library, we would call it, you see (Yes) or for a library.

NOTE: This was fulfilled three months later, when the A. S. P. R. went into new headquarters in a commodious private house, affording ample space for the previously much crowded library. At the time of this sitting there was no immediate prospect of such a move. C. G. S. was familiar with the offices of the Society, and knew of the crying need for better library accommodation. Compare Séance 8, H. T. S., London, July 17, 1924, Chapter X.

There seems to be one in your office—it is a man—that will either go away for a long time, or he seems to go away from there. I don't know who it is, but as I see you tonight;—or go elsewhere. I don't know where he would go, but don't you see that? (Yes.) Yes, there will be one—I don't know who it is—will take their interest elsewhere. (I see.)

NOTE: I understood the pertinence of this, as the only man in the Society's office had long been considering the possibility of taking his interest elsewhere, and finally did so, a little over nine months after the

date of this sitting. It is unlikely that he had ever mentioned the matter to C. G. S., as he would not have cared to spoil evidence in that way by previous information. However, I cannot urge the point, as I do not know the facts.

Miss Tubby, this is a personal question, but didn't somebody take something away from you,—didn't somebody take, after you had got it started,—or some money or something, didn't they take it? Not in a mean way, but they thought that it belonged to the Society. (Yes.) But didn't somebody take something away from you, or claim that it was theirs? (Yes.) I don't know what it is, dear, but it comes up before me. (Hm.) Well, that isn't right. But I don't see how we are going to do, now. Would you understand if I would tell you that, as I see it, that you will be backed up, or the project that you had in mind will be backed up then from an outside force, or a different force, then? (Yes.) Well, I want to tell you that that is true.

(I would like to hear more about that.)

Would you understand anybody being a professor or a minister or someone that would represent a—one of that type that would stand as an officer or a—has a good mind, you see. (Yes?) Well, now, that is the one that will take very kindly to you or to that project and that will back you up, you see. (I see.)

NOTE: My reply meant that I understood her words. I have no one in mind and no such idea. The pertinence of the remarks as to the claim on my work, for which I had collected the money and which I had carried on for the A. S. P. R. was entirely accurate. I was at this very time preparing the voluminous papers for handing over in their partially completed state. She knew nothing whatever of this, from me at any rate.

The reference to a professional man's assistance turns out to fit aptly the kind support of Dr. W. D. Bayley, who in October, 1924, on reading my foreign records and a little of Mrs. Chamberlaine's cross-reference work generously offered a prefatory word for this volume. He was at the time of the sitting a member of the Board of Trustees of the A. S. P. R. and therefore "officer" is not an unfit term. I had no idea of this outcome at the time of the sitting. He was for years on a medical school faculty.

Yes, seems as if he's been going around and getting information about that, and he feels that the right thing hasn't been done to you or that project, and he's more in sympathy with it than he is with the others that wants to plant it. You understand that? [beating down

with her hands]. See, like plant it, like hold or plant it. Stay it, you see? [Bury it.]

(Yes.) [The material is still "stayed," the "man in the office" and the "professor" having been interested in the matter in differing ways.]

There is another name that is Robert or Robison, Roberts or Robison. Some way—I don't know—now there is somebody else that is coming into your office. It is a woman. Seems as if she hasn't been there before to stay, but there seems to be a new woman coming there. It is a rather large woman. Do you know that?

(Not yet.)

NOTE: I suspected to whom the reference pointed, however, as I had heard the name suggested as that of a possible helper. She had already been in our office, but on special errands and not as a regular member of the staff: Miss Robbins, who became secretary to the man in the office to whom reference had been made above. She has long been a friend of Mrs. Piper and of her work and is well known in that connection, having assisted Dr. Hodgson, in Boston, years ago, and having written two volumes of psychic record published over her own name. Miss Robbins is not a large woman, however, though she is not slight. I did not know until she herself told me, in the autumn of 1924, that her coming into our office had arisen from a suggestion received in communications from "the other side" through Mrs. Piper, of Boston.

Yes. Well, you put it down. Seems that there is a large woman that is coming to your office. I don't know what she's going to do, but she's coming there. You know that—you will know it—she's coming there often. And she seems to come in there to do something in an office there. (Yes.) Yes.

NOTE: Miss Robbins had her own office-room to herself in the Society's new home after August, 1924. She was a special helper in a new situation, so "I don't know what she's going to do" is appropriate.

[A few pertinent family names and messages for me omitted.]

Don't be frightened nor unhappy because the hole in the wall that has been so dark, we are at the end of it, and have passed through, and we are now coming out into the open, so have a restful time for the summer, resting, resting. (Thank you.) Then prepare for the great work in the fall.

NOTE: "The hole in the wall" was the name I had mentally given my office—a dark, small alcove off the hall, in which I had been working for some months past. It typified much to which her remarks referred, which she did not know, and which it is not necessary to explain further here.

(What will that work be?)

You will need rest now, for the beginning of the new work in the fall. (I see, yes.) That will bring you in touch with many people [repeated] and not be confined as you have been before. (Yes.) More scope, more outlay—for better results. More outlay. A larger platform. (Good.) Yes. (They approve, then?) Yes. (Shall I stay here [in this apartment] or move? Have they any suggestions to make? Or have you?) There will be a question whether you will stay, because things will shape themselves different in the fall, for the fall.

(For the fall.)

Yes, it will be before the fall, but it will be for you—it is like to August, by August. (I see.) [Pause.] It will be—you will then know what to do. (I see.) Because now you seem to be just standing still. You don't really know what to do. And it will shape itself so that you will not have to ask, you will know what to do, you see. (I see.)

NOTE: It was on the last day of July or the first of August, in London, that I met Miss E. M. Harvey, the psychic through whom "Dr. Beale" manifests. On that occasion, she discussed with me the possibility of coming to my home to do some work, lecturing and giving psychic diagnoses, in New York, in the autumn. This plan was actually carried out, and to better effect in a new apartment to which I moved in October, than could have been in the one where this séance was given me by C. G. S. The change was not made for the purpose, but the purpose was served better by the change. And further developments from that work led to the giving up of the apartment altogether in the spring of 1925. The broader scope predicted included two unforeseen trips abroad, where nine of the succeeding seventeen months were passed, in connection with my work.

Miss Tubby (Yes?) did you know,—this is White Light.

(Yes, White Light.)

Did you know that there is going to be a new voice, one or more having voice in the Society, in this coming winter? (No.) Yes. You put it down. There will be a new interest or a new group. One having, as a group, having some kind of authority, not as officers but as build-

ers; they will have word in regulating the activities of the Society. You put it down. (I will.) Yes, I don't know that you know it now. (No.) But it will be. Like an outside thing that has come in, you see, or will come in. Maybe it is more as a financial interest, but there will be some word that they will have, you see.

NOTE: This was realized in the regulation of the new home of the A. S. P. R. and the activities therein, as well as in the handling of the financial problems involved, after the first of August, 1924.

Do you know a name that sounds like Humphrey? [twice repeated].

(Well, I have heard the name, but I don't know what it means here.)

I don't know. Dr. Hyslop is confused in his mind, he says, on account of the—of the switch. There has been a kind of a switch from the old standards, he says. (Yes.) IT HAS DISTURBED HIM some, confused him, by that switch. Seems that SOMETHING HAS SWITCHED ENTIRELY FROM HIS METHOD AND FROM HIS IDEA, you see. (Yes.) [Repetition.] . . .

Where, he says, if he were in the body now, having had his experience and knowledge that he has, *he* would make a change, but *not* the change that has been, he says. (I see.) Not in the way that it has been.

NOTE: It was always his lifetime policy to avoid making the A. S. P. R. in any way a social center. The switch in a measure involved such a change, bringing in the activities of a local center under the same roof with the parent body. This has involved certain financial arrangements in which an "outside" group has played its part and had its "word." This development arose in the course of the "change" and "switch" from "his idea." It would have disturbed him in his lifetime.

(I see. Can I do anything to help him?)

I don't know what he means by this, Miss Tubby, but he says he *too* will take another angle, you know; like work from another angle now. (Oh.) Do you understand that? (Yes.) He says to tell you that he *too* now will work from that other angle. (Good.) That he feels that—because the other has been discarded, he says. Like as if his method or something has been discarded. And then, as long as they have taken steps to do in a different way, he now will work from another angle. You see? [Waving her arms apart and toward her left.] (Yes.)

I wish we could get this name. Sounds like Rowison, Robison. I

don't know who it is. They keep putting it through. [Evidently there was an effort to correct the name, which was unsuccessful, the communicators realizing that they had not quite succeeded.]

[Message concerning someone who has passed over recently omitted, as not pertinent in the present series.]

Miss Tubby, (Yes?) haven't you been packing up some books or some papers? Didn't you bring home a lot of books or papers, or pack up things? (Yes.) You seem to have been packing or lugging them home, or something of that kind. (Yes.) Yes.

NOTE: Owing to illness in my home, I had been obliged to carry my voluminous manuscripts home from my office, and worked there for three weeks in the present month. I had also packed up some of my own books to carry home from the office. "Lugging them home" well describes it. They were heavy and I had to have help.

Is there somebody there, their name begins with a C. that was around you? (Yes.) [Pertinent personal reference omitted.] You put it down. I don't know what it is. (Yes.) But I will just put it through for you. Trying to clear that up. [C. G. S. knows C. but by a last name, familiarly, whereas C. is the initial of the first name.]

(Yes, I think I am aware of that.) Are you? (Hm.) Well, I don't know who we are talking about, Miss Tubby, but we are getting the condition there and a little peek from Dr. Hyslop, like a little word, you see. Yes, that is for you. Trying to make you understand more, so that you would know, you see.

(Yes, can't help it, can I?)

No, doesn't seem to be—doesn't seem as if you could. Seems as if it was a situation that was clogged, in some way, and thought that that would be the best way, you see. With not any real offense, you see, but it seems as if there is some kind of a situation that got clogged, as if you couldn't do anything on account of one thing. [Further personal references omitted. Pertinent.]

I don't know what month this is, but the month of June sees you more quiet and like more resting, Miss Tubby. (Yes.) You see? Yes. Or as if you are going to lay down your hands for a while, don't you see, and relax and think, you see. Yes.

(Yes.)

NOTE: I had been on a tension, both officially and at home. The word "relax" is correct, therefore. C. G. S. knows of the illness in my home, but not of the official tension, so far as I am concerned.

Well,—this is White Light speaking,— (Yes.) I would say to you, Miss Tubby,—I don't know what this is about, and I don't know what I have been telling you now. As I have seen it, I would say that I feel that it is good for you because, if conditions had have gone on with you as they had, I feel that you would not have been able to finish your work, to do the thing that you wanted to do. Therefore it is best that you do relax and take this rest and make a greater fulfilment in the—in the switch than you could have under the old régime. You understand.

(I do.)

Yes. So do not worry, but hold to us.

(I will.)

And to the Great Protector.

(I will.)

And know that you have fulfilled your work, and now you will continue to be led and to do a greater work standing alone.

(I see. Well, I am glad.) Yes. (To do my bit, the best I can.) Yes. It will be given you.

(I want nothing else so much.)

Statements and predictions about A. S. P. R. omitted. Also personal family messages, evidential but not pertinent to this series. Also references to AUNT CATTIE, and UNCLE JOHN, BROTHER JOHN, JOSIE, who were properly placed in certain connections. When I asked, "Which Uncle John?" the reply, "Brother John," was adequate, for he had purported to refer to "Josie," which was John's own personal nickname for his brother Joseph, my father, none of whom had ever been known or mentioned to C. G. S.

On the other hand, a message for me which purported to come from Uncle John was inapplicable from him but would have been suitable from others of my communicators. It followed my question, raised long after the first reference to Uncle John, and it is highly possible that my question broke in upon a communication already, as it were, en route to me, and my suggestion may have aroused a wrong association as to the origin of the message.

If, as seems likely from the study of many records, communicators pre-plan their messages, it must be true that our suggestions and questions, and even the very words we employ, may break in on a stream of subliminal origin and somewhat change its course by the counter-stream of subconscious association awakened in the psychic's own mind by our expression. For this reason, we should be chary of our remarks.

The "Aunt Cattie" is the same one whom Mrs. Brittain, in the following July [Séance 3, Chapter IV] referred to as CAD. There were other members of the family and their friends mentioned and clearly indicated, but as there is no cross-reference involved with them they are not here included.

Certain predictions concerning future work also omitted.

I resigned my official position with the A. S. P. R. June 1, 1924. On the day of the present sitting, my decision had been communicated to the officers of the Society. It often, indeed usually, occurs that Mrs. Sanders calls upon me and has some spontaneous messages to deliver on occasions of special import to me and my work, as in the present instance, especially when matters of possible concern to J. H. H. are in the wind, and at the same time are quite beyond the "normal" knowledge of this psychic. She has repeatedly been the instrument through whom, at crucial times, J. H. H. has, since his decease, expressed his opinion or admonition. I was quite unprepared for the prediction that I should be able to carry out my work more satisfactorily in the future, alone. And the promise that J. H. H. would work from a new angle from now on appears to have had relation to the work embodied in this volume, although at the time I did not see the pertinence of the promise, and was naturally feeling anxiety as to the outcome of his long-continued and highly successful efforts up to the present time. His reassurance through C. G. S., who knew scarcely anything of the circumstances, was, at that juncture, somewhat puzzling. Manifestly an insight superior to my own and that of C. G. S. was responsible for the prediction.

Ten days after I had put this note into what I considered its final shape, I received from L. M. C., who knows nothing of my summer work, nor that the need has arisen to re-copy this manuscript in order to send it abroad for publication, a bit of automatic writing from J. H. H.-X as follows:

In second chapter change 3rd line from bottom, my suggestion is to put it more simply, a confusion of words obtains, clear this—[The sentence indicated begins: "His reassurance," and needed "clearing." I have now endeavoured to comply.] . . . We can often visit the earth in various parts and keep in touch through flashes with some events. I never knew, of course, how hard it was for a returning spirit to report himself. Now, too well I know the difficulties. We miss so often and the loop holes are so narrow.

Send this to G. T. with my earnest congratulations and good-wishes, she has arrived— James H. Hyslop—

The signature, particularly the word Hyslop, is strongly suggestive of his lifetime signature, but Mrs. Chamberlaine's own rendering of the name is somewhat similar to J. H. H.'s, so I cannot urge the point strongly. It is interesting to note the certainty in "congratulations" and "she has arrived," for less than a year since, October 17, 1925, on my return from England, when I had no thought of securing an English publisher, the message came through her: "I know he wants you to trust your manuscript to an English publisher." An English psychic message advised me, in the summer of 1925, to take the manuscript to the firm "with four names," on St. Martin's Lane. There is such a firm, but they publish only technical works in material science. It did not occur to me to think of another firm "with four [proper] names" in *Carter Lane*, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company, publishers of many psychic works.

For signatures, see illustrations, pages 314, 317.

CHAPTER III

SÉANCE 2

Mrs. Chenoweth, Boston, Thursday, June 19, 1924. 11 A. M.

Absent sitting for G. O. T.

[Automatic writing. (Trance)]

J. H. H. for brief word and greeting, for the work is as much a part of my effort today as when I expressed my confidence and coöperation in you and your efforts. We all fail to meet approval of those who disagree with us, but that is of no real importance unless we are helped to get the point of view of the Philistine through criticism [*sic*] and disagreement. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU SHOULD GO FORWARD for your records are valuable and add to the material which is collected elsewhere. You may not be able to transfer your personal convictions to those who were not present with you at the time of the experiments, but I have always endeavored to keep the personal identity in the spirit of the writing and if you recall I always made a point of that form of evidence and I am of the same opinion, that is that the tone and quality of the expressed thought is often better evidence of the presence of the spirit said to be communicating than much that is given by an intermediary process, even though that given by the intermediary contains evidence that can be checked up as correct statements concerning the individual. We are not yet aware of how much an intermediary spirit may obtain from observation and contact that is not personal or does not require the presence of the person supposed to be communicating.* One type of evidence is essential to the conversion to the theory and belief that there is life after death, in which state of existence memories endure either as history which may be read by any one, or as records which may be perused and remembered by specially [*sic*] enlisted helpers. The other type is a personal conviction which comes from a clear conception of the quality of mind which is betrayed or revealed by the message and a recognition of the manner

* Cf. p. 120.

and method of such a mind expressing itself after death. WHEN MY FATHER EXPRESSED through the Piper light phres ases [phrases] and words which were used immediately preceding his death I was left to imagine much that might be his then present state of mind or his reasoning power. The memories were pertinent and convincing that my father was in the vicinity of the light and in a state of mind where he was either unconsciously, as in a dream state, recalling or reliving the days of the past or was awkwardly and intermittently catching at phrases and words names and the like and reproducing them as evidence. As when he said Where is my hat which would be a strange message to give but was a reproduction of a phrase he often used in those days.* Later I was able to have his mental processes and recognize them as a part of a new experience after death but related to the past in a perfectly normal and rational way and it is to that type of evidence we are bending all our energies now, and to establish that normal relationship and expression will I believe give clear, connected and natural play of memories and allow perhaps a better power of recollection than most of us have in the limited life of the average person. Can write no more but feel this is an example of my own power to express in a perfectly normal way but the power fails after a time X- †

* Cf. *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, pp. 307, 352. The quotation is accurate and the remarks entirely pertinent, as reference to the volume will show. This psychic, having seen Dr. Hyslop and heard his manner of thought often expressed, would be expected to give something characteristic, as the above statements certainly are. But it should be noted that the volume of Piper Records containing the quotation, "where is my hat?" is the very one yielding the many points I had later to verify for the Annie Brittain sitting of July 4, 1924, which follows in Chapter IV.

† See Chapter VI.

CHAPTER IV

SÉANCE 3

On July 2nd, 1924, the day after my arrival in London, I made an anonymous request by telephone for a sitting with Mrs. Annie Brittain, giving, as reference, "Mrs. Star." When I called on the morning of the 4th to keep my appointment, I found that Mr. Brittain, in entering the engagement, had understood me to say "Misses Storr" had introduced me. My identity was therefore evidently unknown, as I wished it to be; the Misses Storr, well known in English psychic circles, I was sure would forgive the error. Mrs. "STAR" [Ainslee], my friend, was not as familiar a name and the misinterpretation over the telephone had therefore been quite natural.

The sitting was held in Mrs. Brittain's séance room, in the second story, UP a flight of STAIRS, in her home in London, to which I was ushered by MR. BRITTAİN. [*Compare Séance 13.*]

Medium, Mrs. Brittain [Trance], July 4, 1924, 10:25 A. M.

Sitter, G. O. T.

Mrs. Brittain chatted several minutes about her babies. She was about to take her family on a LITTLE HOLIDAY TRIP TO THE COUNTRY. [*Compare Séance 13.*] She closed her eyes, as she began:

Hm. Sometimes I see the weirdest things before I start to give a sitting. And I see an awfully weird thing with you. And I find it is always wise when you get into the mood for a sitting, for you to give everything you see. Building up very near you is a building, but it has neither got the roof on, nor the windows or doors in. It is like a new building, a new structure, being put up, but not finished. Abandoned. Sometimes it means something.

(Yes.)

And there may be other things connected with it.

NOTE: I had recently been obliged to leave certain psychic records from J. H. H.-X in a partial state of completion, and requiring my hand to complete them ultimately with annotations, as they are distinctly of my building. They are in abeyance, not abandoned, the

“windows and doors” well typifying the annotations requisite to complete the structure.

[Pause. Slight jerk of head; hypnogy coming on.]

Oh, that's better.

In connection with this abandoned building,—it isn't a derelict, it seems more like—it is really quite new. Almost as if the men have taken a week-end off, or something like that. But linked up with it is the spirit of a man who is very anxious to give you [Pause] some evidence of identity, I think.

(Good.) [I expected this to be J. H. H.-X, but it proved otherwise.]

It is an elderly man. He may be sixty-five. Doesn't look a day older than that, as far as build and carriage and appearance goes, but his hair is very white and he has a rather big face, but it is long. There is a roundness about it, as if it ought to have been a round face. There is a very high, wide forehead. He is just bald on the top of his head, he's wearing thin a bit, and his hair comes [thick] around the sides but the top is thin. Lovely eyes. Very sweet. A big nose. There is a bridge like mine, quite a decided bridge, but then it comes straight down, not like mine. He hasn't got a lump on his nose. Comes straight down. It is a broad and straight nose. Fine, nice mouth. Very sweet. Particularly nice. Sweetness of personality and character behind; it just shows in the shape of the lips. I don't know how to describe them. They are not thick, and not thin. Just nicely modeled. He has a chin whisker continuing around his face, but has no moustache; perfectly clean shaven otherwise. A white chin whisker. Neatness in his dress. There is nothing out of the way noticeable about his dress. Extreme neatness and great care.

He would pass to the spirit life out of the day's work. There was no illness and no preliminary condition that would make anyone feel as though he was going to pass away. Just as though at the end of the day's work he went to sleep. Like a stroke—as though it came very suddenly.

He seems to want to link up with you as a real friend and comrade and co-worker. But he is also linked up directly as a relative—if he can give me some name or message.

(Hm.)

NOTE: I was puzzled and baffled at the moment to identify this man. On writing out the notes at my hotel, later, I recognized the

accurate description of my maternal grandfather, whom I never saw but knew well from photographs and portraits. I could not recall the white chin whisker, but inspection of an old portrait,—a photograph from life,—proves the accuracy of that and other details. It was taken before his hair turned quite gray, but the chin whisker is already white, and later photographs that were tinted show the hair whiter before his death. The sweetness of his expression was a marked characteristic. He was neat but not eccentric in dress, and his dress would have shown great care, for economy was a marked family virtue in his home. He did die of a stroke of paralysis, at the precise age of sixty-five years. His death occurred in the course of his preparations for an active day's work. He had some time previously had a first stroke of paralysis from which he had recovered and resumed his activity to a considerable extent, and no one foresaw the end, which was as sudden as here indicated. He was preparing to take a railway journey to fulfil a professional engagement when he was stricken.

And there is someone named JOHN that he speaks of. Either John is your father, or John would be the person that this man is linked up to, do you see?

NOTE: My father's father, with whom the communicator, my mother's father, was well acquainted, was named John.

And just a minute—is it Sarah?

(Yes.) [NOTE: His wife, my maternal grandmother.]

And I don't know that he's calling a name, *Annie* or—just a minute. It is a little name that has that sound. If I can get it a bit clearer—Minnie, Minnie.

NOTE: The first name of Mrs. Chenoweth, the well-known Boston psychic through whom I have had contact with various deceased members of my family, as well as with J. H. H.-X in the past. Sarah was mentioned by name in the automatic writing by my mother, in a Chenoweth sitting published in the *Journal* of the A. S. P. R. for January, 1920. This Mrs. B. states she has not seen. See end of sitting.

He's worried about that PAPER you are writing. If you don't mind, I'll give you some more. He doesn't like it, I don't know why. I'll give you some more.

(All right. It rattles, perhaps.) [NOTE: I was taking shorthand notes on thin crisp sheets that rustled. Mrs. B. gave me a pad from her own desk instead at this point.]

No, I don't know why. That would be characteristic, a short temper like that, anything that would annoy him.

NOTE: Not recalled by those living who knew him as characteristic of our grandfather. It would be more characteristic of J. H. H., who, in Séance 13, October 3, 1924, through L. M. C., purports to have been the one to speak of "paper." He was decided and quick, though not short-tempered.

Oh, that's better. He's better satisfied now. He's not staying. Now he is—there will be others more important. O, he's gone down, down. You can just see him go right down, it is so funny. Now we will wait just a minute. [Opening eyes while we changed paper.]

(All right.)

I don't think it was so much the rattle as that it was perfect nonsense, you would never be able to read it.

NOTE: "Perfect nonsense" is highly characteristic of J. H. H.'s vocabulary in such a matter.

(O, I see.) [But it proves to be entirely legible.]

Yes, now we will get to it.

[Pause. Jerk of head. Closed eyes again. Apparently there now began the control by A. B.'s familiar guide, BELLE.]

You see, as he's gone away, MUDDIE's gone away. She has left me to talk to you. Good morning. [Compare Séance 13.]

(Good morning.)

You not—if you not understand what me say to you, will you just tell to me? (Yes, I will.) I will just explain it, you see. (Yes.) Yes, that is right. And I give you everything that come along to you in the surroundings of your spirit world, me just tell it to you. That is right. Perhaps me speak better English as me go along because me can speak better English now.

(All right.)

Perhaps don't know my name, do you? (No.) It be's BELLE. Everybody knows Belle.

(I am glad to meet you, Belle.) [Later I found that A. B. spells the name Bell, but I leave my notes as written.]

Yes, I wish you could see me. (I do.) [Meaning that I wished so, too.] FINK YOU WILL SEE ME SOME DAY, 'cause—finks you will 'cause YOU CAN. (All right.) You can see now in your insides sort of way. You see, you don't see with your eyes and hear with your ears, but you are sensitive to the nearness of spirit people. You feel conscious of something that you cannot see, and you have got an intuitive, SENSITIVE spirit that FEEL IMPRESSION, and presentiment; and that is why the

people whom you meet in your day's work, that is why they always like to be led and guided by you. People find themselves telling you their troubles and difficulties, and in some way you are help to them. 'Cause you are—did you know you are a HEALER? (Yes.) 'Cause you be a healer. (Yes.) Not only a healer of bodies, but a healer of spirit. (Yes.) I speak not only of people on this earth life. But you have got the healing gift since you been a little girl about eight or nine.

NOTE: It is true that I have had some experience of healing, both in connection with the visible, physical patient and in connection with spirit-communicators of the earthbound, ignorant or malicious order, needing enlightenment, and there is no way in which this fact could have normally reached this psychic. My only remarks to her as we met this morning, for the first time, were upon the roses and other flowers in the room, and such impersonal matters. The nature of my work in the past has naturally led people to tell me their troubles oftener than would probably fall to the lot of the average sitter. I do feel impression and presentiment very often without apparent cause. On evidential grounds, I have long been certain of the nearness of spirit people, from time to time. A. B. can know this only supernormally. It is also true that from my childhood I have been welcomed by invalids, who maintained that they found me something of a "tonic," and I have long had a soothing effect upon pain if I rubbed the sore spot with my hands. I used to suppose that my mother and others were merely offering encouragement to me as a child when they said it was very helpful, but I have since learned that there was some special virtue in it. This gift of healing was my grandfather's before me, and it is interesting that it should be mentioned just after he has been described.

You always had to be a little woman and also [two or three words not caught in the note-taking]. Finks you have got a big brother in the spirit world that you mother when he was a—a little boy. Because—it don't seem that you be the eldest of the family, but you be the one that take on the mothering of the other peoples. But me tell all I can see. Then you can get on your paper from the beginning to the end of the sitting.

NOTE: Apparently the guide, Belle, was not certain she was correct about these details. She broke off with a "but" without suggestion from me. It is true that I am not the eldest of the family, and I have done perhaps more "mothering" of others, in times of illness, than

always falls to the lot of the younger members of a family. I have a "big" brother in the spirit whom I "mothered" in illness, though not when he was a little boy, but only because I was well and strong and an acceptable nurse. In his case my massage was restful to a tired back. There were reasons why I did have to "be a little woman" and assume some responsibility while still a young girl, when he was ill.

My medium no has got a cold, but GOING THE WEEK-END, GETTING READY TO GO, the voice be's tired—don't you think so? (Yes.)

Spirits want me to tell you why you be's a healer: 'cause what you call the AURA AROUND YOU is awful pretty color. [*Compare Séances 10, 11, 13.*] Right around you it look like a very beautiful rainbow. Not many colors, but the most of the love color. A sort of mist has been around you recently. This side of the rainbow [my left] there be's a lot of pink like those lovely PINK ROSES [that merges toward yellow-white].

NOTE: The last phrase above was inserted from memory as I transcribed my notes shortly after the sitting. The words were spoken rapidly and I omitted them, lest others that followed might be lost, whereas these could readily be recalled. The roses in the vase were pink, neither deep nor pale.

And on *this* side [my right] a sort of blue that merges into white light. From the rainbow are lights that flash toward you, that you should absorb and that come from your spirit people. 'Cause the rainbow is like a bridge. 'Cause your desire to work and their desire to help you and love you build the bridge.

Behind you there is a light like the light in a lighthouse, that just focus itself and then spread out—symbolical of INSPIRATION AND MAGNETISM that the spirit people give. [*Compare Séances 10, 11, 15, 17.*] Right back of that, not touching that, is a great big North American Indian man with feathers, with a lovely face. Like the picture of Hiawatha that you see, with the lovely feathers. I think he name be White Feather, 'cause the feathers are white. They are white and tinge toward the blue in your aura,—that is spirituality and the yellow is the color of wisdom. The blue from the aura touch them [the feathers] but it may be the color of his spirituality, too.

NOTE: "A big Indian man" has been reported as one of a group about me by Mrs. Chenoweth, by Mrs. A. L. B. C., a private psychic of London, and by A. B., as well as occasionally by others, in casual and spontaneous remark not always recorded. The name of some sort

of "Feather" or "Eagle" has been several times ascribed to this Red Indian. The statements must be taken for what they are worth.

And then you have—you must be a wise woman, 'cause you have got another guide that bring the symbol of wisdom. But it is the hooded cobra. But he comes—it is the symbol of wisdom of an Eastern guide.

(Yes.) [This ascription of an Eastern guide has also been made from time to time in my many séances. Such points cannot be verified from any lifetime association that I have had and must stand, as I have said, on their own merits entirely.]

But these people are not going to stay, because they want to give you something connected with your future. Not only people, but your life and work and atmosphere.

NOTE: Red Indian guides, in the case of Mrs. Chenoweth, are said to be on duty to keep working conditions clear, as their special responsibility. They do not claim great attention, though they are apparently most faithful attendants.

Now we will get away from the guiding peoples to the other peoples. And we may have a little tiny bit of trouble with one spirit; it is the spirit of a lady that stands very close up to you. She may be thirty, thirty-five. She's not an old lady and she may be—don't think she's taller than yourself, but she slender in build, but yet there is a roundness, not skinny and not too fat. She may be a little taller than the medium, and not quite so plump.

NOTE: I lost by death a friend of this stature, her age being thirty-three and a half years. She was slightly taller than I, but not noticeably so, with a rounded but not plump figure. A. B.'s figure is more plump and shorter.

Got rather a long face, just nicely shaped; 't isn't thin; just as if it was beautifully modeled. Got lovely hair that was brown, nut-brown. Not black. Not chestnut-brown, it is lighter than that. She take it over like medie, and it just fall a little bit looser, and it looks more like a parting, but it is not. And it is drawn up to the back. It is arranged from the top of the head to the bottom, not around and around like other people's hair. Used to wear a blue dress usually. She's very fond of wearing blue. Has her hands clasped together on your shoulder, and the length of her arm—almost as if she had a photograph taken with you. I think you must have a PICTURE of her, but not with

you. There is somebody sitting down, and she is leaning up against them, but it is not you.

(Yes.)

NOTE: True description in all details and recognized at once. Her hair was a light brown that had been paler in color in her youth. It was often worn as described, particularly at the time when the picture referred to was taken, and it had a way of falling into a natural part that was annoying to my friend. Her facial contour was beautifully modeled. She wore a great deal of blue during the years that I knew her. For the first time in eighteen years I have, by an oversight, traveled away from home without a picture of her, the one described being a favorite of mine. The pose shows her with hands clasped and arms hanging at full length, the forearms bare, but she stands alone, not leaning upon anyone or anything.

She comes as if she might have been your mammy, as if you was her little girl, just as if she had been guiding you all the way along. Just a minute. Maybe she will give you her name.

NOTE: This friend died within a year of my own mother's death and communicated with me many times spontaneously through non-professional psychics, showing a protective care and interest, before I ever had a definite séance with her.

Did she pass away of consumption, or something like that?

NOTE: Her death was due to accidental poisoning which consumed the mucous membranes of the body.

I did not reply, hoping I might secure something more pertinent later in the sitting.

And she's close to you because of babies, for some reason. Whether they be her babies or what, that is why. She is very close to you, and has been, long before you know anything about spiritualism or spirit peoples.

NOTE: Her death occurred a year before I ever attended a séance or entered upon psychic research professionally, but not before I had an interest, from reading of such matters.

Just a minute. Alfred. She speaks of someone what you call Alva or Alfred. Just a minute. O, I wish she didn't talk much to you until she give me some name.

(That is all right. Let her talk.)

Well, I don't know who she call Dorothy or something—Dor—Doll.

NOTE: Alva is a name very closely approximating that of an intimate friend of the family of the communicator, still living and near her "babies." This unusual name might suitably be mentioned by her. She was very fond of me, and I was close to her babies both before and after her death. They have been the subject of other communications from her. (See, for example, *Journal A. S. P. R.*, January, 1920.) Their very black colored nurse used to call the little daughter "My little doll," to my friend's amusement. My friend was devoted to her four babies and took personal care of them as far as possible. I have been close to no other babies in my life to any such degree.

This is a funny thing about her. As she lean up against you—and YOU SEEM TO BE WRITING—FROM HER COMES A GREAT BIG LOVELY WARMTH OF LOVE AND AFFECTION AND SHE SEEM TO BE TRYING TO REACH YOU THROUGH SOME KIND OF MIST. There is a mist around you today that is . . . [a few items interlarded here, not pertinent to the communicator, though entirely intelligible to me.]

NOTE: My friend had a very warm heart, and we were very close. It had fallen to my lot to write letters to her many friends notifying them of her death, a difficult task often done through a mist of tears.

Oh, me does want me to hurry up! But there's the name Alfred. Charlie, Charlie. Jack. [Pause.]

NOTE: The communicator's father, also deceased, was "Charlie." An intimate friend of her husband was John, and his son named for him has been nicknamed "Jack," but I am not sure that the elder John was called "Jack" in his lifetime, though he may have been. Both Charles and John have died since the death of my friend, and I was acquainted with them both in life. As there was no further evidence of any reference to them, I can only surmise that the reference intended could have been to them. The point is very slight, its chief interest being in the fact that it can be fitted into my friend's environment. I myself could not place a "Jack" in my own circle. The Alfred may be a repetition of the effort earlier made to refer to the one whose name is almost correctly given as Alva.

As me see that lady, she seems to me not to live in a house in the spirit world, but out in a garden; out in a big garden that has got a wall around you that it keeps you in, and only the flowers, stars and birds and the babies for company, and the outside world shut off. As if she is trying to put you in that condition and concentration that would give you power and strength mentally, do you see? (Yes.)

NOTE: She had a garden with a high fence, not a wall, around it, where the babies played and the world, except that of nature, was shut out. There were, of course, flowers and birds and stars, at the suitable times and seasons. I was familiar with the garden and used to look out on it from the desk where I needed to use the "power and strength mentally" gained from concentration. My friend died in another home, remote, though not walled in, where she spent many months "With only the flowers, stars, birds and babies for company." I was familiar with both these gardens.

There is someone that lady calls Ann or Anna, Annie, Hannah.

NOTE: Anna, the name of an intimate family friend who offered to put herself to the trouble of a radical readjustment of her life and affairs to take care of my friend's children when their mother died. This was not actually done, but it was seriously contemplated.

And there is a lady that is trying to reach you with her love that call Emily. Do you think you can remember? She maybe not be very near to you. But she's connected with you somehow,—Emma or Emily.

NOTE: Emma was the one who actually took care of the children of my friend the year following her death. She was not very "near" to me, but was connected with me in an interest in the little family with whom she lived as nurse and housekeeper. I saw her and the "babies" almost every day and told her something of their mother. She had confided to me that it was when she heard of the need of help in the care of four motherless little children that she felt she had found a task to fit her own need at a difficult time in her own personal experience. Her response had been immediate. She has died.

And someone they call Mamie, Mamie. Like love to Mamie, or "we all love Mamie." There is a great big ocean of love for Mamie, whoever that is. Think you must be May or Mary, because they have pinned a great big lovely bunch of Mayblossom on your frock [indicating a large round patch on the front of her own blouse to illustrate]. Don't you see? Perhaps it is symbolical. Just as if it was just unfolding, opening its dear little pink buds, because the petals are pink outside and white inside. It is Mayblossom, can't be anything else. But the color of it means unfoldment or growth. And it is also symbolical of some name or message that would be given to you.

NOTE: Oddly indirect is this naming of Mary, nicknamed Mamie in her youth and up to the time of her marriage more often called

Mamie than Mary. I knew her as Mary. She would have deeply appreciated the interest taken in her little family by Anna, Emma and myself, and if it was possible, it is certain she would have tried to reinforce and support that interest. Later on, Anna was also near the family and saw them very frequently, and always felt a watchcare over them, whether near or far. Emma did not know Mary in life, but here the names appear and a communication from each at the appropriate juncture in the sitting. We all felt great love for Mary and pity for her and her children in their separation. "Oceans of love" would be a characteristic expression of her own and she might appropriately send a message of love to a Mary in her own family or to one in the family of Anna, but neither of these was ever called "Mamie."

And just today or within two or three days of today there is a lady in spirit life trying to bring the memory of a special anniversary connected with her. It would either be the birth-day or death-day, or some sort of jubilee day connected with a spirit lady.

(Yes, I know.)

Because she brings you the evidence of it with the lovely flowers, like a lovely greeting.

NOTE: The anniversary of the death of Mary occurs within one day of this date. The reference to "Mayblossom" is not connected with her in any evidential way that I am aware of. But there may have been an effort to indicate a switch to a May who was a neighbor and acquaintance of Mary, whose family is represented in the messages immediately following Mary's. I was intimately acquainted with both families, at the same period of time.

There be a man in the spirit world. . . . Maybe he wore a uniform when he was here—broad in shoulders and straight in build of body. Would have got stout if he hadn't been so very active. He was that sort of gentleman. His name begins with H—but it isn't Hamlet!

(No.)

No. You see, you have got a naughty boy that was killed flying, that visits you, and he be's rude to the older man.

(I don't think he means to be.)

No, he doesn't; but he say "Make her [the psychic] call him Hamlet." But his name begins with H. HENRY. [One or two further and clearly identifying messages which would affect his family omitted.]

(That is right.)

Me say Harry on Fridays and Henry on Sundays. Harry to the people he love much.

NOTE: Henry is the middle name of the relative of May indicated. His figure was precisely as described, and only his incessant activity prevented his becoming too stout. In England, particularly in the period of the Great War, he would almost inevitably have been in the army, but he never actually wore a uniform, so far as I am aware.

A young soldier has communicated with me for several years, in connection with J. H. H.-X, through M. M. S. and others, and has always a jocular way of expressing himself. The remarks about "Hamlet" would be in character for him, as well as the "Harry on Fridays and Henry on Sundays." The communicator Henry, however, was never called either Henry or Harry by anyone. The play on the name, however, may well have been intentionally employed for psychological effect, in order to carry it through by one method or another. My soldier—whom I never knew in "life"—has learned to help in such ways, as a communicator, and always appears to enjoy his work as aide. Very few even of my friends have heard of him, and certainly Mrs. Brittain and Bell have had no imaginable opportunity of learning anything about him heretofore. The youthful guide, Bell, might be apt to interpret his action as "naughty" when the psychic herself, Mrs. Brittain, would not. J. H. H. knew of my communicators and had considered the earlier work of Mary, which he published [*Journal A. S. P. R.*, January, 1920], an excellent piece of work. He would have been interested to engineer the present series of messages by the aid of the soldier, keeping himself in the background in order not to confuse matters. I have known this effect to be evident in a number of sittings aside from the present series, but I did not think of it at the time, being so much occupied in my note-taking and the effort to keep up with the quick turns of the work on the present occasion.

It is especially important to note that for "Henry" to have given his first name would have obscured everything hopelessly, for it is Charles, the same as that of Mary's father, my own brother, and my grandfather, already referred to in this sitting as a communicator.

Moreover, the very next turn of the sitting carries us forward to J. H. H.'s family and the death of his own little brother Charles, many years ago. The turn of the communications was so swift I could not follow it, and it was many moons before I came upon the clarifying information that placed what here follows and indicates that J. H. H. was actually at the background of the work on this occasion.

There be a big lady with him that pass away a little girl, with scarlet fever; just healthy and the picture of beauty. She was not robust and she took some throat condition and passed away and she's

a big lady now. Don't you think she be your little sister? Perhaps she be. [J. H. H.'s little sister. See next Note.] These spirit people be in such a hurry. Like pictures they drop, and I must catch them. [The familiar "pictographic method" often used in the Chenoweth sittings in Boston and discussed at length by J. H. H. in the publications of the A. S. P. R. in his later years.]

There be's a little boy that passed away at the same time or was ill at the same time. I don't know whether she passed away, and on the day she buried the little boy die,—but it is something like that. She's trying to give some evidence of her memory, you see. You see, they are trying to show you not only that they live, but that they remember. Yes. They go on registering conditions and things as they come. And they cannot help sorrow coming to the earthly peoples, 'cause it is their experience they have to pass through. And they can guide and direct and encourage. And that is what they try to do for you.

(Yes, I am much obliged. I know they do.)

NOTE: The "big lady that pass away a little girl" is none other than Dr. Hyslop's little sister Anna, and the little boy that passed away at the same time is his brother Charles. But the order is the reverse of that given by A. B. when she states, "it is something like that." The day Charles was buried, Anna had a premonition of her own death of the same disorder, though she was the picture of health at the time. "She took some throat condition and passed away." It is interesting to note that the names "Charles" and "Anna" have already been given in my A. B. sitting in other connections; and also that the name Henry was erroneously given in connection with these two in the Hyslop-Piper report of 1901 [*Proceedings* S. P. R., Vol. XVI]. Anna, if she were living now, in the body, would be over sixty-five years of age, "A big lady." On page 23, Volume XVI, *Proceedings* of the S. P. R., we read Dr. Hyslop's note as follows, on his Piper séance records of December 23 and 26, 1898:

"Charles died of . . . scarlet fever."

And on page 358 of the same volume he notes:

"The allusion to her demise 'just after Charles' is quite pertinent. She [Annie] died just twelve days after him, with the same disease. I remember well that on the evening after the burial of my brother, as we sat down to the table, my sister, though without the slightest symptom as yet of illness, and standing between the door and the table, said to my mother, 'Mamma, I am going to get sick and die, too.' . . . My sister took sick the next day."

Charles and Annie Hyslop died in 1864 [*Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, 462].*

I believe that I had read this statement years ago, though I cannot be certain. I dimly recall J. H. H.'s having told me the story himself, but the matter was so obscure in my mind that I was entirely at a loss to place it correctly when I received the message through Bell and Mrs. Brittain, and it was many months before my search turned in the proper direction to place this item, which I at first erroneously interpreted as concerning an entirely different family. It was not until I received, in the following October, through L. M. C., in America, a statement from J. H. H.-X, "I was behind the scenes more than you realized in London" [see page 251], that I began to follow the threads of evidence that now so ably support this claim.

But what has that poor lady been the matter! There is a dear OLD lady about eighty-two or -three. Very fussy. A perfectly lovely personality. Very wrinkled face and bright and clear and wonderful eyes, bright and clear. And got thin, thin white hair, just brought down here over the temples and drawn toward the back. A little pink on her cheeks. A little bit of a lady. A little black lace cap with a flower in front and strings hanging down [indicating the sides of face] to the chin. And a black silk skirt that was sort of pleated around, stiff [indicating how it stood out]. And it has nice little—looks like tucks, first,—but little black narrow bands of velvet ribbon around this skirt. It looks like all in one piece, or the bodice buttons down the front and it seems to fasten with a little belt around [from side to front]. And she had a little white lace at the neck.

NOTE: This is the correct description as to age, appearance and dress of a dear and very little old lady I knew well and saw much of at the time when Mary was living and a neighbor of May. The little old lady is the mother of "Henry" and the grandmother of May. She was decidedly "fussy," had a lovely personality. Her face was wrinkled and her eyes piercing and keen beyond those of much younger persons. Her hair was so very thin that it barely sufficed to hold her caps in place, and she wore some such cap as described. There was a touch of pink in her cheeks, especially in animated conversation. She died in her early eighties, I believe, though I cannot be quite sure, her death having occurred about fifteen years before this sitting. I recall seeing her wear a gown of the sort described, though I could not have described it myself at this time. She usually had some bit of white

*I had quite forgotten that in March, 1917, their record was included in a questionnaire-study by J. H. H.

lace or a fold of white at the neck of what she was wearing, and her bodices did fasten around with a little belt at the waist line, customarily, the whole gown giving the effect of uniformity, though usually not a one-piece garment.

This whole description is so accurate that it brings up to me a vivid picture of this beloved old friend, whom I have not seen since about the year 1908.

And she seems to have worried about your health for some time, but you are better now. But the one side of you, like one leg, sometimes . . . something like a little weakness. You can't rest one leg without the other, can you, but she feels you must rest one leg. And that makes Henry laugh at her, because you can't run around—"You would look fine running around without the other!"—But it is the left leg: as though you ought to rest it sometimes. It gets fussy or something.

NOTE: I have been physically well but somewhat overtaxed, of late. Within twenty-four hours, I have had a slight touch of sciatica for a few minutes, I can't recall on which side of the body. It is unusual, but it has occurred before, a few times. This note I make on the day of this séance.

Further, it is to be noted that I occasionally turn an ankle, one side more frequently than the other, but the right side I think, though I pay so little attention to it that I am hazy on the point. I did rather badly turn the left ankle in the spring of this year, owing to an unevenness in the paving on which I was walking. But there is no noticeable weakness on either side, and nothing to suggest any such thing to a casual acquaintance like the psychic herself. The comment is natural in the case of this old lady, however, for she was both the wife and the mother of a physician. The humorous remark, "You would look fine running around without the other," is very much in character for the Henry concerned, her son, and links him up to her in the conversation most naturally.

And Julie or Julia. Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

NOTE: Julia, deceased, is Henry's sister and the old lady's daughter. She was called both "Julie" and "Julia" in the family.

She's a grannie. (I know.) [The old lady is May's grandmother.] She doesn't say "my dear." She calls you "childie" or "child." (Child is right.) [A characteristic expression of hers.]

She is not staying because there are others more important. She loves you.

(Thank her. I love her, too.)

NOTE: We were very congenial indeed, though she was not my own grannie. Her alert mind kept her very companionable with the younger generations.

She does love you better than the boy now. When she was on this side, she loved the boy, but—CHARLIE, I think she calls him. (Yes.) She always loved you, but she loved the boy best, and she loves you better now.

"Charlie" was the name by which she always called her son, the Henry already a communicator in this sitting. She did love me, but it is altogether unlikely that she would love me better than "the boy," for she was especially attached to him. If the reference be to my own brother Charles, whom also she knew as "Charlie," one might find possible value in the statement, though of course it cannot be regarded as evidential, and it is immaterial in any case. I know that she was very fond of me and she knew me more intimately than she did my brother Charles.

And Louie or Lucy. O dear! I see I haven't got it, because she look frown at me. Florence. [Pause.] O, she have gone! She join that old gentleman me describe to you with the building. . . .

(Yes.)

NOTE: Louie or Lucy is not related to the old lady's group, so far as I can recall. But Florence was one of the young neighbors of the old lady with whom I was intimate at that period when she, May and Mary were much in my life. Florence was a good friend of mine and well liked by the old lady, and by her son, so the group is well integrated as to time and place. It is a good hit that the "grannie" signified dissatisfaction with the name "Louie" or "Lucy," without remark on my part, and did not object to Florence. As she was just about to disappear from the psychic scene, it may be that neither of these names was intended or given by her.

If so, it is possible that there was here some attempt on the part of the psychic research group to switch matters at this point to their own field. The name of Florence might, of course, apply to the Italian city in which Mr. Myers wrote some of his poems, and of which he was no doubt fond. My surmise that this might possibly show a trace of Frederic Myers was aroused only after an October, 1924, séance with L. M. C., when I was asked by the communicator if I had got "Myers's message" in England. I had apparently not got such a message, but it may be that in this very overcrowded sitting of A. B. he was present with the "scientific group" and desirous of communicating.

The "Lucy" and "Florence" could also be placed with reference

to the Hyslop family and the succeeding communications appear to have accomplished a switch to Hyslop matters, hence we must leave the two names as being on the border line between changes of communicators and therefore somewhat hazy in their bearings. It is most difficult to avoid such confusion where proper names are concerned, as there is, of course, so much overlapping of names in families of the same race. Names, in fact, though so much sought after by sitters, are often far less satisfactory as evidence than many details apparently far less striking. It is only when the two are combined that we can be fully satisfied as to the value of the names.

THOMAS, do you call him Thomas?

(Yes, perhaps so.)

NOTE: I was not sure of the identity of the "old gentleman" with the "building" when I spoke. He was not Thomas, but he had a half-brother of that name, and it is not the first time I have had the name in messages. However, the old lady and my grandparent are not in any way related, and the switch to the idea of the "building" here seems to show a return to my own work and interests. This being so, the attempt may be to mention the Hyslop horse, Tom, or the old negro servant of Robert Hyslop, also named Tom. By a curious coincidence, there was a Henry who was a hired man on J. H. H.'s father's farm, and that Henry had a daughter Lucy. These facts further support the idea of the switch here to Hyslop matter, and I very much doubt that there was any effort to refer above to my own great-uncle Thomas, whom I never knew.

J. H. H.'s father, Robert Hyslop, first referred to "Thom—Tom" in his communication of May 29, 1899. J. H. H. at first thought this was intended as a reference to "an old negro whom father often employed in the harvest field and with whom he used to have much fun." Robert Hyslop communicating at once added, however, "I mean the horse." [*Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, 423.] J. H. H. explains in another part [p. 65] of the same *Proceedings*:

"We had an old faithful horse by the name of Tom, that used to get excited and work too hard if fretted in any way, and father always cautioned us against using the whip on him, and, when the horse became too old to work, pensioned him, so to speak, and allowed him to die on the farm." This was about 1880 or later, but long before I [G. O. T.] was acquainted with the Hyslop family at all.

Thus the name of Tom or Thomas has associations in the Hyslop family. In my own, there is scarcely anyone of the name, and there are no evidential associations that could be made to it for me. I therefore incline to the belief that this group of names, taken together

—Lucy, Florence, Thomas—(the name Florence being related to Mrs. J. H. H.) support one another.

You see, the funny thing is that all—they want you to complete that building, so that building must be symbolical of yourself.

(I see.)

Symbolical of the work that you are contemplating. But the old lady said, “Don’t you think, Childie, that you have got enough on your shoulders?” Do you see?

(I see.)

Glad you take the holiday [repeated]. Do you much good in many ways. Gallivanting off. The gentleman called Henry says, “You gay person, gallivanting off.” That is what he thinks about you.

(Yes, I gallivanted off.)

NOTE: A characteristic touch, in the phraseology of both the old lady and Henry. It seems to be the intention of the communicators to urge me not to discontinue my work, as I might have been expected to do when resigning from it officially. Of all this, A. B. has no slightest knowledge, for she does not even know my identity, much less the lines of my activity since the death of J. H. H.

Yes, it was good. ’Cause while you are away the people you left behind you in your country are asserting themselves and getting . . . [pertinent message omitted]. So that you will see your holiday has been a success, not only for yourself in a sort of interest the holiday give, but also in the solidarity,—solid— Oh. oh.

(Yes, that’s all right. Go ahead.)

It was the name. There’s three people’s name that they will give to me; three peoples that are lost without you and hate having to look after themselves and each other, which they never would have done if you stayed, see? (Yes.) [Pertinence clear to me.]

But you brought your old chum with you, and that is the doggie that follows you around. He is a doggie in the spirit world. He is rather a big doggie with lovely hair. He was fond of the dirtiest dirt he could find; almost like a sheep doggie, but not a sheep doggie. White nose and ears, and wonderful eyes, broad, broad head. I don’t think he’s got a tail, or he may have lost one. And he’s carrying it down, and it wags him, like that. One ear is tucked up and looking at you on one side, and the other eye is looking at me, just as if he knows. He was almost human in his affections. And sometimes when you were lonely going along the road you could hear the patter of his

feet. It is almost as though you could. It isn't imagination, it is real. I wonder if he was called Peter—Pete. There is someone called Peter, and there is someone they call Tatters.

(I see.)

May cannot recall any dog such as is here described, though the family owned several dogs successively. I recall her having nicknamed one of them "Rags" or "Tatters" in play, nearly twenty years ago, but she has forgotten it. This was a shaggy black mongrel smaller than a sheep dog. The tail was not short, according to May's memory. It did "wag him," as I recall. He was not marked as described, but the expression and the shape of head are well indicated. He was in no sense "chum" to me. Altogether, the description is unsatisfactory. The only dog that ever came into our domestic circle in my own memory was a pure-blooded Skye, whose name was not given and whose ears, nose and tail are incorrectly described by Mrs. Brittain. But he did love dirt, and had such eyes, head, tricks of expression and almost human affections as she states. His tail "wagged him," as we often remarked. He never lost it. He was a "chum" to me in my girlhood, and has manifested his presence to Mrs. Sanders, years since.

May's dog was companionable and may most probably have accompanied his mistress on long walks, especially at her summer home in a thinly settled community where there were long, lonely walks to be taken.

I could not place the reference to "Pete, Peter" in connection with any dog, until in the summer of 1925 I came upon the reference in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, pages 96 and 515, Note 63. I had forgotten, or never had read, of Dr. Hyslop's relative's dog, Peter, until September 2, 1925, more than a year after the present sitting.

This dog Peter belonged to J. H. H.'s cousin's son, George, whose wife, by the way, was a Lucy. I quote from pages 96-97 of the report just mentioned above:

"In the sitting for June 1st [1899, with Mrs. Piper in Boston, U. S. A., J. H. H. being the sitter], my sister Annie communicated for this cousin as an intermediary, and asked: 'What is meant by Peter? Was it the dog George had?' . . . When West I [J. H. H.] inquired first of the younger son, Jamie, whether his brother George ever had a dog by the name of Peter, and was answered in the negative. . . . His mother . . . told me the next day that it was a little ugly black dog that George had when he was between two and four. George himself did not remember it."

The references to "Peter" seem to find a natural center in the personality of Annie Hyslop, who gave J. H. H. his first information

as to Peter in his Piper sittings, he himself never before having known of Peter. She had also put through clearly the relationship of Lucy, whom she had not known in her own brief lifetime, and of George, her cousin and Lucy's husband, the dog's owner.

In this Brittain sitting of mine, when Annie first referred to her passing, she is represented as saying that she is trying to give some evidence of her memory,—“not only that they live, but that they remember. They go on registering conditions and things as they come.” This seems an excellent indication that “they” [the deceased] go on registering the conditions that arise in time in our lives, even after theirs have passed through death. I did not at all catch the significance of all this at the time, but rather regarded these references as vague and wandering intrusions. My own recognition was, of course, entirely wanting, for I never knew the Hyslop family in the years referred to, which accounts for my judgment of the matter at the time I received it. It turns out to be one of the best bits I ever got, just because I knew so little. I do not recall ever having read the story of Peter until September 2, 1925. This I cannot prove, but it has all the feeling of a new experience, whereas there is a vague recollection of the knowledge of the death of Charles and Anna, as already stated in a previous note. It has taken considerable search and pains to verify these details.

It is odd to find that overlapping of communicators includes overlapping reference to their dogs.

Phil or Philip.

NOTE: There was a Philip who was an intimate friend of May's brother. He was often in the home with “Grannie,” May, and Tatters. I find no trace of a Philip in the Hyslop connections or my own.

And that is lovely. There is such a lovely bouquet of flowers put on you now, with the bestest love from Bel. Don't know if you know a Bel in the spirit world.

(No.)

It has only got three letters, and the first one be's B. Just a minute; it looks like a big B and three letters in it, do you see? (Yes.) Bet; Bet.

NOTE: This may be a miscarried effort at a name I should well recognize, but there is insufficient indication and I must pass it by unplaced.

Just a moment: someone is speaking about Sydney. Perhaps it be's a spirit or something. Do you know a little boy that follows you

around? A beautiful boy that looks about ten or twelve. Doesn't be your little boy. It belongs to one of your friends. It was a schoolboy when it passed away. (Yes?) And it came home for a holiday, and died. Fancy it was meningitis or something to do with him's heart. (Yes.) It was going to be a doctor when it grew up, so perhaps its daddy was a doctor. Denim? Denim? Oh, dear, what you call you? [Question addressed to communicator.] Perhaps you didn't know him, because it did live in New York. (I see.)

NOTE: I have lived in New York for some years. Evidently the guide, Bell, does not suppose this to be the case. Possibly she regarded the "Sydney" to refer to the Australian city of that name, as she indicated a question as to whether it meant a person or not. It may be she has mistaken me for a British Colonial, my accent being possibly somewhat less American than she might expect from a New Yorker.

He follows you around because—you must be the—you must be like the Pied Piper, because you brings a lot of children with you. (I see.)

NOTE: Was there some attempt here to associate the children [Charles, Anna, etc.] of this record with the name of Mrs. Piper, the first psychic through whom they had communicated? I note the possibility now, September 14, 1925, over fourteen months after the sitting, for the first time.

As you go along you somehow attract a lot of children, as though your spirit were very close to the summerland and the children were attracted, and that blesses with attraction and a sweetness and sunshine and a radiation from the spirit world that has more power over the people that you meet than you are conscious of. And that is 'cause you bring along the children.

There is a name like Morris with that little boy, but I doesn't know if it be his own name. [Pause.] Just one little thing about that boy, and then we just leave him: that he was an only boy. Only baby. It naven't got any brothers and sisters. (I see.) Has got a mamma that is heart-broked; and if you haven't met her you are going to meet her and give her the message that her little boy is alive. Perhaps you not ever go to New York, but him live in New York.

(Yes. I will tell her if I meet her.)

NOTE: Not recognized as yet. I can place neither the child nor

the parents. However, in the past I have frequently placed similar matter in connection with mere acquaintances. In fact, a coherent message like this is seldom unclaimed and unidentified in the long run, in my experience. It will be exceptional if this fairly detailed message be not ultimately interpreted and claimed.

You will meet her because you are going to—going to something when you go home. What does the spirit peoples call—YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE UP PSYCHIC THINGS MORE ACTIVELY, you see.

(I see.)

More actively, and be mixed up, as if you are going to be drawn, perhaps against your will and inclination, to work for the spirit world: to be not so much a medium, perhaps, as one who knows [*Compare Séance 28, Mrs. Osborne-Leonard*] to pass it on. To be used more in the wisdom sense, your personal gift to guide and comfort and advise the people that you meet, do you see, and teach them.

(Yes.)

More like that. That big brother didn't say—the big man that looked as though he might be your brother, he keeps saying: "Who burn their fingers, who burn their fingers?"

(Oh, perhaps I know.)

NOTE: My "big brother" has not appeared hitherto in this séance, except as possibly by the indirect reference of the "grannie" personality. His name, Charles, however, has appeared, and he was named for and somewhat resembled our grandfather Charles, the first personality apparently communicating this morning. The comment would be characteristic of my brother, and is a good veiled reference to certain affairs of my own in connection with my work. My chosen field is, of course, rightly indicated, but wrongly placed as to its time element. I have been deeply interested in psychic research ever since the establishment of the A. S. P. R., in 1907, and connected with it actively since March of that year.

Wait a minute. He thinks you know who burnt their fingers. And him have got a mark on him's body somewhere that it wouldn't be right—as though he might have been having a—it was on him's back, across his legs as if he sat down on something hot, like a ring or something. And that was before that old grannie passed away.

[Further remark in this connection, related to the father and mother of the person supposed to bear the scar, omitted. I cannot identify this individual clearly. Elements of what is said would fit two

different cases, one in our family and one in the family of the "gran-nie," but it is on the whole too confused a set of references to be placed and may be regarded as negligible, so far as evidential weight is concerned.]

[Pause.] Laura, Laura. [Pseudonym for the correct name, which was given. It is the first name of Mrs. "Star," who had suggested Mrs. Brittain to me and was now my hostess in London.]

(That's right.) What you say? (That's all right.) Charles and Laura. Charles. (Yes.) [A recently deceased relative of Laura is named Charles.]

"Poor little lamb."—Me doesn't know what that lady means.

"Poor little lamb." But me doesn't see a lambie, me sees a dog-gie! (That's nice.) She say that is nice. [Bell apparently reporting to the communicator.]

"Come to MAMMY, poor little lambie."

NOTE: My mother to the life, when I was a little child, and had "burnt my fingers."

Ke, Kull, kuddle, cuddle, CAD. [Half whispered attempts to get a name—which was that of my mother's elder sister, deceased, a sort of second mother to her nieces and nephews and always watchful of their welfare.] But that little lamb must have been a girl; 'cause, "Bless her heart, poor little lamb."

(Yes, that is right.)

You got somebody with you that is awful sweet, somebody that loves children and somebody that brings in the Good Shepherd, you see. Because I can hear somebody say: "I am the Good Shepherd, and I love my sheep." And there is something about, "In my Father's house there are many mansions." Do you ever sing? You know, all the time me's trying to talk to you, me thought it was a band playing outside.

'(Yes?) [NOTE: No band audible to me.]

But it may be the music. It sound like a lot of instruments. Perhaps it be's an organ, but it is not one little instrument, you see. (Yes.) But it may be symbolical of harmony and music. But there is something very interesting to you, if we could just tell you very clearly.

Kate, is it Kate? (Yes.) Wait a minute. Catherine, Catherine. Katie. Wampn, Wampn, Wanta. [Efforts at a name, not clear enough to be understood or placed. Kate is "Cad's" sister, my aunt.]

You have got a big man with you, they call him Lizzie, but his

name was Leslie. But he be's a BOY THEY HAVE BEEN HELPING, THAT PASSED AWAY IN THE WAR. You must have helped a lot of boys, or perhaps they come and gather round you and help themselves. They help themselves to the sunshine that you radiate,—'cause you give without knowing, they must help themselves, mustn't they?

(Yes, they are welcome.)

And there is a gentleman just want to send his love to somebody. They called him ERNEST [pseudonym, correct name given, the deceased husband of Laura].

(Yes, good. I am glad to take it.)

Give him's love to—it isn't a name, but it be's like a nickname. Something like "Ernest's love to Pussy, Flossie."

(What was that?)

Sounds like Tweetie or Flossie, Flossie—Pussy—something like that. (Yes.) Pleased, pleased. (Yes.) Telling her he's pleased.

(All right.)

There has been—there's something he has been rather worried or anxious about. He will do better next time.

(All right.)

He has been trying to give some sort of material or physical evidence of his nearness, and he has failed or apparently failed, but he will do better next time. He *try* to do better next time.

(Good.)

NOTE: It is true that Ernest has been communicating and trying to accomplish some new work for Laura. This work he predicted on June 6 through another psychic, and that "it was to be more of a physical sitting than this one," which resembled the work of Mrs. Brittain in being orally given. The "more physical" work was begun June 27, just a few days before I had this present séance; it was given over a ouija board, which is a bit more in the way of a physical phenomenon, and it made a brilliant showing. It was not done by A. B., whom Laura has not seen for about a year. Later sittings in the ouija board series Ernest was not satisfied with, as he purported to state to Laura herself in those sittings as well as in another series she took with another psychic. For a sample of the ouija board series, see the *Journal A. S. P. R.*, February, 1925. I knew of this work before I came to my own sitting today, and that Laura had been pleased with her séance of June 27. Hence, we note an interesting error: Ernest had not failed at the present juncture, though later on he did have less success. The statement is therefore puzzling. Quite evidently telepathy played no part. Is our future his present? Is there some failure

to comprehend, from Ernest's angle of observation, what we receive and understand of his effort? Or is the error of statement here in my own séance on the part of the transmitters, Bell and Mrs. Brittain? If our knowledge of the process behind the scenes were in any sense detailed and full, we might be able to check up such a point, but thus far it is insoluble.

What does John the Baptist do? It was John the Baptist prepared the way. (Yes.) 'Cause, me didn't know, that what he was calling you. He was either calling you John the Baptist, or he was—stands—what you call—me doesn't know how to 'scribe it.

(That is right.)

'Cause you was a lady,—you can't be John the Baptist. But he—it is what he calls you, not 'cause you be's a man, but 'cause you be's doing what John the Baptist did when he was here. As if you are a road-maker or as if you were going before. You are doing something that will—I know—that will not finish with your life here, but will continue when you go to the other side. You see. Only the big man that is with you, that be's very close related, when he talks to me, he talks as if he was making poetry. [Illegible word omitted.] As if you was a roadmaker while you was here, but continue in this sphere,—something—your effort. Was unintentionally writing a poem.

NOTE: It is true that I had “prepared the way” for the communications of Ernest to Laura, and had had much to do with the interpretation of the messages that did come, when the work was new to them both.

It is, of course, also true that I am engaged in work that, if my interpretation of it be correct, will not end with my life here, but continue in another “sphere”—whatever that may mean. The psychic's own interpretation would no doubt lead to the same conclusion, if she knew what my work is, but as she knows nothing whatever of me and we are entire strangers, the reference to the nature of my work is a good hit. There are comparatively few persons who have made psychic investigation their life work. Most of those who consult public psychics are not of this class, but are rather seekers after consolation or advice or personal illumination or psychic development. They are not roadmakers for others, as research workers must be.

The “big man very close related [my grandfather]” would have especial interest in the Biblical reference to John the Baptist, as he was himself a Baptist. And he often made “poetry” in an off-hand fashion just as here appears to be the case.

But there is a reason for it: what you call it? Weed out. Something that—some writing [repeated].—Ideas for a journal or something.

(Yes.)

And they want you to make it plain, for the people who read are not able to weed out. Some of the readers take every word literally.

(Yes.)

And it is wise to weed out before you write up. But it does not only mean in this manuscript written today, but in other. (Yes.) Much evidence. Just you make it perfectly plain what you want to convey of the impression, and you weed out what would not convey what you mean to, you see?

(Yes.)

NOTE: It is in harmony with my own conviction that psychic research should be "made plain" for those who read, by the use of simple, non-technical terms so far as they are accurate. It is also my firm conviction that the results of psychic inquiry are urgently needed in the problems now clamoring for solution in science and in human society. It has long seemed to me a pity that plain speech is so seldom an art cultivated by the scientific thinker. There is no magic, save the magic of self-abasing ignorance worshipping at the shrine of self-exalting intellectualism, in the attitude of the average mind toward a long, high-sounding technical term that is, after all, merely a description, in Greek or Latin syllables, of a problem still to be worked out. Too often the description is mistaken for explanation and accepted as such because it sounds learned.

The appeal, therefore, of the communicator's admonition is strong. All of this could not be known to Mrs. Brittain, normally.

The advice in regard to other writings than the record of this day's work is sound and pertinent, of course, to masses of material I have collected in the course of my research. Several of the best psychics with whom I have worked repeat often, in their effort to catch clearly and accurately to transmit what they hear or see by the aid of the "clear" senses [clairaudience, clairvoyance, etc.]. It has been the custom of the research bodies to include a great mass of detail, in order to represent vividly and fairly the processes and the problems encountered in the study of mediumship. But I have had it in mind, in connection with records I have still to handle and edit, to eliminate incidental running notes, combining them in one inclusive statement as to the smoothness or difficulty of a given sitting.

Mrs. Brittain's comment is throughout germane to my interests, of which she can have only supernatural information owing to the precau-

tions I have observed. There is a humorous error in the statement that I am perhaps to be drawn into this work against my will. Possibly there was some abortive effort at that point to refer to my recent voluntary withdrawal from any official connection with psychic research.

You see, there is one difficulty with you today, in getting conclusive messages through for you: you are working with TWO SETS OF GUIDES. ONE line of guides are guides for your PERSONAL life, to guide, guard, encourage and bless and help and love you. AND THE OTHER are instructors, like A BAND OF SCIENTISTS, RESEARCH WORKERS, and like chemists—as though they are working with you. [*Compare Séances* 13, 14.] There is the sentimental, and the practical and workers-set, and they are both impinging on the power that they have to work with this morning. That is the trouble.

(I see.)

NOTE: The change in the tenor of the communications at the advent of Ernest points very clearly to the presence of the scientific group of communicators whom I have in America brought into contact with him as a communicator. His reference to a nickname seems to have become confused: he occasionally used a somewhat similar one for Laura, but we cannot make a point of the effort here, as it was not sufficiently clear.

There is a notable change in the manner of the expression at this point which still further marks the change in control from my "personal" group to the "scientific" group.

My "sentiment" group includes my grandfather and my "mammy" with her rhyming reference to "Lambie," which was a characteristic touch inherited by her from him in life. The Biblical references are highly characteristic of them both. My mother liked to hear us sing at home simple hymns, two in particular: one concerning the "Home where many mansions are," and the other, "There were ninety-and-nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold," with its reference to the Good Shepherd. She has in an earlier communication, in Boston, through M. M. S., referred to her liking to hear me sing. [See A. S. P. R. *Journal*, January, 1920.] Kate and "Cad" are her sisters, fond of me in life. John and Charles and Sarah are my grandparents. My "big brother" and a sister, May, whose communication follows hereafter, are also given from my family group. Two groups of friends, centering about the old lady ("grannie") and Mary or Mamie, have also been clearly and correctly indicated.

The scientific group I have, of course, worked with more than all others; the Oriental and the Indians mentioned at the opening of the

sitting may be included with these, as completing an excellent outline scheme of communicators who would strive to reach me were it possible.

This is not the first occasion on which a psychic has expressed difficulty in giving me a clear message because of the numbers and diversity of the communicators said to be present.

It must be thoroughly understood, let me repeat, that when I say "communicator" I am using the word to cover an apparent "will to communicate" on the part of some intelligence other than my own and the normal, every-day consciousness of the psychic person. Each one is entitled to his own hypothesis as to the origin of such messages, but we may all agree on the words *communication* and *communicator*, for there is certainly someone acting as communicator, however one may theorize as to who it may be.

And there are your own special spirit people that love you more than anything. There is one of them—Mabel, Marion, Mary,—it isn't Mary, but it begin with M-a, and give the MAY sound.

NOTE: In addition to the already mentioned Mary, deceased, and the living May, my friends, there is "my own special" May, deceased, the sister who named me, and who was devoted to me when I was a little baby.

And you have got a spirit person that have got a name like a sneeze. It sounds like TISHA, *Letitia*. 'Cause that is how she give it me, *Le-titia*, like that, don't you see.

(Good.) [Said to encourage. Can't think who is meant.]

NOTE: See the following page and the O.-L. séance, No. 28, for a striking bit of evidence, not at all understood when given.

She got a lot of ribbon and laces and funny things she shows to me, as if she might have been making herself a bonnet or frock or something. Perhaps it is symbolical that she was a very busy woman when she was here. And you got a woman friend, but me isn't sure if she be a spirit or a mortal, that they call Vic-toria or Vic, VEC—. Victoria, you can't make Vic with anything but Victoria for a lady? She belong to the family. Not you—not this country, but in another country—more like Australia or something. Yes.

NOTE: It appears as though my mother had determined on this occasion to outrival my father in his success in giving me, in 1918, through Mrs. Chenoweth, his pet name for me. [See *Journal A. S. P. R.*, Vol. XIV, January, 1920.] Already she has given "Lambie," a favorite pet name of hers. And now she proceeds to two more, the in-

terpretation of which baffled me completely at the time, as I endeavored to place them with regard to the deceased or to some living friend. There was no one whom they signified to me. But on the evening of the 26th of the following February [1925], returning to my home late, after a reading of some séance notes of my friend Laura [Mrs. Star], the comment and study involved in the work of our evening being uppermost in my mind, in a flash the possible bearing of the "sneeze"-like name and the "Vec" came to me.

After my mother had put through the reference to "Lambie" and to her sister "Kate," and her daughter "May," there followed an interpolation from Ernest and the scientific group, breaking the continuity of her effort. This was explained at the time in a statement by the guide, Bell. Then there is the reversion to what was, as it suddenly came over me, most probably an effort to give two more pet names that my mother had called me: "Little Tooshey," which much resembles "Littletutia" or "Letitia," and "Trotty Vecck." The latter especially seemed to puzzle her because it "couldn't be anything but Vic-toria for a lady," and there was evidently some conflict with the idea that it had something to do with a man. I should never have caught the significance of this but for the verbatim notes and their recorded hesitation. Of course, Mrs. Brittain's subconscious would discern that Dickens's Trotty Veck was not a lady. The little name had been given me when I was very small and always trotting about busily. How my mother would have spelled "Tooshey" I have no notion. It was a little name of her own coining that had that sound. The effort of Belle to relate the two odd little names to more familiar ones, and the fumble at piecing Veck out into a longer name "for a lady" is most interesting. The reference to the sound like a sneeze is most apt, of course. These peculiar, original little nicknames were used by my aunts also, to whom reference was made in the names "Cad" and "Kate," and I am myself the "mortal" lady referred to as in the family. Both "Kate" and my mother were "very busy" in life and had often to use bits of "ribbons and laces and funny things to make bonnets and frocks" for the younger generation. They were especially ingenious in contriving such things, sometimes from decidedly "funny" material that yet gave excellent results.

[Mrs. Brittain's Consciousness returning:]

Oh, they are pushing out somebody. [Repeated. Pause.] Yes. I wonder if Bell is coming back. Wait a minute. What is it? Was Bell talking about someone named Lewis [or Louis]? [Mrs. Brittain opened her eyes.]

(No, but something that began with L.) [Letitia in mind.]

Wait a minute. She's evidently darted off after somebody.
(Yes, I will wait.)

NOTE: Is this possibly another fragment interpolated by the scientific group? Or unintentionally slipped in, because of their proximity? My surmise on this point arose on reading [*Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, VI, 191, Note 101] that Professor William James's father-in-law was named Lewis Gibbens; also that he [W. J.] had a friend by the name of Dr. Lewis Janes, who communicated at the Chenoweth sittings in the year in which Professor James was making his first communications.

The name Lewis was given by Professor James shortly after he had communicated, quite unexplained, something about Clark University, in 1911. J. H. H. queried the communicator thus:

(Why did you speak of Clark University before you wrote?)

[W. J.:] It was an unintentional communication and was only the thought lodged in my mind and my purpose one day to speak of it, and the sensitive plate of the psychic's mind got the words.

(Good. I understand.)

[W. J.:] It surprised me as much as it did you.

(Yes, and I was glad to have it.)

[W. J.:] Yes, it is good evidence, but I must be exact with you and tell you when it is intentional and when not.—*Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, VI, 189-190, automatic writing of Mrs. Chenoweth, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.]

In my own Brittain and Chamberlaine records, in the present volume, it would appear possible that such unintentional intrusions have occurred without my having been informed of the fact that they were not intentional. Or possibly there was intent to communicate more than I got, and the crowding out of some portion leaves the fragment cryptic. The following remark supports this idea somewhat.

A very curious thing surrounding you. I don't know if it is something Bell's been talking about. But you know when you throw a stone in the pond how the ripples widen out like that [indicating]. Well, there's something like that round you. You know somebody's either thrown a stone in the ether—but we can't call you a pond, can we? But there's just little rings like of golden light round you that open out, something that get smaller as you get inside. Like a spring, almost. It may be symbolical of something.

NOTE: This séance well presents the mainspring of my interest.

[After a short pause, *Bell* reappeared, the psychic closing her eyes:]

Was sorry to go away, but that lady pushed me out. Oh, dear!
(What's the trouble?)

There be's a lady in the spirit world that loves you and she thinks she loves you enormously, and she give me—before she pass away she had a tremendous headache. Finks she fell in a stroke, or something happened. She fell and hurt her head, and I don't think she recovered consciousness, but she lingered for two or three days or for some time, before she went into spirit world. . . . She gave me that condition.

[There followed some urgency to keep a store of surplus vitality and not outrun my own strength, advice characteristic of this communicator, who, so far as identifiable on the description, appears to be my aunt, one of those already mentioned. She died of an apoplectic stroke after a few days' illness, and never quite recovered normal consciousness after the fall which signalized the trouble. She was closely associated with my mother's life and my own and was one of those who used the little pet names for me. I "trotted" on many an errand of love for her when small and she had a tremendous affection for all of us of the younger generation. I was with her in her last illness and it is appropriate for her to mention it particularly.]

It is not so much matter for you, but it is everybody that you are helping, both mortal and immortal, that suffer when you flop. So you got to take care of yourself. And the people that are helping you are going to help you find life better worth living on your side. They want you to hang onto it. And you are going to be able to help people to know that there is more in life than living. . . .

And they are going to **USE YOU** as an instrument **FOR MUCH WORK**. You are only on the beginning of it, though you feel as though you have been working for a long time. Your real work is only beginning. And that is where you want the strength.

NOTE: This, of course, is pertinent, for I feel as though I had been at work for a long time, though a new phase of my work had begun just at the time of this séance. The aunt who had the "headache" and the "stroke" was closely associated with my younger years, when I was far less strong than I have been since I took up psychic research professionally. It would be like her and my mother to urge me not to overtax my strength. This was "Cad."

Think me cannot stay much longer. Did you want me to do anything?

(No. All right, my dear. Thank you. You don't read articles,

do you?) [I had brought several articles with me that had belonged to deceased persons, in case I might need them for psychometric purposes.]

MEDIE do it. Perhaps do it better than me, because me be so close to your people, might get it mixed up.

(Oh, all right. I see.)

NOTE: This suggests a very pretty point in the psychology of psychometric reading, which had not occurred to me at all. "Me" is not confused with "medie" here: a point of interest to the theorists of the "subconscious." For why should the "subconscious" as Bell, pretend that it could be more confused by communicators and communications than the conscious "medie," unless the latter be actually quite or nearly non-conscious during the communications? All the theories and arguments commonly used present the subconscious as the omniscient reader of thought and of the associations attached to personal histories and possessions.

Apparently the "subconscious" Bell personality feels herself to be affected by communicators even more than by the sitter, whose "telepathy" should be quite accessible to her, on the popular theory, even more so than to the *conscious* medium, Mrs. Brittain, when she resumes control herself. Those who profess the subconscious credo must explain why it is that when the psychic is in a state where rapport is presumed by them to be easy with all the thoughts of everyone, the sitter included, that very subconscious professes fear of confusion and throws the burden on the waking consciousness, in order to protect the veracity of the result?

Their theory would reduce serious experiment and inquiry to mere child's play and whimsy, imputing to the busy mother of small children [Mrs. Brittain] interrupted in the serious business of preparing them for a railway journey and supervising the work of her servant, the vagaries of an irresponsible child fooling her time away in a self-deluding game for the bewilderment of serious psychological students. One turns from the memory of her quiet, self-contained, serious manner with an inclination to impute the subconscious whimsy rather to its own proponents than to her. Like children, they frequently feel a keen disappointment when men and women of maturer experience do not play that their make-believe is true.

Yes, thank you. Bless you for all the work you are doing, and when you be's tired and a little bit sick of it, bless you more then, that you get the strength. 'Cause the people you get in contact with don't

know what they do when they be's unkind. They don't know that it drain all the strength from SENSITIVE peoples, do they?

(No. Thank you. Good-bye.)

[Tearfully:] Only for the present, good-bye.

With a jerk of the head, the psychic opened her eyes, and at once spontaneously began to "read" the ring I was wearing. It was purchased from a dealer in hand-made jewelry and was apparently new when I bought it. It has no association with anyone else, as far as one can tell.

Mrs. Brittain:

This ring you are wearing, does it belong to A GENTLEMAN in spirit life? (No.) Because while you are writing there is a hand over yours with rather longer fingers, rather longer and more slender than yours, and the RING IS ON THE HAND of the spirit.

(I will show you the ring you mean, I think. Maybe not, though.)

NOTE: I had with me a ring belonging to one whose hand had been of the general description given. I had thought of using that ring for this very purpose when I brought it, but I was not wearing it. Its original owner wrote shorthand and assisted me in selecting the system I use in the present notes.

It is more like a surgeon's hand, if you know what I mean. It is long. [I got out and presented the second ring.]

(Yes, I know. Is that the ring?) [I voluntarily gave this lead, as I wished to elicit other information which might identify the owner.]

No. Did this belong to Maria? Why am I getting that name?

(No.) [No pertinence whatever in this name. It was my brother's ring, given him by our parents and later inherited by our mother.]

Does this belong to someone that was almost too good to live, almost too FRAGILE, almost perfect in devotion, and had no strength to live on? And as if it would go out with the setting sun, that the spirit would die?

NOTE: The description of my brother's character fits admirably. He died later than sunset, but his last conscious hours were in the sunset period.

I don't know if this was worn by a little MOTHER, but I am getting quantities of violets, and they are always symbolical of motherhood [to A. B.]. But that may be more of the—[Broke off.]

NOTE: Our mother had sat holding my brother's hand as he passed, though I am not sure that he was wearing the ring at that time.

That is queer. Do you know if the person that wore this had to study the pennies? (Yes.) [Both owners had.] Well, shall I tell you how I got that? Because I looked up and saw you writing, and I said to myself, "Oh, she's using all my book. Oh, dear!" 'Tisn't I saying it, so much, but this is the spirit, that had to study them very much. Perhaps it wasn't necessary, but she thought it was, because of the people that had to be looked after when she was gone.

(Yes, she would have thought just that about the book. I have been thinking about it, myself.) [A few further similar remarks omitted, pertinent to the feeling mother would have had about the using up of the writing tablet.]

Not only that, but I got a strong sense of humor, as if the humorous side of her nature made her stronger than she otherwise would have been. . . . [Further remarks as to economy omitted. Pertinent.] And she's very, very close to you. She would, see, talk hand in hand, and her eyes looking so intently on you and trying to pass on the wonderful experiences that she herself is having, and yet gains your experience through coöperation; gains yours also.

What does Daisy mean? Or would it be MARGARET? I am seeing daisies, as though it would be Marguerites or daisies.

NOTE: The communicator, my mother, was, of course, "very close" to me, and has in earlier communications referred to wonderful experiences since her passing. She has tried to pass on something to me through various mediumistic channels, and has coöperated, as opportunity has arisen, in the work I have done in the psychic field. She had a very fine sense of humor which sustained her in days of difficulty and suffering and made her indeed the stronger. Compare *Journal A. S. P. R.*, XIV, January, 1920.

Margaret is the latest of her relatives who has passed over, the very one whose death was predicted by C. G. S., as noted in Chapter I, and who is to communicate next year on the nicknames attempted now by my mother. Compare the séance with Feda and Mrs. Osborne-Leonard [Chapter XXVI]. She is, of course, related also to my brother, and well knew this ring in her lifetime. He always wore it, and he and she were good friends from their youth up.

Has there ever been anything on this that has worn off? I don't think so, because it is smooth enough.

(Yes, there is something worn off.) [Black enamel embossing.]

Well, it was just for the moment as if something had risen up. This little ring has made me feel fearfully hungry, O, so hungry; as though there were some illness which took all the strength and vitality. As though I could eat a great big dinner. Maybe it will pass away when I give it back. . . . [elaboration omitted. The owner of the ring had been much emaciated and unable to eat hearty food in his last illness. I omit a reference to a Scotch name and Jean or Jesse, not sufficiently clear to be of value. The Scottish reference led to:]

“We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.”

Where am I getting that from? We thought her dying when she slept, and sleeping when she died? Who was the little spirit lady who was connected with this? As though she said it herself. Have you something else? (Yes.) Of the same lady? (No.)

NOTE: My father was very fond of Thomas Hood's poems, and often read aloud these lines from the third stanza of Hood's "The Deathbed." My mother was a ready memorizer, and often quoted bits in the course of her conversation, just as casually as in this instance. She well knew this particular poem, and I have heard her quote it. She might well have said it herself, of her own death, for it was precisely true, and she may have been intending me to understand that she was aware of that fact:

“Our very fears belied our hopes,
Our hopes our fears belied.
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.”

NOTE: As A. B. seemed to desire an article belonging to another person, I hereupon gave her a packet containing articles that had belonged to J. H. H. It was wrapped in oil-silk, and was not opened. A. B. got nothing pertinent to it and shortly put it aside, voluntarily. The message that followed, however, was suggestive, if not perfectly clear, and it is included in the report because of references to this sitting, later, by L. M. C.

Why should I say, “The tragedy of it, the tragedy of it”?
(That is right.)

“Everything to live for and nothing to die for.” Sounds like “The world at my feet.” I don't feel this spirit so sad or unhappy, but there is just that feeling of tragedy. After going through so much and com-

ing out on top, the tragedy of what happened, do you see? Would this be right? (Yes, so far.) [If it be regarded as related to J. H. H.]

"Tell my mother I am still living." Would that be connected with this?

(No, I don't think so.) [No pertinence whatever to the packet.]

NOTE: J. H. H.'s mother has been deceased for years.

[Repetition omitted.] I don't get beyond the tragedy of it. "It must be finished, it *must* be finished, AND YOU ARE THE PERSON TO DO IT." Would you understand that? [Repetition.] I think they mean you, I don't think they mean me.

. . . Do you know what I am seeing is a little dead flower—dead rose, or something. . . . As if it is a beautiful rose, and suddenly it is dead. Back again, is it? I am seeing the rose again, but alive, just a glorious rose, not a dead one. I don't know what it is. It must be just the person or spirit in connection with it brings it back, but in two pieces or something.

NOTE: This may be a sort of symbolical reference to the fact that I had suddenly dropped the first series of my communications from the owner of the packet's contents—J. H. H.—and was now entering upon the second series of his efforts, which turn out to be almost more satisfactory than the first, although of this outcome I naturally at the time had no foreknowledge. The communicator evidently had the purpose to "finish" and to have my aid in doing so. It would most assuredly have been tragic if the long and successful effort he has made had never come to light, for it bears internal evidence of careful planning and patient execution, with the intellectual acumen of its author clearly at work. It would indeed be unthinkable that he should not make such an effort, when so many years of his life were spent in studying the evidence of the survival of his own friends and relatives, to say nothing of a multitude of others. His principal concern, after death, if he survived, would naturally be to make as good a showing as he possibly could. It was for that reason that I used, from the very day of his passing, every possible opportunity to further such a purpose on his part, assuming him to have it. My reward has been a hundredfold more than I could expect, for he has made the most brilliant showing of any of the research group, so far as their work has come to light. In this very Brittain sitting he has met the serious objection that I myself might know him and his affairs too well to be able to get anything that was not already in my own mind. The family references I have checked up in this séance have cost many hours of reading and

delving into Hyslop family history which I had not before read and which even the surviving members of the family in the living generations I am acquainted with have never so much as mentioned to me.

Are you Yorkshire people, originally? (Yes.) Because this man I saw before I went away [into trance]—he said, “How do you think you will read it?” in a sort of Yorkshire dialect, at the end, “How do you think you will be able to read it, lass?” He put that at the end. I don’t think he talked like that, but it is just as if he had got a bit of Yorkshire spirit in him, you see.

[Sitting ended 11:50 A. M.]

NOTE: It is a fact not generally known in our American branch of the family, that the paternal grandfather did come of Yorkshire stock originally, but he was not the grandparent who had first appeared in my *séance* of this date. I do not know whether my maternal family were originally from Yorkshire or not. Mrs. Brittain’s question was manifestly rhetorical, from the tone in which it was asked, hence I did not hesitate to verify the point at the time.

Just before that reference we made a few remarks about the possibility of my having a second sitting later, and I stated that I was to be in London a little time and might be able to return. I commissioned her to replace her own pad and buy me one like it also, leaving payment for it, in case I should return. I did not find it possible, however. This is referred to in later sittings by Mrs. Chamberlaine. It was over a year later that I again saw Mrs. Brittain.

In 1925, on my return to London, I was able to secure from Mr. and Mrs. Brittain the following statement over their signatures:

“I have never read or seen any of the publications of the Societies for Psychic Research, either English or American.

“F. BRITTAIN,

“ANNIE BRITTAIN.

“September 23, 1925.”

They also stated that their application for membership in the S. P. R. in London had been refused on the ground that as mediums they were ineligible. Mrs. Brittain added that several times, when some work of hers had been published in the S. P. R. publications, she had been promised by her sitters an opportunity to see a copy of the printed report, but her sitters had uniformly failed to keep these promises. She did not refer to either *Journal* or *Proceedings*, neither she nor Mr. Brittain seeming to know precisely what the publications were called, referring to them as the “transactions” or some such term, as I noticed at the time.

This makes the facts, which I have had to verify from the old Piper records of Richard Hodgson and James Hyslop in 1898 and 1899, much stronger. Mrs. Brittain sees many sitters, and were my facts such as would have caused discussion or comment in England at any time even within the past decade, we might feel it necessary to discount them heavily, for sitters do discuss printed records with the psychics they visit, quite naturally, though unwisely. The lapse of a quarter-century, however, is a great protection. Even at that time—they appeared in 1901—the number of readers was a comparatively small one, for Dr. Hyslop's work has never had in England the reading that it merited; his style is difficult and he is given to great precision of detail. I have found little familiarity with his published work, abroad, and no one has mentioned to me or discussed any points in this old volume. I myself had not read it throughout, in all my years of activity in the work, having had to content myself, for lack of time, with looking up an occasional reference to verify some point of inquiry. Barring a hazy memory of hearing of the manner of death of Charles and Anna, I recognized nothing.

It was actually due to Mrs. Chamberlaine's messages, October 3 and 30, 1924, when J. H. H.-X claimed to have been behind the scenes more than I realized in London, that I set about hunting again to see if I could find missing points in my sittings anywhere in the Hyslop family records of the past. Three months and three thousand miles separated the two séances. Neither psychic knows of the other's work.

I left the sitting I have just reported, feeling that, though I had had some good work from my friend Mary and from some members of my family, I had got only the merest reference to the "scientific group" from whom I particularly desired to hear, J. H. H.-X included. The search which yielded the many Hyslop family notes just recorded cost days of time and patient persistence, involving the cross-reference also embodied in the Chamberlaine sittings which follow in later chapters.

The dramatic play involved is quite to the taste of James Hyslop in his lifetime. The whole matter strains any telepathic theory to the breaking-point, for we find Mrs. Chamberlaine's cross-reference adding points not even in the printed records and not known to Dr. Hyslop's own brother, who is still living, much less to me.

There is an element of humor in the situation that must make a strong appeal to J. H. H.-X, as it would have to J. H. H. in life: he has apparently not only had to supply the material in the records, but, true to his habit, has had a hand in the annotations thereon, as well.

Supplementary Note: Benham Sittings.

On March 3, 1926, nearly two years after this Brittain séance, a

friend of mine, Miss B., one of those to whom J. H. H. had succeeded in once giving his sign, X, had a sitting with Mrs. Chamberlaine at which I was not present. In the course of it, she received some names and references that she could not place. She was not aware of their pertinence to the Tubby and Hyslop families, but she asked me whether they were of any interest that I knew of. She gave me the following excerpts, whose pertinence will be clear to those who have followed what has just been recorded from Mrs. Brittain:

JOHN with me. ELLA MAY. [G. O. T.'s grandfather, mother, sister.]

Aunt Jane, she is here. She did fine handiwork with her needle. She had quite a fright or scare at one time.

NOTE by F. E. Hyslop, J. H. H.'s living brother: We had a great-aunt, Jane Greenwood-Johnston, mother of Alfred Johnston. She had several children and did much sewing for them.

CHARLES with me. Have you A RING with you that someone gave you? Great affection attached to it, connected with it. Quite a little surprise when given.

Love paves the way to the door of remembrance.

NOTE: Miss B. cannot place these items, but it will be seen that they fit well the case of my brother and his ring. It was given him as a boy, for a birthday surprise, and much affection from his parents was attached to it. And after his death, much affection was, of course, associated with the ring, and still is. His name was Charles.

On March 4, 1926, Miss B. again saw Mrs. Chamberlaine for a sitting, and found other items that she could not place which again fit my case, as follows:

I can assure her [G. O. T.] that it meets with the approval of a circle who are eagerly contributing, to the best of their ability, to the success of this work. I want to bring out something again, now.

In the summer I met, at the home of a lady, G. O. T. and I gave her some incident of matter or matters for publication. I spoke of the book. And I told her not only was I helping, but others were also, and she would put it through successfully. I realize the difficulty she faces, the criticism that must come. But it will do more and go farther than she thinks. She cannot judge of that at such close range.—Do you know who D. F. would be? [Miss B. did not know.]

Aunt CAROLINE is here.

NOTE: At the home of a lady, Mrs. H. T. S., the past summer, I did receive messages with regard to "the book" through Mrs. A. L. B. C., and E. F.—not D. F.—purported to be the bearer of those messages. This was in September, 1925, E. F. being an entire stranger to both A. L. B. C. and L. M. C.

My Aunt Caroline was referred to as "Cad" in the Brittain sitting of 1924. Cad is not quite precise but is *very* close to the nickname by which certain members of her family knew her.

Miss Benham never knew any of my people who have passed away, and now knows only one other member of my family in addition to myself. We have not discussed family matters with her, either one of us. She therefore could not recognize the pertinence of what she received through L. M. C.

In both Miss B.'s excerpts, it will be seen that J. H. H.-X would fittingly integrate the messages, for we have already seen that he was present when the persons whose names are mentioned communicated with me in the Brittain sitting; and we find that the only person mentioned descriptively is "Aunt Jane." I never had an Aunt Jane, and I cannot recall ever having heard J. H. H. speak of his Aunt Jane. I have never seen her name in print in his records. But his living brother has verified the reference. J. H. H. would have been apt to refer to her "handiwork" with her needle, and he had an appreciation of such handiwork, from his own youth when his mother used her skill on the family wardrobe with such satisfaction that he has made special note of it in verifying his lifetime records. Some men would not especially appreciate or notice such a matter, but it is in character for him to do so.

In addition to mentioning my grandfather, mother, sister, brother and aunt by name, he proves "Aunt Jane" for himself, and the rest of his message concerns the very book in which I am noting all such cross-references, which Mrs. Chamberlaine has never seen and never has heard me discuss in any detail whatever.

The psychological and logical center of these references is pointedly that of a mind which would understand the bearing of all of them. Neither L. M. C., the medium of them, nor Miss B., the recipient of them, nor I, the object of them, could have originated the combination intelligently and accurately; nor could any living member of the Hyslop family, who are all unfamiliar with the names of my deceased relatives. Whose, then, is the intelligence that lies at the back of these combined and diverse points?

The answer appears to be as plain as the question.

CHAPTER V

SÉANCE 4

My second séance in England was given me by Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith [Dowden], of London, in her own home. I made the appointment over the telephone, stating that an unnamed friend from the United States, who had recently had some work from her, had advised me to secure a sitting if possible. I gave no name. The appointment was made for Tuesday, July 8, 1924. I went alone. Time, 3:35 P. M.

The streets were very warm and we chatted a few minutes until I felt cooler and ready to begin. As I entered, Mrs. Travers-Smith remarked, "No doubt this weather doesn't seem warm to you, as you are from New York," a fact known to her supernormally or by guess, perhaps, as Londoners are apt to think of New York as the sailing port for most Americans. Mrs. "Star" [Ainslee] was the only one who knew of my appointment and she had scrupulously avoided mentioning even my presence in London. Sir William Barrett, to whom I had written of my presence in the city, had been requested to say nothing of it. He and Mrs. Travers-Smith were well acquainted, and I had therefore made the special point, in writing him, that I wished no one to be informed of my presence, for the time being. My accent is not typically that of a New Yorker, and it is often mistaken by Europeans for that of a British Colonial, as was apparently the case at Mrs. Brittain's.

Mrs. Travers-Smith knew that my time was somewhat limited in London. I stated that fact in my telephone request.

The psychic asked for a packet or a letter to "read" from. I offer her a choice of either. She prefers a packet. I present the one already tried at Mrs. Brittain's, J. H. H.'s articles in their cardboard box wrapped in oil-silk.

Mrs. Travers-Smith prepared her ouija-table, a green-topped folding table on which she laid out the cardboard letters of the alphabet in three even rows, the third row being completed by "No" at one end of the line, and "Yes" at the other. These she covered with an

accurately fitting piece of plate glass. Her pointer is a thin rubber mat mounted on a very thin, heart-shaped piece of wood with felt gliders on the under side. She rested her right hand upon this indicator, which began to move rapidly about, while she gave me the words spelled out, as follows:

Johannes [her guide] is here.

NOTE: The psychic hereupon asks if she may remove the oil-silk cover from the packet. I comply and remove string and wrapping from the box, enabling her to lift the lid, but at no time, now or later in the sitting, does she fully remove the cover, see the articles or touch them with her own hand. She works in apparently full consciousness. Her own remarks I preface with her initials, those of her guide I preface with "Ouija," and my own are enclosed in parentheses, as usual.

H. T. S.: Johannes, look here. We have something here I want you to psychometrize. Can you do it here [under the lid]? or do you want to touch it more closely? This is the thing. [Placing point of indicator under the box, lid still on box, which is a gentleman's fancy handkerchief box decorated with the picture of an Irish spinning scene.]

H. T. S.: This looks like my home, looks like Ireland.

(So it does.)

H. T. S.: Now go on top of it. Try the top. [Indicator feeling about on top, in her hand, of course.] Now try it underneath again.

(You want it open?)

H. T. S.: He hasn't said yet. He's just trying what he can get from it. It is rather slow.

(I see. That is good.)

H. T. S.: I never hurry him in the least—let him do exactly as he likes.

Ouija: This thing seems to me to have a history, but I do not get it very definitely from this cover here. I think perhaps I may have to touch the article.

(Very good.)

H. T. S.: Would you like me to do it blindfolded, though, so I can't see it? That would be slower.

(No, I don't think it would make any difference.) No.

NOTE: There is nothing as to identity, in either of the articles. One of them is manifestly something that had belonged to a man, the other could have been used by either man or woman. H. T. S. slipped

the pointer into the box under the lid, opening the box away from herself and towards me on the opposite side of the table. She could not have seen into the box, and she kept looking up and out, not toward the box at all.

H. T. S.: Yes. Letters and jewelry are really the best. He's rubbing it. I hope it doesn't do any harm.

(No, not a bit.)

H. T. S.: Sometimes you get wonderful psychometries this way, sometimes you don't.

Ouija, suddenly: This certainly belongs to someone who has come over to our side. I get an impression of a sudden break in life. I think it is a woman.

H. T. S.: Try again, now [putting indicator under cover as before]. I don't want to see it myself, I assure you I can't see it. If he goes on to an entirely wrong track it shortens things for him to try again.

NOTE: I had signified nothing, being engaged in writing my record, with my eyes down. It was not an *entirely* wrong track, as the original owner had "come over to our side." Of course it was not a woman's relic, but the articles had been put aside rather abruptly in preparation for his last journey, by a woman's hand, and two women had prepared the box for this experiment. It had never been opened since, having been in my custody continuously. Dr. Hyslop's death was not sudden.

Ouija, suddenly: About that point I am not certain. The person who possessed this thing had rather difficult characteristics, a mixture in the nature, as it were. It is, I think, rather more a man's nature on the whole. But here I see a very different character. This person is not at all weak, but has rather an OBSTINATE NATURE. [I nodded.] Not actually decided from the point of reason, but rather from a contradictory state of mind.

NOTE: The last statement was *not* true in general of J. H. H.'s character, but the fact that he was obstinate or firm had been published in his Piper record of December 24, 1898, which appeared in *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, page 318, as follows:

[Robert Hyslop, J. H. H.'s father, communicating:] You had your own ideas. . . .

[J. H. H.'s note:] He recognized in me what goes sometimes by the name of stubbornness, and sometimes the more respectable name of firmness.

Thus the statement of Johannes tallies with J. H. H.'s own testimony, in a published report. Had Mrs. Travers-Smith known my identity and that of the communicator, the evidence could not be considered of weight here, but my anonymity was well protected.

Ouija: I think this person has been in some very depressing situation, for there is a DEFINITE DEPRESSION here, also. Either matters have tended to depress or there has been some great misfortune. [True of his illness, which did depress him, of course.]

H. T. S.: Go on, now, Johannes, try again. [Pointer placed in box to feel about again, as before.]

Ouija: This curious mixture is what puzzles me and probably puzzled the people around this man. I call it a man, because it seems to me to be more of the masculine than feminine (Yes) temperament here, but the feminine is there also. This person is so sensitive and so anxious not to betray that fact.

NOTE: True, and known to *very* few. F. E. H. corroborates me in this judgment.

[Indicator in box under lid again.] H. T. S.: Do you want to ask him any questions? Do you want him to go on with this? Or shall we ask him to get that person?

(He can get that person, if he likes.)

H. T. S.: [To Johannes] Will you call that person?

Ouija: There must have been some rather unexpected snapping of the life, for I think it was cut short too soon. I feel this must have been the case, for it seems as if the thread had snapped very rapidly.

NOTE: Not true, as to suddenness, but cut short too soon for his work's sake. He was not an old man. He felt this cutting short himself.

H. T. S.: Could you try and call that person? [Indicator in box, as before; then suddenly wrote:]

Ouija: Yes, if you like I will try. Well now, there is someone here who knew that person.

H. T. S.: If you put your hand on mine just a minute,—he likes to get a kind of contact with the person. [I placed my left hand over Mrs. Travers-Smith's, while I continued recording with my right hand. Pause. I then removed my left hand from hers, before Ouija writing was resumed. This I did in every similar instance in our sittings. My hand played no part whatever in the Ouija writing.]

Ouija: I think I can find him perhaps.

H. T. S.: The process generally is: if there is a possibility, someone comes, generally. And if they are not accustomed to the ouija board I ask them to write their name out, with my eyes closed. I ask you to say YES if it is right and NO if it is wrong. I did do it with my eyes open, but I found I would get—if they began “C-H,” I would get “Charles,” and if “J,” I would begin to get “John.” So I prefer to have my eyes closed. I can’t do a lot, myself. It is fearfully slow and very unsatisfactory at first.

Not a thing, though, just at the moment. It is very curious,—whether it is dramatization from the subconscious or whether it is really that they are looking for the person, I don’t know. But it is very long. Oscar Wilde takes an enormous time to come.

[Short pause. All this represents a very usual experience in the work of skilled psychics.]

Ouija: Now there is someone here who is willing to speak.

(All right.)

H. T. S.: Well, if this person doesn’t know how to speak, tell him or her, whoever it is—tell them to look at the alphabet, Johannes, please.

Ouija: I have—

H. T. S.: This is not Johannes at all. Funny!

(Go ahead.)

Ouija: —been called here,

H. T. S.: —he says. Well, look here, before you do anything else, will you first of all look at the letters of the alphabet here? Johannes will point them out to you, so that you will know where they are, because you are going to—. [Indicator now slowly went over the table, picking out the letters of the alphabet in proper succession in the three rows.] It is a thing that requires the patience of Job I think, don’t you think?

(It must be, for you.)

H. T. S.: No, I don’t mean for me, but for the sitters themselves. It is better than to hurry it. Now do you know where the letters are?

Ouija: Yes.

H. T. S.: This is the funniest person. My hand is pushing a bit slowly against the letters.

Ouija: I have—

H. T. S.: Can’t you go a bit faster?

Ouija: —looked.

H. T. S.: Well, now, there is someone here that knew you.

NOTE: "Johannes" had not claimed this, but that there was "someone here who knew" the owner of the articles in the packet, meaning someone in Johannes's own environment, as the owner of the articles had been stated to have passed beyond this life.

H. T. S.: And will you [G. O. T.] put your hand on mine a moment? [I did so, until writing began again.] And there is something here that was yours. [Again a misunderstanding on her part.] I am going to put this traveler [indicator] in this thing [box] and you can touch the thing. It may give you memory. Now, look here: we want you very much to try and give the first letter of your name. And when you come to it, will you stop at it?

Ouija: Yes.

H. T. S.: Now, will you please try and get the first letter of your Christian name—do you [G. O. T.] want the Christian name first?

(Yes, I think so.) [My hand rested on psychic's a moment. I now removed it.]

H. T. S.: Now you will have to try and see them without any help from my eyes, remember. I am not going to look. [Closing her eyes and turning her head aside. Indicator moved, jerkily at first, to:]

E. (All right.)

H. T. S.: Has he got one letter? (Yes.) Now will you try and get the next letter, please?

Ouija: R.

(All right.)

Ouija: N.

H. T. S.: There are more letters, aren't there? (Yes.) Next letter, please! [Indicator shook almost as though with laughter.] What are you doing that for? You must try and find the letter.

Ouija: E.

H. T. S.: I am very severe with them. You must forgive me.

Ouija: S. (Yes.)

H. T. S.: Is that finished? (No.) Another letter, please. You have got another letter to do.

Ouija: T. [The whole name was correctly spelled out. I have chosen the pseudonym of "Ernest," as having the right number of letters. I had not expected this name, but saw what was afoot and let it come.]

(That is correct.)

H. T. S.: Shall I ask for the surname, now? (Yes.) This will be harder. Will you put your hand on now? This will be harder. [During a short pause, I let my hand rest on the psychic's a few seconds.] Now will you get the first letter of your surname, please? [I remove my hand.]

Ouija: A.

H. T. S.: Try and get the first!

(All right.)

H. T. S.: Now will you try and get the second?

Ouija: I. (Yes.)

H. T. S.: Now the third.

Ouija: N.

H. T. S.: There must be a letter repeated there. Is there? (Yes.) [That is true in the actual surname, for which I have chosen "Ainslee" as the pseudonym, as having the correct number of letters, including a doubled letter.] Now what are we at,—the fourth?

Ouija: S. (Right!)

H. T. S.: Fifth!

Ouija: L. (Right.)

H. T. S.: Sixth, please!

Ouija: E. (Yes.)

H. T. S.: You are behaving exceedingly well. A new communicator seldom does as well as this. Now is there another letter? (Yes.)

Ouija: E. (Yes.) [Ainslee.]

[At the conclusion of this correct spelling of the actual name, Mrs. H. T. S. continued to keep her eyes closed and her head turned aside from the table. No letter or word was read aloud, remember.]

H. T. S.: Now shall I open my eyes? Or would you like me to go on slowly, with my eyes shut? (Yes.)

Ouija: I—

H. T. S.: Can you spell a little message?

Ouija, continuing regardless of the question: S.

H. T. S.: Is he spelling anything? (Yes.)

Ouija: L—

H. T. S.: It is a pretty hard test, you know, for a new person trying to get this! (Yes.) [But of course Ernest Ainslee was not a new communicator, having already used this very psychic in communicating with Laura ["Mrs. Star"], my friend and hostess.]

Ouija: A— (Yes.) [Pause.]

H. T. S.: Go on, go on, go on!

Ouija: U. (It is all right, yes.) R.

H. T. S.: It is terribly boring for you, it is so slow.

Ouija: B. (All right.) [Indicator apparently tried to "erase" something, as though not satisfied. The *B* was actually an error for *A*.] H— (Yes.) E-r-e a-s-l-k [indicator "erasing" l] h-e-r t-

H. T. S.: Can't you go a little quicker, please? This is awfully slow!

Ouija: —o c-

H. T. S.: This is the only way I can work blindfolded [*i. e.*, with eyes closed. She wore no bandage over the eyes.]

Ouija: -o (Yes.) -m-e I w-a

H. T. S.: Is he getting definitely on letters— (Yes.) —or she, whatever it is!

Ouija: -n-t t-o t-a-l-k t-o h-e-r.

[This reads, as will be seen: "Is Laura here? Ask her to come. I want to talk to her."]

(I will mention it.)

Ouija: She must let me. (Yes. Where?) Here. (All right.) I

H. T. S.: Will you ask this person, could he spell out your name? I haven't the least idea. (Well, he's doing something.)

Ouija: —want to talk to Wilde.

(Yes, I see. All right.)

Ouija: Good for me. (Oh, all right. I will report on that.) Yes. (Do you know me by name?)

H. T. S.: If you don't mind, will you put your hand on there? [For a few seconds I rested my hand on her right hand on the traveler.] Ask for the first letter of your Christian name.

(My Christian name, please, first letter.) [I removed my hand from the psychic's on the traveler. I really did not want my name given, as H. T. S. would recognize it, I feared, but hesitation would be suggestive, too.]

Ouija: B.

H. T. S.: Has he got it on anything?

(Yes, but that is not it.)

H. T. S.: Will you ask him again, please, because it is better for them to try and find it at once. [I repeated my question.]

Ouija: M.

H. T. S.: Try and get it. Try and get an impression.

Ouija: a-r-i-o-n [Marion].

(Well, that isn't my name. That is *a* name.)

H. T. S.: You don't know who it is, though. I don't suppose it is easy for the poor person, with my eyes shut. Just let him try, because it only confuses matters if he can't get it. [I had not indicated that "He" was the correct pronoun, but H. T. S. never varied it.] Try and get the first letter of her name. And the—

Ouija: A not L-u-r-a [Laura].

H. T. S.: Now, do you understand what we want you to do? Try and get the first letter of this lady's name. You ought to know who she is, surely. Try and get the first letter. [I had never met E. A. in his lifetime, so it is not surprising that he first tried the names of friends he had known, as the psychic insisted he knew me!]

Ouija: —s G [That is, omitting H. T. S.'s interruption, "Not Laura's G."]

H. T. S.: Do you know who it is?

Ouija: G

H. T. S.: Has he got it? (Yes.) Well, now, will you try and get the next letter?

Ouija: —E (Yes.) [Said in recognition as I did in any case when a letter had been clearly indicated. No change in my tone.]

H. T. S.: The third letter, please.

Ouija: —r-t [G-e-r-t]

H. T. S.: Has he got it? (He has got it.) [Pause.]

Ouija: A [Psychic's right hand and the indicator in it came over toward me, and I rested my hand on the psychic's for a few seconds, when the hand suddenly jerked away and wrote more rapidly on the board, as though surer.] I know. I am pleased— (Yes, so am I.) you are here— (Believe you.) —old girl.

NOTE: The expression, "Not Laura's Gert," spoke a volume. I *was* "Gert" to Laura, and to no one else. She had given me the somewhat absurd nickname from our early acquaintance, before I knew of it myself. But Ernest Ainslee had passed from this life a total stranger to me. Hence for him to address me as "Gert" would have been entirely inappropriate, but to refer to me as "Laura's Gert" is highly evidential. Mrs. Travers-Smith had never been informed of any intimacy between Laura and me, and would not have normally hit upon this, even had she known who I was.

Notice, also, very particularly, the interesting point that the box I had brought for identification purposes had no connection whatever with E. A. The astonishment implied in his sudden recognition of me bears out the statement that he "had been called here," just as he at

first remarked, and had not come because of any personal attraction or connection. But the psychic had proceeded to inform the "someone here who is willing to speak" that I was present as a personal friend and had something with me that had belonged to the communicator, which he might inspect. The inspection had yielded no clue to my identity or the communicator's. Apparently in some perplexity, he had spelled out his own name, Ernest Ainslee, a characteristic touch of personal courtesy to introduce himself to me, a seeming stranger.

Moreover, it is quite in keeping with J. H. H.'s habit in life and since, to keep his own identity from the psychic's subconscious or conscious mind as long as possible, in order to strengthen the evidence. Quite conceivably and probably, he might have said, when the box containing his relics was discovered to be at hand, that he would like to "send for" E. A., without saying why he wished to do so, for Dr. Hyslop had already been associated with work that had been secured from E. A. by Laura A. through my psychic friends to whom I had sent her. "I know, I am pleased," would thus be an appropriate remark for E. A. to make to me, when he finally guessed who I was, after learning that Laura was not present.

E. A. had already communicated to Laura through this same psychic, Oscar Wilde having been brought into a recent experiment of theirs. I knew of this and of Laura's debate as to the value of putting time into such an experiment. Possibly my acceptance of the reference and my apparent understanding of it aided E. A. in placing my identity.

It had already been mentioned through Mrs. Travers-Smith's board that "Tubby" was in London, but the one who spontaneously professed knowledge of this to Laura was J. H. H., not E. A. Assuming the presence and identity of the communicators to be as claimed, we may also assume, on the evidence, that they share news, as we do, of the comings and goings of mutual friends. It is not to be supposed that all my personal plans and activities would be directly noted by one who never knew me in life, and who could know me now only through the contacts established with those whom he had known on earth. He had been personally acquainted with J. H. H. in their lifetime.

Mrs. Travers-Smith's only possible normal clue to my identity lay in the fact that in my telephone call I had stated that an American friend who had been to her had said I must see her while I was in town. This psychic sees many Americans, and I purposely made the reference in such a way that no one of the many I knew who had seen her could be singled out.

It is interesting to observe, also, that E. A. had appropriately referred to another friend of Laura's whose name began with G.

[Gretchen] and is somewhat similar to my own [*Journal A. S. P. R.*, Feb., 1925], but I am not here for a moment confused with Gretchen. On that earlier occasion, E. A. had been asked by Laura if he remembered "Marian," whom he promptly identified, a living friend. L. had also on that occasion elicited E. A.'s memory of an "Anita." Wherefore, on the supposition that either he or Mrs. Travers-Smith's memory was guessing at my identity, the "A" and "Marion" would be fitting. At the time, I was puzzled to see any meaning in either of these points. I still cannot account for the "B," which may have been accidental to the mode of communicating, by the ouija board.

At the salutation "Old girl," I laughed aloud, it was so unexpected a turn. Mrs. T. S. opened her eyes and joined in my laugh, without being informed of the cause of my mirth, for I had read her not so much as a single letter of all that had been spelled out while her eyes were closed. It will be seen that my remarks were quite non-committal, being merely recognitions of the communicator's effort.

As the psychic asked the following question, she closed her eyes again:

H. T. S.: Can you say any more now?

Ouija: Won't Laura be here?

(Well, that will be taken care of, but not today.)

Ouija: Tell me all your news (Do that one again.) news (Oh.) [Hand and indicator over to me for a few seconds, then resumed:] A right s e [meaning sensitive?] instrument.

(All right. I'll tell that.)

NOTE: I took the reference to be to Laura, but possibly it was intended to apply to the present psychic, in the light of what follows:

Ouija: Jolly for u (Yes, 'tis.) s [Jolly for us.] J [Pause] J (Oh, all right.) [Evidently I was intended] can't think (I don't think you mean that letter [J]).

—you are here [hand again over to me and then circled around on the table, as I have elsewhere had it explained to me is due to the joy of the communicator. I wondered about this, and before I had time to frame my own question, interiorly, the following was said by H. T. S.:]

I think that kind of moving round and round is kind of getting strength up again. You find that in all automatic movement, that wheeling round and round, at times.

Ouija: W-h-h-y does s

H. T. S.: Do try and do it a little quicker, now. You have been behaving so well.

Ouija: [s]he shut— (What was that?) shut her eyes. (To make it more sure that she doesn't take any part in it.) Good. (I think so, too.) Great (Yes.) sport (Yes, it is.)

H. T. S.: Do you mind if I ask if you will give me a little rest, and come back again, whoever you are, please?

Ouija: Yes. Surely I will.

H. T. S.: [opening her eyes and pushing box of articles toward me.] And will you put that away, please? I am quite sure that whoever it was will go on. Always a pause in a sitting makes it better. Really, it is so, if you get a certain agreement. Beginners are always so stupid about it. There is always a time for a little pause.

I wonder that they were able to do anything at all the first time, with my eyes closed.

NOTE: Of course this is not the first time for E. A. to communicate through her, but I do not mention that fact. I inform her, however, that the communicator asked why she closed her eyes, and that I had explained it and the communicator approved heartily. I am surprised, but say nothing about it, that she finds an interlude helpful. The experienced psychics with whom I am familiar in America have not the habit of working in this way.

She alludes to my "fellow countryman, Mr. Gardner Murphy," but I do not signify whether I know him personally. She prepares tea, and while we sit at tea she shows me some of her "Oscar Wilde" manuscript—very interesting. I did not mention that I had already seen a sample of it, lest some allusion might thereby be deprived of value. We resume:

Ouija: Johannes is here. The man who was speaking is waiting, if you want him. (All right. Good.)

H. T. S.: Very well. Will he do it under the same circumstances, ask him, please.

Ouija: Yes.

H. T. S.: Very well. I am going to shut my eyes, Johannes. It will be a new departure for me, because I really have not done blindfolded work for years, except a name at a time. And I think it very interesting, in a way, if you can do it. [Closed her eyes.]

Ouija: T [Pause] [My own initial, of course.] E-r (All right.) n-e-s-t (Good.) G e r t a i e I this is fine. (So it is.) [Indicator over to me a few seconds. Then:] Have you come to England for long?

(No, a month.) Just to look round. (No. No.) Wor— (I didn't get that.) Work? (Oh, yes. Yes.) What sort? (What do you think?) P I guess, (Yes; right.) [on the assumption that "p" indicates "psychic."] —the same as usual. (Yes.) Not worried. (Is that a question?) Yes. (Not badly.) A bit? (Yes.) Don't y— (Why do you say that?—Oh, go ahead.) Because it all harpp—

H. T. S.: Don't do that, please. [Indicator was trying to "erase" r.] (It's all right.)

Ouija: happened at a good time. (Did it?) Yes. (Explain.) I te (Do that again, please.) I tell (Oh, all right.) —you, because something [*sic*] new (I get it.) [Said to encourage Mrs. T. S. and keep her at ease.] —will come out of it, (I see.) which WILL OPEN A NEW FIELD. (Thank you.)

H. T. S. to communicator: Don't get excited!

Ouija: Cheer up O gi— (Do that again, after "up," before your name.) [I had mistaken the effort completely, as sequel shows.] old girl. (Oh, all right. Thank you.) Why don't you stay? (Well, I would like to, in a way, if it is right.) Good for you. (All right. I have no objections, if it is right.) Yes. (All right.) Yes. (All right. Don't know how I am to do it.) Fined [*sic*] work, (What's that?) here. (Well, I didn't suppose there was any for me.) Surely. (All right. What is it?) No, not ant paw [*sic*] (Don't get that. What is that, after "not"?) —any particular job.

(I see. Has that the approval of the owner of that packet?) Yes. You know. (Yes. Will that person give a sign here?)

H. T. S.: Why not ask for the name?

(The sign will do.)

Ouija: H (Yes. Go ahead.)

H. T. S.: Seems as though it's becoming very, very weak. (That is all right.)

Ouija: —y s l o p (Hooray! That is good.)

H. T. S.: He—what's the first letter, have you got it?

NOTE: It was highly dramatic to have her ask for the first letter of the name after it had been completely spelled, and I hastened to settle the matter by saying that things were all right.

Ouija: He— (All right.) [Hand over to my left hand. Pause.] I will ask him (Good.) —to come, if you like. (Yes, if that suits your combined judgment.) He and I have talked it over. (I see. What is your decision?) He sends you his assurance that—

H. T. S.: It is very nice and cool [compared] to the usual communicator. He's so quiet.

Ouija: —he approves. (Yes. Thank you.) [Indicator over to my left hand. Pause.] Are [y]ou pleased? (Yes, I am. And ask him to send or bring his sign. Perhaps you can give it. I don't care which of you.) I will ask him. (All right. Thank you.)

H. T. S.: It seems to stop.

(That is all right. Just rest a minute. I understand that.)

H. T. S.: I think, you know, you get into a sort of semi-hypnotic state [with eyes closed], so that is why I think you get different results, don't you? (I dare say.) Much more dazed, sort of. Much more so than when your eyes are open. I don't do blindfold work at all as a rule, except just for a name. You see, it is so frightfully slow. They want results, and they want messages from people, and they don't want to have it delayed. I think it is far the more satisfactory thing. Going to mediums—once you have been to one or two meetings, why that is really all there is to it, except for investigation. That is different.

NOTE: An idea that would be highly characteristic of J. H. H.

H. T. S.: Heaps of people could do it, if they weren't too lazy. It is easier for them to have me do it for them. (I dare say that is so. I have heard another psychic say the same thing.) [Mrs. Chenoweth.]

H. T. S.: Yes, if they weren't so lazy, they could do it themselves. It's as dead as a doornail. I think your communicator is gone.

(That is all right.) [Pause. Mrs. T. S. opened her eyes.]

H. T. S.: Coming again now. This feels like somebody else. Much slower. (All right.) [Closed her eyes again.] But I think I ought to ask this person's name. (That is all right.)

Ouija: J— (Oh, I see.) -a-m

H. T. S.: Oh, *please* be a little quicker! (That is all right.)

Ouija: e [Laughing over the slowness, which was marked, and the psychic's impatience, I reply:] (Yes, go ahead. That is right.)—s H y s (Yes, right.) -l (Right.) -o (Correct.) -p [James H. Hyslop] (Yes. Good. Thank you.) [Indicator to me, I put my left hand on hers a few seconds, before the writing continued:]

Ouija: G

H. T. S.: This person is frightfully slow.

Ouija: S lad [glad] t

H. T. S.: Quite amusing, the little rubs this is giving.

NOTE: The "traveler" was stopping to rub each letter indicated, with the characteristic care and thoroughness of this communicator, in all that I have received from him as a communicator since his passing.

Ouija: [t]o speak [Glad to speak.] (I am, too.) Are you not upset. . . . I want you to carry on. . . . (All right. Anything that is wise.) Plenty of material. . . . Wait here a while. . . . Then go back to New York. . . .

NOTE: Certain intimate conference on the work of psychic research and his and my part in it is here omitted. It is strikingly evidential, the more so as it is given "blindfold," to a perfectly unknown sitter. The conference is as natural as life and as apposite to the situation as though it had been conducted by the communicator in visible presence. Had the psychic's eyes been open, one must have wondered whether she had not some inkling as to the identity of the communicator and myself. The advice given was not such as I had in mind, and it was couched in terms not characteristic of J. H. H., though terse and to the point as he would be. At the close of the brief conference, the psychic's hand again moved over to mine, during a short pause. Then she addressed the communicator:

H. T. S.: O, pshaw! Will you come back in a minute, please, and let my arm get a rest? [Leaning back and relaxing:] It is funny, the heat always makes me rheumatic, not the cold. [NOTE: I have another psychic friend who complains similarly, and I have only learned of it as I am copying this record.] One very, very hot summer, it was so hot I couldn't work. [etc., in the same vein. She speaks of the "extraordinarily curious fact" that she and a friend who lives with her can get psychometry over the ouija board which they cannot get at all, without using it, and that it is as good as that of professional workers in psychometry. Speaks of an American who has asked her to do some writing for publication, and asks if I ever met him. I state that I once did. She tells me of a bit of psychometry that she did for this man's family, which curiously enough fitted not the article he brought from his relative to be "read," but the one she had thought of sending and did not send, after all. L. M. C., January 13, 1925, did the same thing for the sitter then present, who was a stranger to her. I did not know of the facts until after the sitting. Query: Does the communicator prompt our choice of his article, or does the article draw the communicator's attention? The latter has been our easy assumption. The question involved would have interested J. H. H. in

life, and J. H. H.-X would be interested in bringing the point to our attention if possible. Indeed, he had already done so, in connection with some of the work I had from him in America during the first four years after his decease. He has discussed the problem of the mechanics of psychometry more than once with me. Anyone who doubts the identity of J. H. H.-X would still see that it is in character for that personality to manifest this sort of interest and intelligence in the matter.]

H. T. S.: Is anybody there?

Ouija: Yes, a man is waiting here.

H. T. S.: Well, let him speak, please. I will shut my eyes again [doing so].

Ouija: I am—

H. T. S.: That is much improved. The top is heavy now. [Polished the glass top of the ouija table, which had grown moist and sticky in the heat. Closed her eyes. Resumed without a break:]

Ouija: waiting. (All right. Here we are.) Will you

H. T. S.: This person has a most peculiar habit of rubbing [at each letter.]

Ouija: r work more seriously than ever? (Yes. Yes. I shall be able to now.)

Ouija: What about—[here followed reference to a person in whom his interest is natural.] (Well, that's for you to say, really. I have nothing to do there, have I?) No. (All right.) [A further pertinent remark about the same person omitted.]

(Well, what can I do about the things I have just left off? Do you get that question?) Yes. (All right.) Your work. . . . [Further pertinent remarks, personal and private, omitted.] We'll get along. (Yes, I think we are able, especially if you are on—) Yes, of course I will help. (Thank you. The point is that I must. I am the one that needs to give that assurance.) Yes. (Well, I will.) But we must have all coöperate. (Yes, *sir*!) Good. (Yes. It is sometimes puzzling how to.) Yes. I know. (I shall avoid—)

Ouija: Ainslee is enjoying the fun.

(I judge so. So am I. Glad you are together.)

Ouija: Yes. Good friends. (Yes. I thought you had a hand in certain matters.) Oh, messages. (Yes. Give me your sign.)

Ouija: *E c* [*s*?—intended as a spelling of the sound of X?] [Pause, possibly to see if I comprehended the effort, as I did not at the time.] (Isn't it wise [to give the sign]?) Yes. (All right.)

H. T. S.: I don't know what he is doing. Is he wandering about? (That's all right.) I think he's gone. [Opening her eyes.] (No. No.) Isn't he? [Shutting her eyes again.]

Ouija: JAMES H (Yes.) X. Did you come specially for me? (I didn't get that last word.) [I had read it *forme* in my mind, and could see no meaning.]

Ouija: me me (I don't get that last word.) [Still not catching the meaning.] me. (Oh! *Yes*.) A good chance for us (Yes, that is what I thought.) Nver [never] X Y [so] fine. (I think you gave it.) Yes. (Did you do that intentionally?) Yes. [Traveler to me, paused, my left hand on it a few seconds. Mrs. T. S. opened her eyes:]

H. T. S.: I don't get any sense in it at all. I know he is—or whether it is a he or a she— [closed eyes]

Ouija: I must get off now. (All right. Just whatever is right.) N good luck— (Thanks.) —for the ngew [new] venture. (Thanks.)

H. T. S.: Stopped dead [opening her eyes].

(Yes. It is all good. It is exceedingly good.)

H. T. S.: There weren't very many breaks or hesitations in it. Though, indeed, we got the best results we ever got [in the past] blind-folded, you see.

[Sitting ended 6:15 P. M.]

NOTE: This is my first record of the posthumous sign of J. H. H. secured abroad. The following chapter will give other instances. It is a sign chosen by him after his death, spontaneously emerging in many quarters since that time. The speedy retirement of the communicator when the psychic becomes interested is a recurrent and persistent characteristic of the method of J. H. H.-X through many psychics.

When I had secured the "X" in England, it became necessary to make inquiries as to any knowledge of it that might possibly have leaked out through channels unknown to me, despite all possible precautions. I purposely deferred doing so until the following winter.

In response to my inquiries, I secured the following replies from three in England who might possibly have heard or known the sign of J. H. H. Mr. Dingwall was Research Worker in Physical Phenomena for the A. S. P. R. in the year 1920-21, when I was receiving the sign in my communications from various sources. I did not recall his ever receiving the sign or being informed as to what it was, but as I was at that time Secretary of the A. S. P. R. and we saw much of one another, I made assurance doubly sure by writing to inquire from him. The following is his reply, written from the headquarters of the S. P. R. in London, March 11, 1925:

"In reply to your letter of Feb. 20.

"I have never received the sign. I think I first became aware of its existence some years ago and believe I once knew what it was—a cross in combination with a circle—or something like that.* No, the existence of the sign is not well known, I think, but then we seldom discuss Dr. Hyslop this side of the water.

"With kindest regards,

"Sincerely yours,

"E. J. DINGWALL." [signed]

I also wrote both Mrs. Travers-Smith and Sir William Barrett, who has done much work with her for years past and knows her socially, as to their possible knowledge of such a sign. Their replies follow:

"London,

"March 5th, 1925.

"Dear Miss Tubby:

"I was very glad to hear from you; so many pleasant memories surround your name and Mrs. Ainslee's.

"No, except what you know I have had no communications from Dr. Hyslop, but you must remember that I never have a moment for private sittings.

. . . "Very sincerely yours,

[signed] "HESTER M. DOWDEN (TRAVERS-SMITH)."

"London, March 12, 1925.

"Dear Miss Tubby:

"Thank you for your note. I have not had any indication of a sign given by Dr. Hyslop, nor have I heard of anyone who has received it over here. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"W. F. BARRETT." [signed]

It is evident that Mrs. Travers-Smith misunderstood my inquiry, but had she heard of a sign being received by anyone else, or what the sign was, she could not have misconstrued me. The very misconception is evidence that she does not know about the sign from any outside source. This she further attests:

"I have had no information from anyone concerning any such sign.—HESTER DOWDEN [TRAVERS-SMITH]." [August, 1925.]

The spontaneous picking up of my interests and concerns, in this first sitting with Mrs. Travers-Smith was so natural and fitting in the

* This is the old familiar "*Imperator*" sign of Stainton Moses, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Chenoweth, etc.

situation, that one easily loses sight of the fact that this entire piece of work was done for a stranger, unIntroduced even as to name, by a stranger, with eyes closed, who could hear but one-half of the conversation, my half, as I read aloud not one letter or syllable of what was given me. If the reader will carefully scan my share in the record, he will discover the lack of any such clues as could account for what I received. The remarks, as will have been observed, were too intimate in some cases to be appropriate for publication. One of the omitted remarks could not have been known to Mrs. Travers-Smith even through channels of current knowledge of the A. S. P. R. that could have reached her ears. The suggestions as to my work were not all useful, and some of them at the time were out of keeping with my own idea. Hence the telepathists have in them a hard nut to crack.

The voluntary inquiry as to whether I was "worried" or "upset" was not, certainly, due to any such demeanor on my part. I did not present the aspect of a troubled person. It was, however, true that I was deeply concerned over the welfare of the work I had resigned from, the prime motive of my resignation resting upon that fact. This would, of course, have been well comprehended by J. H. H. in his lifetime, and it appears to have been entirely within the ken of J. H. H.-X.

CHAPTER VI

JAMES H. HYSLOP-X—HIS MARK-SIGNIFICANT

Those who regard mental and conscious experience as merely epiphenomena of brain and nerve action, are headed for a stiff reckoning with that "Unknown Quantity," James H. Hyslop-X. Their encounters in the past with James Hyslop in the flesh have not yielded them laurels. His keen, logical mind cuts at once to the very heart of their argument. He is no less keen in the choice of the symbol "X" than he has been hitherto in life.

X—Unknown Quantity—Ex—the St. Andrew's Cross—the Greek letter Chi [key]—"his mark"—"sign here": how many pertinent significations it offers. Easily made, often used, familiar to everyone, apparently trivial or even an accidental error for a cross or a marking out of something not intended—how unobtrusive to the consciousness of a psychic it can be. Letters that take effort or that can be mistaken for one another would offer many times the difficulty of this simple letter X, unlike all the other letters, save Y in its capital or printed form, and so different from Y in all other respects of usage, pronunciation or scriptural form. It is a most happy choice and indicates even more in its various significations than the Omega chosen as his sign after his death by Professor William James. It has been possible to camouflage the sign "X" very readily, by virtue of the fact that this letter is so generally in use as a mark standing for something not named. When I first secured the sign from Mrs. Chenoweth in the sittings I had from her in August, 1920, when I was on my holidays, I told Dr. Hyslop's daughters that I had had a sign from him which I would not tell them, merely letting a letter in the record stand for something he had chosen as a sign, as Professor James had earlier done, to their father's great satisfaction. He had thought it the best stroke Professor James had ever accomplished for psychic science in all his years of interest and study of the subject. Later on, I informed his family what the sign was, after they had had it themselves in séances or in messages addressed to them. But for a long time it was unnecessary to do so, Dr. Hyslop having by his choice very greatly

facilitated his purpose, which we may safely assume would be to keep it simple but make it telling.

His choice may have been made in his lifetime, but if so there is no record that we have been able to discover, of any such choice, either in writing or in anyone's memory of his statements. Indeed, it would be contrary to the entire tenor of his conduct of psychic work for him to have mentioned such a matter anywhere at any time. He would have been the first to point out the telepathic argument that might be brought against a sign recorded as a test, before one's death. Indeed, he had long appreciated the difficulty that exists in the estimation of the value of evidence of the giving of posthumous messages. He often quoted the experiment in which the deceased Frederic Myers (whose own posthumous letter has never yet been satisfactorily received by psychic means) gave to Mrs. Verrall, the well known psychic of Cambridge, England, automatically written fragments which Mrs. Verrall could not understand. Upon her asking their meaning, the communicating Myers directed her to inquire of Mr. Piddington, "He'll know." He did indeed "know": the fragments were excerpts from the letter that Mr. Piddington, at that very hour, had composed with the intent to leave it to the S. P. R. to be a posthumous test after his own demise. Mr. Myers had in vain insisted in his communications that the posthumous message was not as good a test as had been supposed. He apparently proved his contention adroitly in the Verrall message and Dr. Hyslop's confidence in the value of posthumous letters as tests from that time on was modified. He very much enjoyed the grim humor of the situation in which a deceased man, who saw further than his contemporaries in life, had still to teach them after death what sorts of evidence apparently from him might not be telling, after all. It was before the days of the now familiar "book-test" that this incident occurred, and there were few who gave it due heed and weight, but he had a profound respect for Mr. Myers's evidential lesson. The struggle to get posthumous messages still went on, despite the Myers-Verrall evidence that the Piddington posthumous message could be given by some other mind than Mr. Piddington's own, or by his own while still living. [Cf. page 58.]

No doubt it was that which determined Hyslop to try something psychologically more protected. But no one of Hyslop's family or acquaintances, so far as can be learned, ever heard him state that he would endeavor to do such a turn for science as Professor James had, in giving the Omega [*Proceedings* A. S. P. R., VI, and *Journal* A. S.

P. R., VI]. The appearance of the letter "Y" in the communication of Mrs. Dowden [Travers-Smith], as recorded in the previous chapter, is strongly reminiscent of an occasion on which J. H. H. himself had appeared to receive a "Y" from Professor James through Mrs. Chenoweth, instead of the last letter of the alphabet (Omega or Z) [See *Journal A. S. P. R.*, VII, 56. 1913]. But in that case the writing was automatic with the pencil, and in the present instance, with Mrs. Dowden, the writing was done by ouija board where the X and the Y are more readily confused on a hasty glance, their upper halves being precisely alike.

The sign X in the first instance came as a surprise even to me, familiar as I had been with J. H. H.'s mind and ideas for many years. I followed his custom in such matters, and spoiled no evidence by giving out gratuitous information. There were three of us at work in the office of the American Society for Psychical Research at the time, and we necessarily knew the sign, but we all realized the necessity for silence and secrecy in the matter. The note-taker in Boston, Miss Crawford, long accustomed to Dr. Hyslop's methods, would be equally careful not to mention the sign, by word of mouth or in writing, to any outside person. Mrs. Chenoweth herself, among the first to transmit the sign, received it only in trance and was never informed of it by Miss Crawford or by us, certainly, in the period when it was being given as a test in America. A Western business man, who came East once a year for work from Mrs. Chenoweth, was among the first to receive the X and reported it to us in the Society. He was not a member of the A. S. P. R. and was only privately interested in the subject. His home was remote from any psychic through whom the sign has reached me and I cannot imagine that it has been passed on by him to anyone through whom J. H. H. has subsequently succeeded in transmitting it to me. His interest in his messages was largely a personal one, owing to a death in his family, and he paid much more attention to his family messages, naturally, than to those of Dr. Hyslop, whom he had never met, though he had hoped and planned to do so shortly, when Dr. Hyslop fell ill.

A member of the A. S. P. R. who received the sign as early as July, 1920, had even screened her identity by the choice of a pseudonym, and her own people did not know she was having sittings. She was assisted by Miss Crawford, who did not divulge her identity to Mrs. Chenoweth's housekeeper, and the housekeeper never saw any of the records of sitters. The Society heard from her of the sign and I was personally

invited to have some sittings in my vacation in the summer of 1920, the dates being reserved for me anonymously. The sign was a part of the records I thus secured through the same mediumship, Mrs. Chenoweth's. I include an example of it in her work, though not from that period, as I have offered those records in a series collected by me for the A. S. P. R. in the years following Dr. Hyslop's death.

1 and 2: *The Sign from Dr. and Mrs. Bull.*

Amongst the first, Dr. and Mrs. Titus Bull perceived the "X" clairvoyantly without knowing what its significance was. Dr. Bull, in October, 1920, stated to me: "Often when I closed my eyes, I saw in light the form of an X, when I was quietly meditating. This occurred many times during the summer after Dr. Hyslop's death, but I made no record of it, merely wondering what the cause or meaning of it might be, but having no definite association of it with Dr. Hyslop. I had not had it before his death. Meantime Mrs. Bull had been seeing the same symbol, especially before falling asleep, when the room was dark. After you said that some symbol had been given by Hyslop in Boston, I wondered whether Mrs. Bull or I might get it or have got it, but I said nothing to her of this, as I have told you. And I avoided learning what the sign was, although you offered me the records for reading, being content with your reading of them minus the sign, in order not to know what it was. In October, I think it was, Mrs. Bull expressed her feeling that 'That X had something to do with Dr. Hyslop, for I got the X and the H right after it.' It was only after this that I ascertained from you that this was the case."

Mrs. Bull states to me, on inquiry: "I got the X and an H right after it, and then I said: 'Why, that is Dr. Hyslop, I believe.'" She further states that she had been told by Dr. Bull that there was some sign of his presence that Dr. Hyslop would give, but she had no idea what it was to be.

3: *The Sign from Mrs. Chenoweth.*

A personal friend of mine who was having sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth in Boston, having received the sign herself within a very short period after Dr. Hyslop's passing, offered me some of her dates for my own work there in my vacation, and also confided to me certain of her own records, asking that I handle them with personal care and judgment, if the records were ever to be used, as her family is averse to her interest in psychic matters. On that account she did not feel free to file her reports with any organization, as that would have in-

volved divulging her identity to such organization, which she refused to do. I am presenting one of those records as an example of the appearance of J. H. H.-X through Mrs. Chenoweth, in the early months after his passing. Verbatim notes by Miss Crawford, of an "absent" sitting taken for my friend, December 17, 1920:

Excerpt from Automatic Writing of Mrs. Chenoweth:

J. H. H.-X- Understand. I wish to make a statement, but will not interfere with the work now going on I am glad to thank [the absent sitter] for her endeavor to make it possible for me to go on as I wish for she has been of far greater help than she knows. I do not need to ask you if you understand for I am confident that you do. [Miss C. being his own note-taker on many occasions in his lifetime for similar work for absent or present sitters] . . . [Personal matter for sitter.]

(Miss C.: Yes, I understand.)

Yes I drop into that way of feeling the need of a response It is curious how we all miss the sound of the voice in answer to a statement that perhaps does not need any response I will try and do what I have in mind a little later Ask your questions Questions often bring out a strong evidential answer I often think of what I used to say that in some cases I could never have accomplished what I did if I had not asked questions It all depends on the communicator. Some communicators would be upset by the questioning process and others would get hold better It makes no effect on me so far as I am able to discern for I have about so much in my mind to say and try to keep it there.*

I have been to the house where Miss Tubby has her rooms and I have tried to impress my ideas on the people there I am glad that everything is moving along so well and I am interested to see how it will work out I would send a message to so many friends

NOTE: It was correct to refer to my home as "rooms," for I was living not in a whole house nor in an apartment just at that time, but in an old mansion in which the rooms of each floor were let out as a studio suite without being remodeled into regular apartments. My floor in the house had four rooms opening on a common hall, and were shared by a relative and a friend who were sensitives and had had occasional messages or impressions apparently from J. H. H.-X. I could not and did not at the time regard these as evidential, for the two ladies had known him in life and were too closely associated with me

* This has persisted as a characteristic of J. H. H.-X's messages through a diversity of psychics.

and my work. However, the message above quoted is perfectly fitting to the circumstances. One of the two had received an attempt at the sign which I had not revealed to her, nor am I including her record here. The "absent" sitter and the note-taker and the psychic were all unacquainted with my home at that date, December 17th, and could not have known the facts, being unacquainted with the psychic work of the ladies, to which "X" refers. My home was in New York and theirs in Boston, where Mrs. Chenoweth's work was done. Nor did Mrs. Chenoweth know, normally, that the sitter was interested in efforts to carry on J. H. H.'s work in the way he would wish it done at that time, as was actually the case. She had been especially helpful after having messages from him herself. They had not met in life, except as lecturer and a member of his audience.

Nearly three years later, another sitter, Mrs. C. W., presented me with a copy of a record which she secured from Mrs. Chenoweth, October 2nd, 1923, in the latter's home, in Boston. Verbatim notes by Miss Crawford. I present an excerpt of pertinence to my own work:

[Subliminal Stage of the Trance.]

It is wonderful here, isn't it? I see all the Emperor Group. I don't always see them when I come for people who are not seeking them especially, but they seem so clear. . . . [This was immediately followed by:

[Automatic Writing.]

J. H. H.: For a long time I have thought I would come to give you a word from this side. There are many problems that confront us on this as on yours, and it is very often the case that when we think we will send a word to a friend there are complications which prevent yet our presence and our purpose is as definite as if the written word had come through. There are many things I must regret as you may well understand for I had not completed my plans for the work which I deemed so important and I realize now as never before that a great work usually depends on a person and not on its worth always except when the worth is acknowledged. In the event of my death there were many things to be considered and it was hard for anyone to take up the responsibilities and hold the confidence and interest of the old friends. I do not say this is as it should be but it is exactly what I went through in the death of R. H. and W. J.—and perhaps I understand the situation better because of that experience. This message is extremely personal to you and is not to be considered as the property of the Society although I am not averse to its contents being shown to whoever you may wish to have it known. The things which have been inevitable

have not always been wise but perhaps the best that could be done at the time. . . . [personal message to the sitter omitted.]

It is often the case that an interweaving of expressions from several personalities creates a kind of combined or complex personality like a composite photograph. I think that Titus Bull understands this perfectly and I know that we talked it over before my death. It is not a fanciful creation of the mind nor is it the uncolored expression of one whose name may be attached to the work; but exactly as the messages from the Emperor Group may have a touch of the brilliance of a bright spirit, a touch of the wisdom of another and so on through the Group, yet the signature Emperor is practically true. This is almost always the case in work of a complex nature and if understood is no hindrance to the full play of a personality. The telephone operator may be help or hindrance as she makes proper or improper connections and she may hasten the unraveling of errors or involve the messages so deeply in mistake that one goes away in disgust with the whole system, yet the fact of intercommunication with the whole world through amplified forms of the telephone remains unchallenged. That much for the real situation. [Personal message to sitter omitted.]

Again to return to the work of the Society and the CHANGES WHICH YOU HAVE OFTEN NOTED. [Personal message to sitter omitted.] There is no blindness on our part, NO DESIRE TO CHANGE THE OLD METHODS OF CAREFUL SCRUTINY and we are doing all possible to overcome the element of distrust which we have seen growing, but could not avoid. This is sufficient for me to say at this time but I add my regard for your favors of past support in the undertaking. J. H. H.-X-

4 and 5: *The Sign from Miss Roberts and a Friend.*

Miss K. L. Roberts, an editor and reference librarian whom I had come to know in days when I was engaged in bibliographic research, before I had officially entered upon psychic research, came to the A. S. P. R. in the summer of 1920 for information and advice about the sideric pendulum, "which toy she had just discovered between the pages of the *Strand Magazine*" [for August, 1920]. She stated that having previously had no psychic experience of importance in her life, she was interested in the curious vibrations of the pendulum, and wished further information about it, if possible.

In September I received a letter from Miss Roberts detailing an odd experience that she and a friend of hers, who was a stranger to me, had recently had. She has recounted the matter to me again, as follows:

"I tried the psychic pendulum right away, after I got the *Strand Magazine* for August, 1920 [Volume 60, pp. 180 ff.]. I tried it that same evening, and my assistant went home and made one and tried it the same evening, also.

"Having found a letter written many years before by Professor Hyslop, I placed it under the sideric pendulum, thinking there might be some influence, in my subconscious or elsewhere, from the writer, now that he had passed over. The result was a succession of vigorous bangs against the letter X, and nothing more, in spite of endeavors to obtain something by questioning. The X meant nothing to me.

"My friend, who had shared the information as to the pendulum, made one herself and, on the same evening that I was experimenting, had the selfsame experience in her own home, in the same town, but at some little distance, the pendulum touching X only, in answer to all inquiries. Asked, 'But who is communicating?' it responded only X, X, X.

"It was this curious coincidence, so meaningless to us, that impelled me to write you, Miss Tubby, and ask why it should behave so foolishly and yet so persistently. I know nothing more about the sideric pendulum today than I did when I began to use it, whether it is my subconscious influencing the vibrations, or whether it is an influence unknown to me, I have no theories. I am not easily credulous or incredulous, but I think one should hold himself open to any scientific explanation of the phenomena."

It must be mentioned, in addition, that Miss Roberts had never met J. H. H. and had had from him only one letter, referred to above, which was his reply to a question she had written him regarding a circular about some psychic clap-trap that came to her attention in 1906. Miss Roberts's friend had never known or seen either Dr. Hyslop himself or a letter of his, and Miss Roberts states, knew nothing at all about him. It is therefore of especial interest that the X was given them on the same evening on which Miss Roberts, without pre-arranged plan, had placed Dr. Hyslop's letter to her below the swinging pendulum, in the hope that he would assist her. Her friend was at that period assisting Miss Roberts in clerical work, and they saw each other each day. The first time Miss Roberts showed the pendulum she had made to her friend, it spelled out "code" and a series of letters. Miss Roberts had no knowledge that her friend was interested in ciphers, which she then learned was one of her fads. The friend then experimented at home with a sideric pendulum she made for her own use, to

get a clue to the cipher. When Miss Roberts asked her the next day whether she had succeeded, she said, "No, I got only an X," to which she could ascribe no meaning. It was then that Miss Roberts wrote and asked me if I could make anything of all this, and of course received an emphatic "Yea;" but no explanation at that time or until five years later.

She has had nothing further since, and unfortunately there was no record of the "code" letters kept.

6: *The Sign from Mrs. Physician.*

In 1922, the sign came most unexpectedly from a total stranger to Dr. Hyslop, a lady whom Dr. W. D. Bayley, of Philadelphia, has given the pseudonym, "Mrs. Physician." He has presented me with the records of her communications to use as I may see fit, and I am happy to be able to include her giving of the sign, for several reasons.

She has not been a member of the research bodies and has read very little along psychic research lines. She informed me, on my inquiring, that she had read a book of Dr. Hyslop's published about 1905 or a little later, but nothing else of his except what might have appeared in newspapers or popular magazines. She was not quite sure of the title of the book she had read, but thought it was *Science and a Future Life* or *Psychical Research and the Resurrection*. Neither of these nor any of the early volumes contain references which would lessen the value of what I shall quote of her work.

At the time of receiving his first automatic record from Mrs. Physician, Dr. Bayley wrote me of it and sent me the original pages. In replying, I asked him if he knew what Dr. Hyslop's sign was, and whether he had observed it in the automatic writing. He had not, he replied, and said he had no idea that such a thing had been given. As he had sent me the original pages, he could not refer to them and preferred, of course, for evidential reasons, not to do so. There was, in these pages, also a reference to a member of Dr. Hyslop's family deceased some months later than he himself, the name of the relative being George Hyslop. As Mrs. Physician had read a volume written by Dr. James H. Hyslop, she would have been able on any theory of conscious or subconscious memory to reproduce his name as James. But the record mentions only "George," as a given name. The sign, however, was given in duplicate directly thereafter, and immediately there is a reference to "passwords." The psychic might have read some reference published in some of the early Hyslop communications, pertaining to a "pass sentence" that J. H. H. had hoped to secure through Mrs.

Piper. But the giving of the sign is, as a matter of fact, better evidence because of its newness, and because it has never yet been published and at the time of Mrs. Physician's receipt of it Dr. Bayley was not even aware that it was being given or attempted. Nor did he know of the death of George Hyslop. I did not inform him of it, except to say that reference had been made to someone who had passed over more recently than J. H. H. As he had no copy of the record when I thus wrote him, he could not have looked it up, even had he wished to do so. Later I returned him the material copied, and he filed it away with his other matter from the same source, apparently without reading it over. He has now given it back to me, and I include the record, complete and verbatim, as follows:

Fragmentary writing in a dark séance. Five friends sitting. One, a doctor's wife, appears to go into a trance, and Hyslop and Rector and some other controls purport to use her voice. Nothing evidential is given. The hand demands a pencil and these four pages were written—This is in my office, May 20, '22. Sat. evening.

W. D. BAYLEY.

[Automatic Writing.]

I an [and?] GEORGE Hyslop X = X = [Compare C. G. S., Sept. 22, 1924, p. 207.]

I cannot give you my pass words you are asking me too much have patience yet a little while I am working for your interest [last three letters crowded into small space to keep from running off page]. [Reminiscent of J. H. H.'s message from his father, who is also George Hyslop's father. See Piper records, 1898-99.]

No I am not strong to night I will get help [faint pencil scrawls—only last three letters legible] only a little child in the wilderness have patience We must have time

I have just finished

May God direct you.

X X X C.

Hyslop

[Apparently addressed to the psychic herself, who is self-distrustful]:

You are blest you have done good work. We are much pleased with you, have faith and we will pray that you may have your hearts desires. God bless you all

Imperator +

NOTE: C. is the initial of another Hyslop (young brother of J.

H. H. and of George Hyslop), who died in 1864. See Brittain sitting of July 4, 1924. For three X's see L. M. C., 12/4/24, 1/18/25.

In the course of a séance I held nearly three years later [February 25th, 1925], for Mrs. Physician with a strange psychic in New York, whom I have seen only on that occasion, the sitter herself manifested a desire for paper and pencil. I tore a leaf from my note-book and gave her a pencil, with which she wrote automatically and manifestly in a state verging on trance, the following:

Tubby Glad you are here. J. H. X

I at once wrote to Dr. Bayley, to inquire whether the lady could by any chance now know Dr. Hyslop's sign, and I have the following reply from him:

"I do not know what it is, so if Mrs. Physician knows it, she got it from you or Hyslop himself."

Mrs. Physician, being a private person, a natural psychic, has no access to the sign through anyone but Dr. Bayley or myself, and I have never told either of them what the sign is, nor have I mentioned to her that there is a sign at this time (February, 1925.) She lives about one hundred and fifty miles from my home, and made the journey to New York to attend to personal affairs, not to give me any message. I told her, a few weeks later, that she had been one who had received a message that had been given to others also by Hyslop, and that she might therefore feel encouragement in her psychic endeavors.

7, 8 and 9: *The Sign from a Group of Three Persons Conjointly.*

In the month of February, 1923, or the following month, in the course of a series of meetings of a small circle of private experimenters and investigators, at which I was never present, but with whose members I am acquainted, and for whose *bona fides* I can vouch, the sign was given in the following complex and most interesting fashion. I am indebted to Mrs. Ainslee, one of the group, for this report, which she made to me briefly, on the evening in question, by telephone. She has since refreshed my memory upon it, in full detail.

The group met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Titus Bull, who were among the first persons to receive the sign, as already stated in the opening of this chapter. They, however, had been extremely careful not to mention it to others, and both asserted after this group meeting that they had not informed the others in the group of the sign, at any time. Mrs. Ainslee, Dr. and Mrs. Bull, a young member of their family, and an old family friend who has studied and investigated into psychic matters for years, composed the circle.

Mrs. Ainslee states: "The others had reported that they were receiving impressions of a psychic nature, in the course of the evening. I grew inwardly discouraged, because, while most of the members had been reporting things they saw, I had never seen a thing at any of these sittings.

"The room was black dark.

"Mentally, I urged Dr. Hyslop, if he really survived, to give me his sign. I knew there was some sign, but I had not the slightest idea of its nature. Almost immediately after I had made this urgent mental request, Miss B. said something to the following effect:

"'It seems very silly to tell it, but I keep seeing the letter X, like the mark after a lesson that is wrong. I have been seeing it again and again, but I haven't the slightest idea what it means.' Then Mrs. F., who was sitting on the opposite side of the room from the first speaker, said: 'It seems so silly that I hate to say it, but I get a feeling of Dr. Hyslop in connection with that X.'

"And then I said, 'Well, that is all right. Perhaps it isn't as silly as you think.' Dr. and Mrs. Bull said nothing.

"After I returned home, I called you up [G. O. T.] at about 11:30 p. m., and asked, 'What is Dr. Hyslop's sign?' And you said, 'Did you get it?' And I said, 'I don't know. What is it?' And you said, 'You tell me.' And I said, 'An X?' And you said, 'Yes.'"

I recall the excitement of the unexpected telephone message with its fragmentary implication as to what had occurred at the evening's meeting, for I knew of the regular appointment and its purpose. It was several days before I could secure a full account, as I was leaving town that evening by a late train.

My satisfaction was the greater when I learned of the manner of reception of the sign, which would be so thoroughly to the psychological taste of J. H. H. No one of the three persons involved secured the complete information. It is doubtful that either Miss B. or Mrs. F. knew that there was a sign, at that time, although we cannot positively assert that they did not. It is quite certain that they did not know what it was, both from the care exercised by those of us who knew, to keep it secret, and from the way in which they hesitated and apologized for remarking anything so apparently "silly" in their judgment. It seemed to them too trivial to be reported, or to be associated with Dr. Hyslop. This reaction would much amuse the giver of the symbol.

It is an open question whether Mrs. Ainslee made her mental request

before Miss B. began to see the letter X, which she saw "again and again" before mentioning it. Mrs. Ainslee's question may have been *prompted*, so far as the sequence of the experience goes, though she was conscious of no psychic impressions whatever. Her conviction that the X might have relation to her request was strong enough to lead her to inquire of me, before I should leave town, though she was not certain about it. Thus, the one who silently framed the question got no provable psychic response in herself, while the two who together supplied the reply to her unspoken question were *not* Dr. and Mrs. Bull, who already knew the answer to it and who might be expected, on the telepathic theory, to be the first to respond.

Did the unspoken question prompt the spoken answers? Or did the incipient answers, as it were, prompt the question? Or was the whole triple experience prompted from a common source, the living mind of the deceased J. H. H., who would characteristically delight in such an achievement.

10: *The Sign from Miss F. L. Lattimore.*

In the spring of 1924, I secured for an anonymous friend a sitting with Mrs. Chamberlaine. She took with her, as note-taker, Miss F. L. Lattimore, with whom also I am well acquainted. As the sitting got under way, Miss Lattimore, writing her notes as fast as she could, glanced up at Mrs. Chamberlaine and was much interested to observe, slightly above and in front of Mrs. Chamberlaine's brow, the face of Dr. Hyslop, intently gazing at Miss Lattimore herself. He seemed to be vigorously and emphatically trying to attract the latter's attention to something he was describing with his forefinger. She watched him making marks in the air, his arm moving up and across downward, over and up and across downward, repeatedly. She reports that he seemed so urgent that she should note his action and his presence, that she inwardly responded, "Yes, I see you, Dr. Hyslop, and I see what you are doing." And then the image faded out. She spoke of this to me at the time, directly after the sitting, and I made note of it. She has recently recounted it to me again, and added:

"It looked for all the world like one of those X-shaped paper clips that he was trying to make or describe with his finger." This she stated on November 9th, 1925, and it was after her statement I told her that she had secured the sign, an X. Incidentally, I remark that a certain sort of brass paper-clips of a double-X shape were always in use on Dr. Hyslop's personal desk.

With the permission of my friend, for whom they were taken, Miss Lattimore has kindly supplied me the original notes of that sitting, and I quote as follows the parts which are pertinent to my record from J. H. H.-X and my friend Mary:

5/16/24

3 P. M. High barometer.

Present: Mrs. C. [Chamberlaine].

Anonymous sitter.

F. L. L. [anonymous] note-taker.

Are you associated in some way with a physician? (No.) Maybe you will have. I'm beginning to get hold of something that is here—connected with a physician.

NOTE: Answer was an error, as the sitter had taken active interest in the work of Dr. Bull, one of the first persons to receive the sign, as already noted in this chapter. She later caught the point when reading over the record.

. . . Three people near you—one I won't describe yet. One a lady—face of infinite tenderness and motherliness; great love of flowers; a home maker. She faded out of life and left desolation behind her. Is very close to you. I see name of MARY,—whether associated with this lady I don't know.



MARGINAL NOTE OF F. L. L.: Sign above received at this point of séance from Dr. Hyslop's vigorous signal with his right fore-finger.—F. L. L.

Another member—a man who is very earnest and anxious for this sitting. You haven't come here by chance. What comes will perhaps be of greater significance in months to come. Some very vital influence is trying to get through you to others. Wants much to prove himself to you today.

Message is this: You have had frequent and perfectly clear and definite ? [word not recorded]. Great effort to reach you. Tremendous. Many helpers. Next step a dream you've already had, and another will follow and your inner senses will find you. You're connected with someone very literary—books,—writing.

Dr. Hyslop is here—so real—close. He keeps saying something to me about—oh he is trying so hard to make something clear. He made a great effort somewhere else, he says, and doesn't know whether it was

as satisfactory as you expected. *Has been making some sign to attract your attention* [Italics mine.—G. O. T.]. Can't tell if you have heard or noticed. . . . Gentleman who is near me, whom I believe to be Dr. Hyslop, is smiling very much and wondering if you recognize him. [Sitter knew him in life. L. M. C. does not know this.] . . . I think you've attracted more than we realize—crowding around. Seems very keen about this sitting. "Go back a little," he says, "and remember some of the points he made."

I see you in another sitting—away from here. . . . I feel as if you were convinced. You do expect more. . . .

Dr. Hyslop feels you do recognize him and feel sure he has come to you. He is standing now beside this lady who is so sweet. He came with someone who has been here now.

I hear EDWIN and GRACE ALICE But MARY seems to mean more than others. . . .

Something comes with money you have given—like a memorial—so happy about it—and papers where there was a mix-up but all will come out right. I wanted to serve and service was for mankind. If I could be back again I would do more such things and more. He was so gentle to his family.

[End of sitting.]

It should be noted that this sitter had been anonymously also to Mrs. Chenoweth, the first person to receive the sign. There had been messages at that sitting from J. H. H., but they had not been as satisfactory as the sitter had wished, in her opinion at the time.

Of the séance just recorded, F. L. L. writes me, November 21, 1925: "I recall asking Mrs. Chamberlaine if she did not see Dr. Hyslop, too, but I do not recall our discussing the sign, as I attached no importance to it as a symbol until you laughed when I mentioned it in relating the incident to you. The mark on the margin of the notes appended was in pencil. I went over it in ink today for emphasis. I scribbled the sign, as appended [on a separate sheet] during the séance or just afterward, to show [the sitter]. At first I interpreted it as a rude H, but later thought it meant nothing at all except as a signal. We have a rule that everything must be sketched immediately upon receipt, and, if I find I cannot 'get it' by my unskilled hands, I do the best I can and note why I am dissatisfied with the graph."

The various attempts at the sign on the separate page submitted to me with the notes show numerous examples of criss-cross marks, more

or less clearly X's, with several H's and modified H's. The one on the margin of the notes, made as she wrote, apparently, is an excellent capital letter X, as the reproduction shows.

NOTE: The references, "Edwin, Grace, Alice, Mary seems to mean more than the others," are a capital bit. Miss F. L. L. and my friend, the anonymous sitter, and Mrs. Chamberlaine are all equally strange to the family of my communicator, "Mary," who appeared in the Brittain sitting of July 4th, and this association of names is of remarkable pertinence in her family. "Edwin" is not precisely right, but "Ed" is correct and is the name of both her husband and her step-son. Alice is her living daughter, ill at that time with a serious illness, of which fact I was *then* unaware, even had I known of this message which I first saw late in November, 1925. Moreover, I knew of no pertinence whatever in the word "Grace" until several days after I received Miss Latimore's notes, when a long-traveled letter from a son of Mary overtook me. He had married "Grace," whom I had never seen or heard of. I had heard in a roundabout way that he had married, but I do not know whether he was yet married when the message came through. I know of no other Grace amongst Mary's people.

Mary was my intimate friend and of course "means" more than the others, being the center around whom their names converge.

In his lifetime, James Hyslop held, with logical justice, that "all explanations must be subject to some kind of evidence, and can be advanced only on grounds that suggest [them] scientifically" [*Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, II, 310]. What explanation can be offered of the correct grouping of four family names, one of the four having been correctly described as a lady with a face of infinite tenderness and motherliness, a great lover of flowers, a home-maker, who faded out of life and left desolation behind her. This was so markedly true of her character and the loss caused by her death that it is moving to have it come in this clear fashion, even though she has been two decades, or nearly, in the other life. She was associated with J. H. H. in the effort at Mrs. Brittain's and is again so associated here in a sitting held in my absence for a total stranger, who found no meaning at all in the references. What explanation can be offered on grounds suggested by this evidence?

If telepathy and clairvoyance are to be invoked as the explanation of such phenomena, the devious route followed in the use of them in any such case as this presents mountainous obstacles. A stranger at a séance, through a medium strange to the communicators, receives messages concerning a family of whom the medium and the sitter and note-taker are ignorant, and which therefore seem to them merely "stray" matter, at best. The associated communicators [J. H. H.

and my friend Mary] were strangers in this life. One of the persons to whom their message refers is unknown to me by name and I am unaware at the time the message is received that her son is about to bring a new member into the family. Indeed, I myself, the only person who can unravel the message, fail to do so until long after the stranger, "Grace," has been married into Mary's living family, as my personal contact with members of the family has been only spasmodic. I have heard nothing from them in all the period since this message was delivered through Mrs. Chamberlaine, until the receipt of the letter informing me of this marriage, in November, 1925, two and one-half years after the receipt of the psychic work by my friend and the sitter at Mrs. Chamberlaine's. Through roundabout channels I had gathered that one of the family was ill, and another had married, but no dates or details had I had.

11: *The Sign through Mrs. Osborne-Leonard.*

My friend, Mrs. Laura Ainslee, has kindly given me the following excerpt from the verbatim notes of a sitting of hers with Mrs. Osborne-Leonard, Fedra controlling, and the notes being made in shorthand by the sitter herself. The sitting was held at Mrs. Leonard's home, in a London suburb, August 4th, 1924.

(L. A.: Fedra, is the older gentleman [J. H. H.] there?)

Fedra: Yes.

(L. A.: Has he ever given a sign of himself?)

[Mrs. Osborne-Leonard]
Aug. 4, 1924:



Fedra: Yes, he has given it to someone.

(L. A.: Can he give it to me?)

Fedra: Yes. He shows his hand. Look! [drawing in air.]

(L. A.: Could you draw it, Fedra?)

Fedra: I'll try. [Sitter handed pad and pencil to Fedra, who drew with lightning speed a squarish cross with a hand pointing to it.] As

if there is something missing. Directly you ask for a sign, he puts his hand up as if there is something else he wanted to do, and yet he is contented,—to do—as if there is something else he wanted to do, too. I don't know what he mean, but he says: "I have given that sign recently."



The sign had been given by the vision of his hand making it in air as recently as May 16th, as we have seen in the previous record of it [No. 10]. He apparently is not quite satisfied with Feda's report of it, and Mrs. Ainslee states that when Feda made the mark in the air, in the first place, before writing it down, it was done so rapidly that one could not have told whether the St. Andrew's cross, X, or the more usual form of vertical cross was intended. The rapidity of the motion and its form at once suggest the visual experience of F. L. L., who took more pains in writing it down and describing it than did Feda. Mrs. Ainslee is a careful witness and her statement is to be trusted.

12: Record of the Sign from Mrs. Nevill.

In May, 1924, I received application from a personal friend, "Beryl," for a psychometric reading from a letter she sent me for the purpose. She wished to remain anonymous in the matter. I therefore sealed Beryl's letter in an opaque green envelope, unmarked, and put a sealing strip at the angles of the overlapping on the back of the envelope. This I enclosed in a letter to my friend, Mrs. Alice Rogers, of Cleveland, through whom I had heard of some excellent work done by Mrs. Marjory Nevill, of that city. I enjoined upon Mrs. Rogers silence even as to my connection with the inquiry, and asked her if she would secure a reading from the green envelope, if possible, for someone who had asked me to try such an experiment as a favor.

On May 22nd, 1924, Mrs. Rogers wrote me: "I took it [the envelope] over to Mrs. Nevill and saw her for a few minutes in between sittings and told her my errand from 'a friend,' and she said psychometry was not her gift and she doubted whether she could do anything. . . . I left it there, and she telephoned me this evening that she had sat with it once but had no impression worth recording and asked me to come tomorrow at 11." In a letter postmarked "May 27, 1924, 10 A. M.," Mrs. Rogers reported a very brief message for the writer of the letter, Beryl, which proved to have some interest for Beryl but was cryptic to me. The report, so far as it concerns me, is as follows: "Mrs. Nevill telephoned me to come over just after I had written to you. We sat with the letter on the table between us. . . . As we sat there silently, she suddenly said: 'Dr. Hyslop stands directly behind you. "Tubby, Tubby," he says.'

"Then she pointed to the letter and said: 'What has she to do with this?'" I said, 'I don't know, except that she mailed it to me.' She then went on with Dr. Hyslop's communication, and I'll try to give it as nearly in her own words as I can remember: There is a great deal of dissension in the office. Miss Tubby is leaving. . . . He calls

her his right hand . . . and he is greatly distressed . . . after all her years of work. THE WAY IS OPENING FOR HER. SOMETHING COMES QUICKLY ALMOST LIKE A JOURNEY ABROAD FOR HER. . . . [Personal matter omitted.] There are two other names for you—one was a Margaret Gaule and another was Louise, LOUISE. He said, ‘ask her if she remembers the case of a ring which we discussed. Also a sign of a cross on AN X’ yet, she said, IT IS NOT LIKE AN ORDINARY X. He says: ‘Do you remember one day in your room there was a light on your face.’ He put it there. . . .

. . . “He ended by saying he had made a new contact. Of course I know nothing about ‘nothin’,” and why you are leaving the society. Dr. Hyslop said you were resigning, but because things were made so impossible for you.” [NOTE: True, and my own unexpressed thought at the moment I made my decision was, “This is impossible.” Further personal and evidential matter followed. I have never met Mrs. Nevill or written her, or she me.]

“Oh, Dr. Hyslop said something about people going too far in trying sensitive mediums, a futile proceeding, etc.”

Mrs. Rogers had merely been informed then, and up to the present time has had no further word upon the matter from me, that I was resigning June 1st. I had on the 23rd of May, the date of this reading, not fully determined to go abroad, though I was considering the possibility of accepting the invitation to visit a friend there during the vacation. My mind was not actually made up until some days later.

The reference to “Louise” fits no one in my acquaintance at present except Mrs. Louise Chamberlaine, through whom “J. H. H.-X” has communicated, and the reference to Margaret Gaule is interesting merely as reminiscent of the fact that he had had in his lifetime a few bits of evidential work from her. The case of the ring we had discussed several years ago, when I first heard of the record made by Mrs. Piper on the matter of Hodgson’s missing ring. Dr. Hyslop described the facts to me in great detail and said that it was a fairly strong piece of evidence on Hodgson’s part, one of the best of his posthumous communications. I recall this very distinctly. [*Cf. Proceedings A. S. P. R., III, 482-489.*]

The reference to the cross and the X are extremely interesting. This psychic had on an earlier occasion, in response to Mrs. Rogers’s request for a sign from “J. H. H.,” got two visionary representations of it, without knowing to whom Mrs. Rogers referred, though of course she could have surmised it if she was familiar with the late Dr. Hyslop’s

initials. However, Mrs. Rogers has been in the habit of securing work from Mrs. Nevill along entirely different lines, so there was no habitual expectation of hearing from Dr. Hyslop. The psychic said she got nothing but these two fragmentary visions, and felt she had nothing of sufficient value to be reported, and would like to try another time. As neither my confrères nor I had ever met Mrs. Nevill, and Mrs. Rogers does not know the sign, this accuracy is the more noteworthy. She was about the eighth or ninth to receive it.

Letter from Mrs. Rogers, mailed June 10, 1924. Excerpt:

"It seems to me that I owe you an apology for not asking your permission to sit *with* Mrs. Nevill with the letter, as on re-reading your letter I note that you wish her to make the notes and give them to me.

"I did leave the letter there several days, but she could get nothing, so when she telephoned me to come over I went, forgetting your *exact* instructions. However, please know it is all business with me—and I know not what is evidence and what is not, and as for curiosity, I'm sure you know I'm not that type and also you know I can keep things to myself that concern other people. [True.]

"Mrs. Nevill telephoned me a day or so ago and asked me if I had heard from you, and I said, 'No,' and she said she had not been able to get you out of her mind in spare time—your name would keep bobbing into her mind,—I scribbled on the outside of the letter in pencil when I left it, in case her secretary might pick it up and run the opener through it—thinking it a check or something and just as I am ready to enclose it I notice a little cut at the end as though a letter opener had started there. Did you do that? I 'spose what I got for *you* was foreign to the letter—[It was] but your little note came today, saying the situation was quite 'pat,' so I hope it was of some use. It seemed such a jumble to me. Remember, 'Rest is your watchword now.' And she said the *WAY IS OPENING quite clearly* for you."

13: *Seeming Record of the Sign from Mrs. L. E. Piper.*

On June 19th, 1924, before she knew of my having planned to go abroad, a friend in Boston, who had been most helpful in my experiments in Boston after J. H. H.'s passing, wrote me a note enclosing a brief excerpt from "a recent sitting with Mrs. Piper," at which she was the sitter. She prefers to be anonymous. Her statement is as follows:

"At a recent sitting with Mrs. Piper I received the enclosed message which I infer was intended for you: 'Tell Miss X not to worry

about anything she is NOW DOING RIGHT. H Miss X (Who is Miss X?) No T Miss T T yes H. Thank you.' ”

The recipient of this message had herself received the symbol from J. H. H. at Chenoweth sittings previous to the above date. I have had no sittings with Mrs. Piper and therefore no direct opportunity at that center for a message from J. H. H. He has apparently chosen his best opportunity.

14: *The Sign from Miss P. B. Tenney.*

In July, 1924, while I was in London, I called several times at the home of a friend, Miss P. B. Tenney, who was interested in my work and in whose work and life I was, in return, much interested. Knowing that she sometimes gets strong impressions concerning the activities and interests of her friends, I asked her, in case she got anything concerning me, to let me know. She got some impressions at the time, but nothing of which I made notes. In a day or two after one of my visits, I had several sheets of writing from her, embodying thoughts aroused by my inquiry. I was delighted to find the “X” twice represented therein. I had given her no information whatever as to the sign, and I have seen many other sheets of her writing which is inspirational, not automatic, in which no “X” appears. The paper, however, I did not include in my list of signs, as the expressions she used seemed not to imply any reference to the symbol of J. H. H. and I did not wish to stretch the point.

But in the C. G. S. séance of September 22, 1924, she asked me whether I knew that J. H. H. had been where I went in London, “at the home of John.” He stated that he feared I might not have realized that he was there.

It was not until the summer of 1925 that I recalled that Miss Tenney lives “in the home of John,” her brother, in whose name that home first became known to me. It is a home which he does not at present live in as much as formerly, nevertheless it is still one of his homes. I had seen him in it before I ever saw his sister in it, and it is strictly proper to call it “the home of John.” And on that basis, I feel that the communicating J. H. H.-X is entitled to have the sign included as coming through Miss P. B. T., whose word to me contained the following expressions:

“Asked a message for Tubby today: wrote the following: [July 24, 1924.] . . . X + not X = Unity.
 . . . X gave his life to the service of humanity.”

The purport of the message was a religious one and the references I took to be to the Christ-idea, which is a very vital one in P. B. T.'s mind. But it would be almost impossible for a capital X to get by her consciousness in any message without gathering that implication, from the natural and habitual associations of her mind, whether the sender of a message so intended or not. The example is one that I include only on the grounds above stated, and it has its own interest on those grounds, as it seems to me. Moreover, X is the St. Andrew's Cross, and as such has a religious connotation.

15: *The Sign in a Psychic Photographic Experiment.*

In the winter of 1924-25, Mrs. L—— and a few friends, all private persons, were experimenting in psychic photography, without the camera, in some instances. On one occasion, a plate that had not been exposed to light at all, but had been held, encased in light-proof envelopes, between the palms of the sitters, and then developed in Mrs. L.'s dark-room at home, the whole operation being under her control, showed straggling X's near the top of the plate and at the center a straight X. She knew and coöperated with Dr. Hyslop in his lifetime, supplying material which appeared in early issues of the publications of the American Society. She has been most interested in his efforts since, and it is therefore highly appropriate that he should make this sort of attempt to register on her plates. There was no accompanying detail to indicate that it was he, but the example should be included as among those deserving consideration. Mrs. L. knew what the sign was, at the time of her experiment, being one of the very few persons to whom I had ever revealed it. I had told her about four years after J. H. H.'s death, having first secured her willing pledge of secrecy. She therefore was in a position to note its appearance on the plate and called my attention to it. She has generously permitted me to refer to the matter here.*

16: *The Sign Recorded by Miss E. Benham.*

On June 3rd, 1925, in London, I called upon Miss E. Benham, a personal friend, who has slowly developed a little clairvoyance and some ability as an impressionistic writer, psychically. She permits me to report that, following my request that she try for a sign from Dr. Hyslop some time, she did try, on the evening of the same day. She was acquainted with J. H. H. in his lifetime.

* Since this was written, the photograph has been published by Mrs. Lambert, in her *General Survey of Psychical Phenomena*, New York, 1928.

When I asked her to try, she told me she thought she knew what the sign was, believing it to be some special kind of a cross, following the letter H. She thought she had been told this by Dr. Hyslop's daughters. But as this was not precisely the sign, I still hoped she would feel impelled to try for it, though I did not say anything more to her about it. I was inclined to think she had a confused idea of the Emperor sign, a cross, and the Hodgson or Hyslop "H" in connection therewith. We do not ordinarily think of an X as a cross, in America, and Miss Benham is an American. The St. Andrew's Cross is not familiar with us, outside of clerical circles, and Miss Benham is not associated with clerics to any extent.

She sent me two pages of hieroglyphics and marks that she got impressionistically, June 3rd, 1925. They contain many capital H's and in one case "H. J. X" appears clearly. In another instance, a fancy letter X with a curlicue at the upper end of each of the two branches is unmistakable, out of a number of signs less clear.

Miss Benham herself, when she finished, "had a suspicion" that she had got it, though she did not know which was the sign, out of the many marks and a few clear words written. I told her she had secured it, but did not tell her what it was, though I did let her know that she had been mistaken in her supposed recollection of it.

On the afternoon of my call, she told me she saw a circle containing a cross [the Emperor's sign] near me, clairvoyantly. I told her it interested me, but even so, it was not repeated in the automatic writing. The subconscious content seems to have played no part in the impressionistic writing.

17: The Sign Implied in a Message to a Private Automatist.

On October 29th, 1925, a private psychic of my acquaintance, Beryl [pseudonym], living in Canada [See Section 12, above], wrote me a personal letter asking for some advice and light upon her work. She receives messages written by her own right forefinger against the palm of her left hand, or on some other flat surface. There is no pencil used, and she has to write her records out from memory after the experience, as she has no one to take them down at the time. I quote from her letter:

"I asked Dr. Hyslop to come to me, a few evenings ago. I will put what he said on a separate sheet of paper. (I must copy the record.) I almost felt that I wanted to go to sleep, but the account I am sending you is only written from memory, but there seemed to be a very strong presence there, stronger than usual.

"I liked Dr. Hyslop's book [*Contact with the Other World*], I thought things were so beautifully explained in it. It is not everyone who thinks so deeply that can express themselves so clearly." . . .

The Record

"One evening when doing automatic writing I asked if Dr. Hyslop would speak to us, he apparently came. I told him I knew Miss Tubby and asked him if he would come again and talk to us, as it was rather late then and I was tired.

"On October 19th [1925], which was the next time I wrote, Dr. Hyslop came. He said Gertrude Tubby, Gertrude Tubby— This work is so important that I want Gertrude Miss Tubby to take dictation. She is in Europe. I talked with her from London. [Beryl knew I had been in London, but not that I had heard from J. H. H. there, though it could be guessed.]

"Of his work he said: He had found very little difference to that which he had exposed through his books, concerning the mental states on the other side. Further he said I would like to be the Father of this sort of psychology. There is work to be done, this science will make a greater impression on people than religion. Again he said this work is so important I want Miss Tubby to take dictation.

. . . [Predictive matter omitted, as it is not yet fulfilled nor the time past.] "I asked him if he talked directly with you, he said—No—only through a medium.

"There was something written then about ALEX or ALEXANDRIA. I do not know what the reference was—it might have been connected with [the predicted event].

"I asked Dr. Hyslop if he was communicating with me through a controll [*sic*], he said no—he was talking directly to me.

"I asked this last question because I do not understand what a controll really does—or why some people have one or perhaps two. Perhaps some time you will tell me. Is every medium supposed to have one? I have never discovered any.

"I wrote this [record] as soon as I had finished communicating with him."

Beryl is the lady for whom I endeavored to get a message through Mrs. Nevill [No. 12]. She lives remote from contacts with any psychic workers and would have no access to those who have given or received the sign, but apparently not remote from the common sender, who directly reaches Cleveland, Ohio, or Canada, as he does Boston, New

York or London. She has had predictive matter in the past which has been fulfilled in succeeding years, after she had taken the precaution to report and file the prediction in advance. Her work is sporadic and much interrupted by the demands of a busy life. Apparently, however, the word *Alexandria* has no pertinence in her experience, nor has it in mine nor in J. H. H.'s, but the noticeable syllable *ex* would offer a good vehicle for putting the sign through in a fashion not hitherto recorded, and this may have been what he tried to do, accepting the fact that he was present. Were there but two or three examples of the sign, one would hesitate to include this among them. Following, as it does, upon various types of effort to represent this one letter, it has its own interest, psychologically. Possibly, too, the *Alex* she received was meant as an *X*, her own consciousness automatically creating the misconstruction.

18: *The Sign from Mrs. Sanders.*

Of those who received the impression, I had not at first in this chapter included Mrs. C. G. Sanders, through whom I have several times had the sign when she was entranced and giving messages from J. H. H. These instances are buried in a mass of my material from her, and I have not ferreted them out. She is an excellent psychic, whose work is done in trance, mainly, and spoken, her impressions being fluent and extensive, and the notes cover many hundreds of my short-hand pages. She did a great deal of work for me personally, both before and after the death of Dr. Hyslop, some of it most remarkably evidential, but she has given the sign only a few times and was not among the first to receive it.

As though to complete the record herein, however, of which Mrs. Sanders is entirely unaware, she asked me to call upon her on November 24th, 1925, which I did, as she had something she wished to tell me of. It appeared that for several days, and indeed recurrently for a fortnight, Mrs. Sanders had been seeing, as it were impressed upon her flesh in the texture of the skin, very interesting small signs, symbols or letters, which she did not know the meaning of. Some of them were like familiar letters of the alphabet—"X, for instance. And an M and an H and a B." Others she drew Mr. Sanders's attention to and he told her he thought they were old forms of Greek and perhaps other early languages. He has looked them up and found this to be true, but she has not studied the table of them that he consulted, and does not know what they mean. One, she says, looked like the loop-shape of the

eye of a hook-and-eye. She drew this for me—a correct Greek omega. She also drew the Chi (X), the H and the M in four strokes. These, of course, are the symbols familiar to my readers as those of William James, James H. Hyslop and F. W. H. Myers. I inspected the markings on the psychic's flesh and saw there some of the letters she drew for me, amongst them the H and the X. These effects came and went, she stated, and were not always visible in the same spots or with the same distinctness. She had no thought of such a thing until she heard an inward monition to look at her flesh, which she was at a loss to understand. Finally, on following the repeated urgency from within, she noticed these odd little markings unlike anything she is familiar with and certainly most unexpected, as she had never heard of anyone having such an experience, in her life. She drew me the pictures of about twenty-five of the different symbols she had noticed at various times. I merely told her I understood the pertinence of a few. There were no sensations associated with these markings. They were not consciously or mechanically related to any external pressure.

On the telepathic theory, Mrs. Sanders should have had the X long before she did, and it should have recurred readily, for I was familiar with it and receiving it from others, and it was much in my mind. The very fact that she has reported it but rarely, in comparison with other communications from J. H. H.-X through her, strengthens its appearance through her.

19: *The Sign from Mrs. Chamberlaine.*

The same remark holds true of its appearance through Mrs. Chamberlaine, who has given me much work claiming J. H. H. as its source. Examples of its occurrence through her will be found in the records of October 3rd and December 4th, 1924, later in this volume. She had reported it twice or thrice in earlier years, at long intervals.

20: *The Sign from Mr. A. Vout-Peters.*

One of the psychics who has received it by impression is Mr. A. Vout-Peters, whose work is detailed in the chapter following this one. He did not secure it quite perfectly, but he thought it was a "swastika," of which the basis is an X, as a matter of fact.

21: *The Sign from Mrs. Dowden [Travers-Smith].*

Mrs. Dowden's work is detailed in the immediately preceding chapter. She was the third person to receive it by a semi-mechanical means, using printed letters and an indicator, as did Miss Roberts and her

friend. Their work was done without the slightest reference to securing any message for the Society or for me from Dr. Hyslop, or anyone else, but when they were trying for work personal to themselves and their interests, and it was only because the X baffled them that I was fortunate enough to hear of it.

Mrs. Dowden, on the other hand, secured it in response to my request and in my presence, but before she knew who I was or whom I could be expecting to hear from, and while she herself was not looking at the letters on the board, but trying to eliminate herself from the work, so far as possible, by closing her eyes and turning her head away. My hand was not on the pointer; indeed, I was busily writing my notes.

If my presence be invoked to explain Mrs. Dowden's receipt of the symbol, what shall be invoked to explain the equal and even more astounding success of Miss Roberts and her young helper? Or of Mrs. Nevill?—bearing in mind the impressive fact that I have never met either Mrs. Nevill or Miss Roberts's friend, and that the latter was a total stranger not only to Dr. Hyslop but to his work and life. And what shall be said of the failure of others, here unreported, who shared precisely the same advantage that Mrs. Dowden had, of working in my presence and consciously.

Should the presence of one who knows the sign be referred to as an advantage at all? Apparently not, if we are to base our theory upon experience, and not upon *a priori* grounds and prejudices. The argument of Professor T. Konstantin Oesterreich, of Tübingen University [pages 49-50 of *Occultism and Modern Science*], that "the communications by which spirits prove their existence must themselves be verified, in order that their validity may be accepted. . . . Where this is possible, it is also possible in principle to ascribe the knowledge of the medium to telepathy or clairvoyance"—finds in this transmission of the symbol X a grave set of problems to meet. The sign appeared spontaneously in three instances before any one of the three knew that the other had received it, and before the knowledge was centralized in a fourth person—myself. The first to give the sign was, apparently, Mrs. Chenoweth of Boston, who got it in automatic writing, in trance, with no memory and no information of it in her waking state. Next, Dr. and Mrs. Bull had it by vision, without either of them informing the other, and not knowing what its pertinence was or being able to ascribe any meaning to it for some time after first seeing it. The subconscious seemed strangely reluctant to yield up its meaning to the

very persons who might most readily receive it or even suppose the symbol to have such a clue. It is known that the conscious mind has most ready powers of suggestion acting upon the "subconscious" content. Why, then, this coyness on the matter of the "X," when the physician and his family were amongst those who not only wished to but anticipated hearing something from their friend beyond the boundaries of death. Even imagination did not supply the clue to the oft-repeated vision. Yet the vision had occurred only subsequent to their friend's death. In my work with him, as communicator, J. H. H.-X has persistently endeavored to screen his presence from the psychic by ruses as intelligently adopted as they were in his lifetime to conceal his identity for evidential purposes. Mrs. Chenoweth, on waking from her trances into a subconscious state where automatic writing gives place to the spoken message, has more than once said that she did not know who had been at work just previously, someone who was disappearing promptly from her vision, keeping his back turned, and seeming not to wish to be recognized.

In connection with the giving of the symbol, a central personality is the simpler and clearer hypothesis by which to explain its recurrence. In one case, the vision of two and the impression of a third, conjointly, were required to complete the presentation of the sign [Nos. 7, 8, 9]. Of the automatic writers, three received the sign through penciled writing, in trance [3, 6, 13]. Of these, one [3] was apparently the first to receive a sign, and another [13] got it confused with my initial, in a message apparently intended for me, at the time when I was resigning from the Society's staff, and arranging a new course of activity. The sign was, in other words, intermingled with pertinent reflections for me, and yet the psychic was a stranger to me and my plans and I was not present. The third of these trance automatists knew neither me, nor J. H. H., nor the sign, and her sitters knew of no such sign, nor of the death of the George Hyslop associated with the giving of the sign in duplicate. They did not, therefore, know that they had heard from two members of the Hyslop family, brothers, with the duplication of the sign, and a possible reference to a third brother, "C.," in the automatic writing. But the further work of this same psychic, when I later was present at a sitting anonymously, showed immediate recognition of me, and presented the most remarkably pertinent quotation from the father of James and George and C[harles] Hyslop. [See Chapter XXV, Séance 27, Sept. 29, 1922.] Moreover, the sign X was repeated through this psychic in my pres-

ence, two years and nine months after its first and unrecognized appearance, whilst the psychic herself was actually attending a séance held for her benefit by a medium totally strange to her and to me [6]. The vision of the sign being made by the action of the forefinger of J. H. H. was twice given, first in America in my absence, during the course of a sitting held not for me, and where the sitter and note-taker were quite unaware that anything important was being done, save for the mention of the fact by J. H. H. in communicating on that occasion through L. M. C., who did not at that time actually receive the sign; though J. H. H. stated that he had been trying to give a sign of his presence and hoped he had made the matter clear, though he was not sure. The one to receive the sign on that day [10—F. L. L.] was actually present not to receive messages, but to record them for a sitter. Yet she was brought into the work most appropriately, for she had known J. H. H. in his lifetime and he had known of her interest as a member of the Society. This vision was, within less than three months, referred to in a sitting for quite another sitter, when I was not present, and in a foreign land, where the sign was not known, and only the fact that the two experiments could be linked up through my contact with both groups saved the very clever interlocking of the records from dead loss. No doubt many a good test lies buried in our own oversight, waiting to be rescued from the waste of our oblivion and ignorance. When one sees the cleverness and psychological dexterity of such points as these, she—or he—is filled with thankful appreciation of the persistent, determined effort that has yielded such matter as is embodied in the classical cross-references of Mr. Myers and this manifold varied and repeated mark, X, from the indefatigable Hyslop. He has presented it to those I knew well, knew slightly, and knew not at all, with equal facility; so far as my part as receiver is concerned. And he has manifested it and his presence both to those whom he knew personally as psychics, those who were his personal friends, those whom he knew only through correspondence, and those whom he never knew at all, in his bodily life, on earth.

After studying such a chronicle, it becomes difficult, even absurd, to go on referring to “the purported communicator.” Had one as good testimony of the discovery of the North Pole from an ice-bound explorer, obliged to dispatch his message by sledge-riders, over the ice to remote and feeble radio stations, relayed by a chance passing vessel many miles away, it would be seized upon, one ventures to think, by all the presses of civilization the world around in twenty-four hours’ time,

and not one, I surmise, would insert the word "purported" in the headline: "Messages from North Pole Received by Scientist."

"James H. Hyslop-X, His Mark," to me tells a plain tale: His clear mind and memory have survived bodily death; he is communicating that fact to us.

CHAPTER VII

SÉANCE 5

Medium, Mr. A. Vout-Peters, London, 5 P. M., July 9, 1924.
Sitter, G. O. T.

On Thursday, July 3rd, 1924, I made a personal call at Mr. Peters's home. The maid informed me that he was out of the city, to return at an indefinite time on Tuesday, so that no definite appointment could be made until Wednesday. I wrote my request anonymously, giving no address, and to avoid personal clues, merely designated myself as one who had known the late Mr. Sinnett, whom I knew Mr. Peters had known also. As I wrote my note, a friend who had called at the house with me, stood waiting in the hall with me. As we turned to leave, we noticed that there was a room advertised for rent, on a card at the front door, and asked to see it. The maid summoned Mrs. Peters to see us. Twice, at intervals, in our conversation my friend referred to me by my surname, but with a blurred enunciation almost impossible for anyone to understand who did not already know the name intended. Once she addressed me as "Gertrude," and I think anyone with normal hearing could have heard and understood that. My own hearing is extra keen, and I could not have understood the surname on either occasion she employed it, myself, though I was standing nearer my friend than Mrs. Peters was. The latter seemed to pay no attention to it at the time. Neither name came out in the séance on Wednesday. My friend did not take the room, nor did she ever go to the house again, nor did I, except on the day of the sitting I am now reporting, when a different maid admitted me, whom I had not seen before, and Mrs. Peters was nowhere to be seen or heard.

I called to keep my appointment at 11 A. M. on the 9th only to find that, unknown to his household, Mr. Peters had had a previous appointment for this hour, his usual first hour of work in the day. At the conclusion of an interview already under way when I arrived, he came out to apologize to me, stating that he could not see me at all, as he was leaving town very shortly for a vacation on the Continent. I ex-

pressed my regret, as I had come quite a distance to see him. He therefore said that if I would return at five p. m. this day he would put me in as an extra. [See Chamberlaine references, Oct. 3 and 30, 1924.] This I did with the following results:

Mr. Peters is a psychometrist, well known in Europe. He asked me for two articles that had belonged to the same person to be "read." I presented two that had belonged to J. H. H., one the box already used on July 8th, at the sitting with Mrs. Travers-Smith, previously reported. That, it will be recalled, was opened but not inspected by that psychic. The other article, a smaller one, was once used in an amateur experiment for which it was lent to Dr. W. F. Prince, but it was reported not opened on that occasion. The present psychic asked the privilege of removing the oil-silk covering, remarking upon the wisdom of having the articles so wrapped for carrying about. Neither of them has been opened until yesterday. It is noteworthy, however, that I have had more signal success from the psychometry of them wrapped than I secured when they were open, yesterday and today, so far as a reading of the actual objects is concerned.

A. V-P.: What's that they are wrapped in? Oiled silk? But so they are! [Approval expressed.] And I want one of your own.

(My watch?)

Yes, that will do. [I removed it from my wrist and gave it to him to hold. He covered his eyes with a white scarf apparently merely to shut out glare, as he could still see, looking down, or by turning his head back could look across the table at me, as I wrote. I could still see his eyes between the lids.]

(You work better, do you, with your eyes covered?)

Yes, 'tisn't often I do it, but I'm doing it today. I had rather a big personage here today, and to tell you the truth I got frightened. But I cleared the ground with this person. [Further remarks along this line not recorded. He held my watch in his hand meantime.]

First of all: you are very quick, very active, both mentally and physically. [NOTE: I am so regarded by those who know me well.] Easily adaptable, and you adapt yourself to almost any condition that you are in contact with, but are always all yourself.

NOTE: That I am adaptable is true to a degree recognized by others, and sometimes to their advantage, rather than to my own. This he could not have known, by normal means. It has bearing on my presence in his house for a séance.

And occultism and things to do with the occult are as necessary to you as the air you breathe, because your physical life has been one where you have had a great deal of disappointment. You have been on the point of getting at what you want, and when you have gone to grasp happiness it has eluded you. And it is only the psychic, occult interpretation of the physical life that in any way satisfies. This I feel very strongly.

NOTE: Also has bearing, interpreting "occult" to mean "psychic," as his terminology admits of its doing.

You take what I call a broad outlook of life from an occult point of view, and you would succeed in grasping the main principles and yet following after no great school of teaching. You are too strongly individual in yourself to accept one. You are too strongly individual in yourself to accept any one person as a great teacher. Because you would accept what they had to teach you, but you wouldn't swallow everything.

(That is true. I recognize myself.)

NOTE: It is this characteristic that led me, years ago, to turn from the various cults of the psychic and occult and mystical to the scientific aspect of that which they center upon. The metaphysical interpretations, fine-spun and hair-splitting and credulous, I could never accept. But the core of their being, as it seemed to me after examining many of them, lay in the psychic and spiritual factors manifest in their founders and leaders. This would not be a natural inference of the psychic from my introduction of myself as a friend of Mr. Sinnett, who was a prominent English occultist and Theosophist of the past generation.

One thing would save you from being too serious; and that is, you have a tremendous sense of the comic.

(That's true.)

And you can always see the humbug of people.

Now I am brought into contact—pardon me, did you know W. T. Stead? (No, not exactly.) [Was not sure whether he meant personally or by reputation. Answer therefore bungled.] Well, you have either written him or corresponded or done something in connection with him intellectually, because I am getting him here. (Yes?)

NOTE: I have both written him on behalf of J. H. H. and the A. S. P. R. during his lifetime, and had messages from the purported W. T. Stead through several psychics, since his passing. Mrs. Sanders, one

of these psychics, had had an appointment to do some work for him on his arrival in the United States, when he was drowned in the "Titanic" disaster. This psychic has more than once heard from him, and indeed got the impression that he had been drowned when the newspapers were stating that the passengers were all rescued. This I have heard from her lips many times, and the evidence was given Dr. Hyslop at the time, by a friend of the Society.

And something that you are doing in connection with him intellectually. Now, I knew him well. (You did?) Now, something that you are doing in connection with him intellectually—IT IS A GOAL. THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WANT TO GET AT, something you are aiming at. (Yes.) AND IT IS A BIT DIFFICULT. (Yes.) And it is something that you have got to use a great deal of tact, a great deal of diplomacy to get at. (Yes.) You will get it, only don't push and don't let people know that you are wanting to get this thing through—don't let them get an inkling that you want it. He rather laughs because you use two methods that he used to use: one was the persuasive method, and the other was rushing in at it. BUT YOU WILL GET WHAT YOU WANT, BUT DON'T BE IN A HURRY ABOUT IT. Curious that he should come here! But you have corresponded with him.

(Yes, I understand.)

Oh! I don't know what this means. But there has been a book published rather recently which has made you a little angry. I don't know what it means. I give it you. I will just leave it. (Yes.) Whatever the book is, whatever it means, there is something which is indiscreet. Can you understand that?

(I think so. Go ahead.) [Not wishing to interrupt.]

Something which, if it could have been kept—or something which could have been better edited. It is as though I wanted to get hold of a book and it is as though I wanted to blue-pencil something. And I am told to tell you this: it would have been far more useful had it been blue-penciled; but that has nothing to do with you and it is touching you on a side issue.

NOTE: A book then in press and since issued, but which I had not seen or had any part in editing, fits this description. It touches me only as a side issue and the criticism of it is such as a worker like Stead or my communicators would be likely to make. I could not place this reference at the time, as the book was only in press. It was not until February, 1925, that I came upon a part of the matter here indicated

as touching me "on a side issue." The book appeared three or four months after this sitting.

Now, I don't know a thing about you, but I feel this way: that you can write. You have a graphic, quick way of putting things, with an eye towards the artistic, but you haven't done your best work yet. It is very curious. You have a journalistic method of anticipating the future, as to what people want. And you have succeeded in your work, but you haven't done your best things yet. You have been keeping the pot boiling, but there is something big you are going to do later on.

(Good. I am glad of that.)

You get along very well with men, I am going to say, almost better than you do with women. Some women have done you the honor of being jealous of you.

Eh, yours is a full life!

Now, that's the past.

NOTE: It is not especially characteristic of me that I get on better with men than with women, though I get on well with people in general, regardless of sex. A few women, and men too, are for foolish reasons jealous of me, or seem to be. I suppose this is true of nearly everyone, however. I have little patience or tact with jealous persons when they manifest that particular trait. Possibly this is the explanation of the reference. Other explanations I can only conjecture, and they have therefore no evidential value here.

It is true that I have had a full life. It is also true that the two methods ascribed to W. T. S. are also characteristic of me.

I am brought into contact here with a man who has passed out. FAIRLY TALL. [Not caught clearly. I therefore asked:] (Fairly, or very?) Well, the height is difficult to get. I don't feel he is a short man, do you see? FACE RATHER LONG, FOREHEAD HIGH, eyes gray or dark blue.

[Wrong, but two of his friends have made this mistake in remembering E. A.'s eyes.]

HAIR'S GONE A WEE BIT THIN ON THE FRONT. [Wrong, but forehead was high at the corners.] Eyes large and expressive. Nose fairly large, nostrils full. LIPS A LITTLE FULL. Rather longish hands. ["Too vague for certainty."—L. A. See also later note.] I am getting into contact with him,—but a very alert man. Now I don't know what this means. I give it to you for what it is worth: I am getting

B, E,—E, B. It seems to me to be foolish. Can you understand that? Does that convey anything to you? [Correct as to E. See below.]

(No, I don't think so. I can't catch it now.)

Well, it may be only a cut-across. Sometimes you pick up vibrations that have nothing to do with you.

NOTE: Meaning that psychics do so in connection with readings, a fact well known to those familiar with mediumship.

Very long hands. Quick, alert. WHAT HE WOULD DO, HE WOULD DO WELL AND FINISH WELL. Very warm hearted, but I DON'T FEEL THAT HE WOULD GIVE WAY UNNECESSARILY. Wait a minute. This is awkward. He is really a warm-hearted man, and would be generous and kind to people he knew would need it, but HE'S NOT GOING TO THROW HIS WEALTH OR SYMPATHY IN THE GUTTER. Very AUSTERE WHEN HE NEEDED TO BE. But his passing out came quickly [snapping fingers to indicate]. I get a feeling of great heat here with him.

Pardon me. Who is Ernest on the spirit side?

(I think I know.)

NOTE: I cannot recall as I transcribe this what my idea was. It may be I thought he meant *earnest* until the following remark made clear that he intended the proper name. This does not link up at all with the pseudonym, "Ernest Ainslee," as that has been chosen since the date of this sitting. However, the real name of "Ernest" did begin with an E.

Yes. He has to do with the E, you see [given above]. (Yes.) But whether it has to do with this description or not, I don't know. [E. had. See later note.]

Now just let me get back to this man. Now: "Passed out quickly, when I did go." And he gives me the feeling of leaving a great deal unfinished. ["Not so."—L. A. See later note.] But, whoever he is, he's a man that comes very close to you. Now I feel that he would be a man whose wife is very much around you at the present time.

NOTE: She is. This is not the friend who called at the house with me last week, who had been my traveling companion on my journey over to England, but is not at all connected with psychic matters.

THERE IS SUCH A SPLENDID SENSE OF HUMOR, too, NOT SIMPLY LAUGHING AT SOMEBODY'S ELSE MISFORTUNE. Could be a little ironic at times. But he comes very close to you. Don't you know him, madam?

(I think so.)

Has he anything to do with this [article in box, which had been used in the Travers-Smith sitting of yesterday, when E. A. communicated.] (I think so.)

NOTE: Meaning connection with J. H. H., not with the article. E. has already appeared with J. H. H.-X in the early stages of the sitting yesterday, and E.'s wife is the only "wife" I was near at all at that time. The friend who traveled with me is a spinster, and my one other acquaintance in London, at the hotel with L. A. and me, is also a spinster. I am literally confining my personal contacts to these three at present. L. A. has had messages from E. A. and J. H. H.-X together, as I have.

Because, you know, I don't want to touch it, but it is attracting me psychically. (I see.) YOU HAVE GOT A VERY GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF THAT MAN. (Yes.)

NOTE: I have none personally, but Mrs. E. A. has several with her with which I am very familiar. One was described to her [anonymously] by A. V. P., July 3rd, 1923. See note following this record.

Whether it is here or not—I don't think it is, but—and you have a real good one of him which is profile or half profile, you know. It is not full face, as though I am just catching a glimpse of the side face. [NOTE: There is one such.]

He was particular in his dress, which—wait a minute. Nothing unnecessary. He hated to look conspicuous in his dress. [Wrong. He wore conspicuous dress. It describes J. H. H., however, as to dress.] But yet there was something very, very neat. [True.] In-nately a gentleman. Comes very, very closely here to you. This man, whoever he is or whatever he is, whatever he has to do with you, your thoughts and his thoughts would commingle. And when he was in the body, I feel as though you could get in telepathic communication with one another. [I never met E. A., or knew of him in life.] But I LIKE HIM—VERY MUCH.

NOTE: A. V. P. used the selfsame expression with regard to E. A. in L. A.'s sitting in July, 1923, already mentioned in an earlier note.

The passing away was so sudden. What the cause of it was, I don't know. It was so sudden it may have been an accident. I don't say it is, but it is just as though the spirit is drawn out of the body like a hand out of a glove.

NOTE: True. E. A.'s passing was very sudden.

(Is he young or old?)

Well, I get the feeling here of TREMENDOUS ENERGY. Tremendous! I don't get old age. Do you follow what I mean?

(Yes.)

I don't get the weariness of one who is old. I get the quickness and alertness of a man who is awake in every way. A VERY GOOD IDEA OF PLANNING OUT. [These points are excellent.—L. A.] He never did anything by impulse, and he has a very strong individuality. [These points are excellent.—L. A.] A feeling of being very loyal where his love and friendship was concerned. NEAT, PARTICULAR AND TIDY in his dress. EXCEEDINGLY CLEAN, EXCEEDINGLY CAREFUL IN THE LITTLE THINGS OF HIS TOILET, but he didn't make dress the only thing in his life.

I don't know why, I am trembling, with him. And that was a condition which preceded his death. I feel very sleepy with it. That rather bothers me. [Hand had been held for a moment on a J. H. H. article. He now removed his hand.]

NOTE: This is a true description, except that there was no telepathy probable between us in life, as we were not acquainted. At the time of his death he *was* planning out a matter of importance in his life. His death was sudden, and it left the matter unfinished. The personal description is commented on by Mrs. A. as follows:

"The above description is correct in numerous details, with several striking hits. But the misses are in approximately equal proportion, therefore it is difficult to form an accurate appraisal of the value of the description. One year previously I had had an anonymous sitting with the same medium, in which this purported communicator and the two others closest to me were described in a fairly evidential manner, with considerable detail and only a small percentage of error. The above appears to be an attempt of E. A. to strengthen his earlier manifestations, the most evidential point being the statement to the sitter that the communicator's wife 'is very much around you at the present time.' The sitter and I were stopping together at the same hotel in London."
—Laura Ainslee.

I get it better from your watch.

Madam, I don't know what it means, but I am getting B, B, B, B, to do with him. (Yes.) Again I am getting that B, E. E, B. B-E. (All right.) I must repeat it, as it is coming here to me. (Yes.)

There is one thing here with him: he would do things because he wanted to do them; and not because other people did.

NOTE: "E. A. was always thus independent."—L. A.

Didn't always say what he was going to do, but he would do it. He didn't wait only to be conventional, but he didn't like to be unconventional, to be notorious or standing out. He would be strong physically. I DON'T FEEL ANY WEAK FLABBINESS HERE.

I don't know what this means. I am getting it with difficulty, but I get the sense of going—sense of locomotion very, very quick. Whether it is in an auto or in an aeroplane or what, I don't know, but it is a sense of quick transition. Quick transport, moving quickly. [True of his transition, but not true of his manner.] He was very highly excitable, but he got his nerves under very strict control. [“Very intense about what he wanted, yes.”—L. A.]

Oo! The feeling of enjoying quickness!

NOTE: I did not recognize the personal description of E. A., as we had never met and I have no clear visual image of E. A. in my mind. The points, whether correct or incorrect, cannot be attributed to a reading of some mental image of my own. I do not visualize persons whom I have never seen. I do, of course, recall photographs of E. A., but they do not connote coloring, animation and character to my mind, in any vivid sense. It was only when I read the record over to L. A. that I secured any degree of certainty that E. A. was probably indicated here. The reference to “B” or “Be” could possibly point to the writer of my Preface, Dr. W. D. Bayley, a friend of J. H. H., also known to E. A. indirectly in life, who took an active interest in my securing these records. His nickname to a few close friends is “B.” He has been referred to clearly in other séances at which L. A. and I have been sitters.

Again, I am looking forward to life. There is no feeling that I have left my living and I AM PLANNING USE FOR LIFE. But he's already been back to you through a woman medium, or endeavored to get back to you through a woman medium. Can you follow that?

(Yes, of several.)

Yes, but one woman medium has—you know I feel, though, one woman medium has stood out more than the others. [True, but not recognized at the time.]

(I meant, of several communicators. I am trying to think which is nearest the description.)

Well, madam, am I not getting something to do with this? [Box of J. H. H. relics.]

(I am not quite sure. I thought so at first.)

Yes, well, I am coming closer to this. [Taking the dark article in

his hands. Pause.] I am going back a bit with this. (All right.) It is not a recent passing out. [Neither E. A.'s nor J. H. H.'s was recent.]

(I see. I understand that.)

[Repeated references to the feeling of quickness.] It is coming again, but I can give you no reason for it. (Oh.) Because really, honestly, I don't think it has to do either with a motor car or with a flying machine. Sometimes things come, you know, and you can't follow it. (Yes.)

This is a man that held himself very upright. (Oh?) He knew his own value. He was reserved. I DON'T FEEL A FEELING OF YOUTH, AND YET IT IS A FEELING OF LOOKING FORWARD TO LIFE. Can you understand what I mean? (Yes.) It is not young age, but still I DON'T RECOGNIZE OLD AGE, I DON'T RECOGNIZE THAT I AM FINISHED. (Yes.) I have got the wisdom of big experience and, what's more, AT ONE PERIOD OF MY LIFE I HAVE HAD TO GO THROUGH A PERIOD OF DIFFICULTY.

My body at times got very TIRED before I went, very weary. I get that quickness. If he undertook to do any business, he saw the end almost before the beginning, and although he wasn't necessarily very quick in his movements, yet he wanted the things got through with straight away. Do you understand what I mean?

(Yes.)

NOTE: Highly characteristic of J. H. H. Apparently a switch is made from E. A. to J. H. H.-X at this point, the two having overlapped hitherto. What follows is pertinent to J. H. H. and not pertinent to E. A.

He saw the things completed, and he would rather sweep away from details about people that wouldn't be essential, and get to the main point. I don't know whether I want to speak German or not, but I hear, "Es ist die Hauptsache, nicht die kleine, Hauptsache nicht die kleine Sache, nicht wahr?" I don't know whether he spoke German, or not, but I feel I want to express myself in that way.

(That is right.)

NOTE: E. A. did not, but J. H. H. did speak German. Moreover, his emphasis was always upon essentials and fundamentals, not upon the petty detail of life or upon personalities. Personal remark or pettiness of reaction to the personal was foreign to his mind, and it was only when the personal element effected injury to the main issue of principle or of character that he paid any attention to it, either pub-

licly or privately. He used the small things of life only in service to the greater. "Die Hauptsache ist die Hauptsache" expresses well his attitude, and would befit the work and problems we are now mutually confronting. "The main is the main thing."

His ideas are very big, but at one time he was hard hit. Failure in his life, or a non-success, because HE WOULD NEVER ACKNOWLEDGE FAILURE. Because he is a peculiarly conceited character. By the way, is this your FATHER?

(I didn't think so.)

NOTE: No trace of my father here. It is true of J. H. H. that he had big ideas, of course, and some of these he carried out in his life. It is also true that he was hard hit at one time in his life, not by failure but by non-success, and this is a fact known to but few. He once told me the facts in full detail, as I clearly recall. There are not many persons who could verify this point now. He was not at all a conceited person, but he had the courage of his convictions, which carried him through situations which, by another person, might be carried owing to personal conceit. The misinterpretation of J. H. H.'s character might be natural, but a less conceited person I have yet to meet. The ascription of conceit to him was therefore an error.

J. H. H. did accomplish things very quickly, and did see the end almost before the beginning of an undertaking. This alone enabled him to do the work of several persons and carry a tremendous load of care and responsibility alone, when his work demanded it and support was not forthcoming. He was not jerky or spasmodic, but steady and purposive.

Well, relationship or non-relationship, there is a mental, a close mental tie between you; tremendous. (Yes.) And this man has helped you tremendously in the past, and he is doing so now from the spirit side. (Yes.) I must tell you that. But he has a very peculiar influence on you, and it would be an influence of—no, how can I express this: an influence which would be irritating. And this is not you, but at times when you wanted to do things, a kind of feeling that you would get, to want to do them very, very quickly; [True] and if you couldn't get people to see from your point of view, you would feel irritable but you wouldn't express it. You don't let other influences affect you very much, but this man wouldn't be kept back. But as I tell you, it is not a recent death. I am going back a bit.

(Yes. That is right.)

WHEN HE SMILED he would alter—THE WHOLE OF HIS FACE WOULD

ALTER. (Yes.) [Characteristic.] He had had great OPPOSITION AT ONE TIME OF HIS LIFE, WHICH HE FOUGHT AND CONQUERED.* (Yes.) Well, there is always a joy in victory, but there was nothing mean in his ideas. [Highly true of J. H. H., whose victories were always based on principles, not on pettiness or personalities.] Now, I don't know what this means; I am giving it to you as a symbol;—but I am getting a black face here. Had he anything to do or any sympathy with the colored people?

(Not so far as I know.)

Pardon me just a moment, because I am getting—had he ever lived with colored people?

(I don't know.)

It is only a symbol, but I feel as though he had lived with colored people the early part of his life, I feel certain.

NOTE: In reading *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, Vol. VI, page 552, I discover the correctness of the reference to colored people. I had forgotten the definite content, but had a hazy memory that somewhere in the publications of the Societies there was such a reference by him. In 1912 he published this from his Aunt Eliza:

“Your Mother had a great many colored women help.”

His father was a great anti-slavery man, which no doubt accounts for the family interest in employing colored help.

“Negro families were dispersed widely over the Ohio country.”—F. E. H.

See also L. M. C. Séance of Nov. 6, 1924. And *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, 423: “There was an old negro whom [J. H. H.'s] father often employed in the harvest field with whom he used to have much fun.” This was in Ohio, in J. H. H.'s youth.

The farm adjoining Robert Hyslop's (J. H. H.'s father) once supplied the site of an old negro's house, and he used to mend the shoes of the neighborhood. [A. S. P. R. *Journal*, VI, 688.] “We nearly always had a colored family as tenants on the farm.”—F. E. H.

Because I know he was no longer a youth when you met him. (Yes.) [True.] This is something of a kind you have got to substantiate. He held a little bit—he held a publicity before he passed out (Yes) and he came very close with a big public. He ought to have been—I don't know whether he was or not, because people have often power and don't express it—but he ought to have been a public speaker. (Yes.) And he could put his ideas very clearly and very correctly. He could

* “May have a twofold pertinence in life of my brother.”—F. E. Hyslop.

write or he could dictate. (Yes.) And his word would come very, very definitely, clearly, his thoughts would come fine. And in his writing he ought to have shown a poetic and artistic side, as well as simply a fact side. (Hm.) [Very apt.]

NOTE: He was a fluent college lecturer and public speaker. He dictated or wrote with equal correctness. He published a volume of original poems and of translations from the German and many volumes of fact. He wrote or dictated his ideas very clearly and correctly. They were always definite and fluent, whether written or dictated.

He was fond of books, and yet I wouldn't have called him a student. That is a curious thing to say, that! [Pause.] [Manifestly wrong of J. H. H. True of E. A. Another example of Freudian "overlapping" here?]

I don't know, it is very curious; he had curious views where women were concerned. He had met a good many cranks in his earlier life.

(I suppose so.)

NOTE: Naturally, in his work he did, especially later in life. I cannot speak as to the earlier years, but he spent them in narrow orthodox communities where cranks often do flourish.

And yet he believed in women and women's work.

NOTE: True, he did.

Again I get that tremendous feeling of TIREDNESS. Now, it is a feeling of tiredness down the bottom of the back, down the legs. (True.) Look, I am wanting to [slipping down in a lump in his chair.] (Yes, yes.) And he was unconscious when he passed out. (Yes.) The heart was very bad, too.

NOTE: His walking was difficult in his illness, and he sat a great deal. No special difficulty with lower part of the back, however. His father had such difficulty.

But he's communicated to you through a stoutish woman (Yes) and given you very good tests. [True of his work through Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Soule [Chenoweth], both of whom were "stoutish."]

(Where? Do you know the place? Does he?)

Can't get it. You see it is the first time he's—(Yes?) and curiously enough I don't feel could express altogether what he wanted to do. I don't feel he could use her brains sufficiently. I don't feel

you have to guess, but she would have difficulty to grasp what he wanted to tell you. [Not apparently true, rather the reverse.]

(By what sign shall I know him?)

Of course that question always suggests something. As soon as I get it, I get a SWASTIKA. [Not correct, but the Swastika has X as its basis.] [Pause.]

He was a good conversationalist, though. (Yes.) Very good. (That is true.) But you came more into the latter part of his life. (Yes.) And I feel, too, as though you came into his life a great deal,—a little bit more after a failure. Can you understand that? (Yes.) [After the failure of his health. He depended on me more, in his last illness.]

Now at one time there was a loss of money. (Hm!)

NOTE: I had quite forgotten, but must earlier have known, that J. H. H. had suffered a monetary loss in a private investment of personal funds, about twenty-five years ago, before I knew him at all.

The eyes got bad, too, before he passed out.

(Yes, that is true.) [Not generally known in America and certainly not known in England.]

Previous to his passing out, previous to his death, there had been another death. There had been the death of a woman that affected him very much. [True—Mrs. J. H. H.] *НУН!* [said in the manner of J. H. H.] Wait a minute. Better now. [Leaning back, blinking, as J. H. H. did in his last illness.]

Now, madam, I don't know whether this is to do with him or not, but I am getting an unusual name, and that is Abraham. Was there somebody whose name was—whose name was Abraham, who was very kind to him?

(I am trying to think. I will have to find that out. I will ask.) Will you? (Yes.) Because I feel that you were not with him at the time of his passing out.

(That is true.)

Almost as though you were in one country and he was in another. I mean, there is a big separation where distance is concerned. But you have met a woman since his death who was closer in touch with him, I mean where locality was concerned. Do you understand what I mean? (Yes.)

I don't say that it was closer in touch mentally with him. No.

Again I am getting that B-E-, B-E (I know). Do you get that now? (I do.)

NOTE: "Bea" was with him during the hours of the night before he passed, the last one to minister to him while he was conscious normally. He was in another State than I, though not another country, when he died. The confusion of "B-E," and the "E" for "earnest" (in which word E and A are the first two letters and might have been used to call attention to the initials E. A.) seem to indicate the overlapping of the two characters, J. H. H. and E. A., in this séance.

"Abie" [Abraham], it will be noted, has the same sound as "A Bea," the familiar name of the daughter who was with him a great deal during his last hours, and during the last of his apparently conscious life she was the only person with him, as she was relieving the nurse from night duty when he slipped into the final coma. Even though he had subsequent flashes of consciousness, or may have had, she would be very much in his mind at the time of his passing and of course was very kind to him. This did not occur to me at the séance, but it will be noted that the psychic refers to a *woman* in touch with the communicator at the time of passing.

It is curious in these occult and psychic things, things are presented over and over again. I don't know why it should be.

(Yes.)

NOTE: "B E" had been given early in the sitting when I could not surely interpret it. There appears a possibility, however, that both *B* and *Bea* were presented, and there was an apparent repetition, when two persons were actually indicated by the same sound. Naturally, A. V. P. could not distinguish in the circumstances.

HMPH!

NOTE: This was ejaculated in the manner of J. H. H. I noted the psychic's seeming effort to throw off some control when he explosively made the sounds "Huh" and "Hmp" or "Hmph," highly characteristic of J. H. H. in certain situations.

You have some letters of his which you rather treasure. (Yes.) He wrote very well, and towards the last he got a bit shaky. (Yes.)

NOTE: His writing was clear and legible until in his illness his hand did become a bit shaky and difficult, before becoming quite impossible. He used to complain that writing bothered him, even while he was still freely using his typewriter.

I get a rather curious thing here: he would resent being considered to be old.

(Well, he wasn't old.) [Said in the hope of eliciting his age.]

Do you understand what I mean? (Yes.) Would resent it. (Yes.) But the head was bad before he passed over, very. He's quite free from the body now. The difficulty is, he is picking up the threads again, of the earth life, and bringing them together.

When you were physically associated with him, at one particular time in your life, you had been going through a great deal of trouble, and he would help you and comfort.

NOTE: True, his work was a comfort and help in that period.

I must break away from this. (Why is that?) I AM GETTING THE FEELING OF VERY GREAT SLEEPINESS. [Putting down the dark article he had been holding to "read" from. J. H. H. very probably was trying for direct control.] (Oh.) You know, it is as if I wanted to—I can't think any more. And that was his condition before he passed out. He was physically very, very tired.

(Yes.)

NOTE: True. He was ill for some months. A period of coma preceded his death.

Where I should like to meet this man—and this is my feeling—would be to get him alone with two or three sympathetic souls, and get him to talk. (Yes.) And you would get the wisdom which was really right stored up at the bottom.

(Yes.)

NOTE: J. H. H. was delightful in conversation with two or three sympathetic souls. It was a treat to listen or participate. One did thus gain greatly from his store of wisdom, as I can testify.

He had had a fall or he had met with a slight accident, which didn't cause his death. (Hm.) Just before he passed away or some little time before he passed out. Did you know that? (Yes.)

NOTE: A fall in the summer of 1918 caused a serious shakeup of which J. H. H. felt the effect and showed a scar for some months. It just preceded his general breakdown.

And it was one of the things that made him feel very tired. (Yes.) He was feeling, Oh, COLD, too, before his death. (Yes.)

NOTE: Coldness was a marked symptom in his illness. His circulation was always poor.

I don't know whether he was an Englishman or not, but I am associated here with England, with him. (I see.) Whether he was an Englishman, or whether he was in England, or whether he had sympathy for the English, I couldn't tell you, but I associate him with England, really. (Yes.)

NOTE: He had thrice visited England and was deeply interested in the English contributions to thought and psychic research.

He ought to speak more than one language. (Yes.) And express himself very clearly. (Yes.)

NOTE: He spoke German and could express himself very clearly in that language, especially in philosophic and psychological and ethical terminology. His poems were many of them translations from the German. He was fond of German lyrics.

Much has happened in your life since his passing out, and a great change has come into it. The rather impatient—the impatience which you had when you were a younger woman is somewhat calming down, and you are taking the idea of taking a central thought of something you want to attain, something you want to climb to, attain to, and you will do it. You are on the point of undertaking something new, and you will succeed in it. I must give it to you as I get it.

(Yes.)

You are not drifting much as you used to do. You have a certain set of ideas in your mind, and you will do it. Your courage has increased and you believe in yourself so much.

NOTE: Much has changed in my life since his passing. My work has expanded, my responsibilities increased in the field of that work. The trip to Europe, during which I secured this very reading, was a part of my new undertaking. My patience has increased, together with courage and belief in myself and my work.

Now that's all I get from them. [The articles given for psychometric reading.] (Yes.) And you can follow this?

(Yes, I can. I understand, and it is very nice. Very helpful.)

I am going to ask you one thing, now I am finished. Was he a writer? (Yes.) Because his ideas come so very, very fluently. (Yes.)

Whatever relation he was to you, on the psychic side of things he takes up a great deal with you.

NOTE: He has been in constant communication with me since the day of his death.

But—he's very neat and tidy in his dress. [Not especially so, in fact, but he looked after his own wardrobe as many men do not.] And I feel almost as if, if you were to meet him on the street, you wouldn't think he was a person of any importance. (Yes.) But when you once got talking with him, and you got rather intimately in touch with him, you knew that you was in contact with somebody that stood out from the crowd. (Yes.)

NOTE: Exceedingly apt. A very unassuming manner, but very superior mental grasp that adapted itself to the intelligence of his listener.

Children liked him. (Yes.) And older women trusted him. (Yes.)

NOTE: Children hung about him and were devoted to him. Older women trusted him and were often helped by him in their problems and difficulties, especially psychic ones.

And after he passed away, his friends who were very, very close to him realized how much good he had done in the world.

(Yes, that is right.)

Because there was more than one person he allowed money to or gave money to.

NOTE: He allowed money to several persons out of his very limited income. Many were friends who had been helped by his counsel and his work, as I well know from a large correspondence and acquaintance.

I am going to try this pencil. [Putting down other article.] Now, before I start, is this a different one? (No.) [Had belonged also to J. H. H.] Well then, I am not going to have it.

(I will give you a different one.)

But you see, I got into that before I touched it. [Box of J. H. H. articles.]

[I gave a letter of E. H. T. He put it quickly behind him, without looking at it. It was in an envelope, so prepared that he could gain no information by glancing at it, had he done so.]

It is very funny, when I am psychometrizing, I can't bear the crinkling of paper. Now, this [letter] to me is not so sympathetic as this. [Dark article previously relinquished.] It is a person that is

rather held in, a little bit more. I have to be a little bit more reserved. Very active. Kind-hearted, but reserved. Holding in very much. (Yes, that is true.) I don't think so quickly, or if I do, I don't express it. (Yes.) [True of E. H. T.]

I am very clear with the course that I am going to steer.

Now, I am going to say a funny thing here, to you: and that is, if you were English instead of being American, I would say that this was a Scotch influence. It is that reserve that one gets with a Scottish person. (Yes.) With the one set idea and purpose in mind. (Yes.) I am holding a responsible position, and what I say and what I do is noted. I have got to be cautious and I have got to hold in a bit. (Yes.) STRONG WILLED. (Yes.) [Cf. p. 102, H. T-S, record.] Good ruler. Very just. Before death I have met with opposition and conquered it. But again there comes a feeling of a passing out quickly, here. I don't know how I am going to express this: I went away without many regrets, although I was in the midst of work. But still I felt I had finished. [NOTE: True, and so indicated in conversations before his death.] I did not let my private life overlap my public life or my public life overlap my private life. [NOTE: Eminently and peculiarly true of J. H. H.] And when I had done my business or my work, or whatever it would be, I shut my door, would be quite a different person. I loved the sanctity of my private life and wanted always to preserve it. Really religious, and really warm-hearted. I would say really; it was not a superficial idea. (Yes.)

I don't know why I keep getting Scotland linked with this. Whether it was somebody had to do with Scotland, descended from Scottish people or not, I couldn't tell you. (Hm-hm.)

Fond of music, fond of colors and scenery. But humanity interested me far more than inanimate objects.

Now I don't get much more. Do you follow this? (Yes.) It is not so sympathetic to me as this. [Dark article.]

NOTE: Beginning with "I am very clear as to the course I am going to steer," the description reverts to J. H. H. and does not at all fit E. H. T. He did *not* pass out quickly, but E. H. T. is living, so that point refers to neither one correctly. J. H. H. was of Scottish ancestry. The whole description is *excellent* word for word. Music he was very fond of, and had much of it in his life. Colors and scenery were also a pleasure to him. Scenery especially delighted and refreshed him. And he had a keen interest, a fundamentally religious one, in humanity and its welfare and development. It was this which deter-

mined his choice of vocation. Hyslop is a Scottish name. J. H. H.'s grandfather was born in Scotland.

(Hm. I see.)

I am afraid I must stop. Do you know who had that cameo before you had it? (Yes.) Wait a minute. Because I am getting a lady here with this, fairly tall, rather a longish face, she seems to have dark blue eyes; hair is growing gray; nose not large; lips a little full. Rather a full skirt. Small hands. [Her friend, L. A., verifies this *in toto*; I never saw her. E. A. knew her in life.] And there was a portrait of her, I feel, wearing that brooch. Do you know her? (Yes, I know her indirectly.) But for a long time that brooch was put away in a desk, or never worn for a long time. (Yes.) Didn't you get it through a death? (No.) Well then the person before you had it through a death.

(I see.)

NOTE: Not so. It was a lifetime gift from her to L. A. The cameo was given me *after* her death as well as after the death of E. A., but not because of her death. It had been kept by L. A. in a chest of drawers for a long time, but the setting is entirely new. It was unset when given L. A.

On September 8th, 1925, I saw Mr. Vout-Peters at a meeting where he was the platform speaker and message-giver of the evening. The meeting was crowded, every chair full, and many persons present received messages involving reference to a number of foreign countries and foreign languages. There were several who declared themselves strangers to the psychic who identified their communicators. E. H. T. and I were strangers at the meeting, saw no one whom we knew or who addressed us by name. It was a meeting held in a Society's rooms where we had never been before and where there were apparently a good many who were also strange to the place. Our surname was not mentioned by anyone, so far as we can judge. No one knew of our plan to attend, and had any name of ours been given, it would have been in addressing one another by our given names. We sat several seats apart and did not converse. We received no messages. But at the close of the meeting I lingered until nearly all had left, E. H. T. waiting for me at a little distance, in order to tell Mr. Vout-Peters of the fact that *last* summer he had given me cross-reference with another anonymous sitter who had preceded me by a year. He was listening to my first sentence, when he interrupted with,

"Pardon me, is this Miss Tubby?" I thought someone must have mentioned me, so I took the remark as a matter of course, and said,

"Yes, it is." "Well," said he, "someone at the back of me here kept saying 'Tubby, Tubby, Tubby,' there have been so many people about this evening, and there is someone who was just saying this to me now, 'Tubby, Tubby,' so I thought it must be for you." There had been an interview with me printed in *Light*, August 22nd, so that it was naturally no surprise to him to hear my name mentioned, I suppose, though we did not speak of this. There was no one visible standing back of him, or near us as we conversed.

When I had told Mr. Peters what I thought would interest and encourage him he asked if I would write it out, as he would like to have it for a manuscript. This I did, posting it to him early on the 9th. I append my note and his acknowledgment.

"15 Cheyne Gardens, S. W. 3,

"Sept. 9, 1925.

"My dear Mr. Vout-Peters:—

"Since your communicator of last evening recognized me and called me by name, I feel that I am quite rightly breaking my anonymity, and it is a pleasure to contribute the enclosed statement of a communication which came to me through your mediumship last year, in July.

"It was just prior to your going on holiday and just following a briefer trip you made—to Scotland or somewhere fairly near. You returned Tuesday, July 8th, and my appointment was for 11 A. M. Wednesday, the 9th. I asked for this hour in your absence, and left an anonymous note to that effect at your home, on the 3rd. You had, however, personally made an appointment for the first hour on Wednesday, which your household did not know of, and my séance therefore had to be deferred until 5 P. M. of Wednesday. You had had several sitters that day, and you may remember it by the fact that you covered your eyes, as you said you had had rather a big personage there in the morning and it had somewhat startled you, but that you had cleared the ground with this person. Now, do you recall anything of the sittings of that day? If you do, can you tell me whether there was any confusion due to the overlapping of my appointment and those of two other persons, one of whom you finished with shortly after 11, and one who was waiting for the appointment at that hour, for which I also waited in the same room with him for over half an hour? I had a reference to the work after my return home, at a private séance, and was asked, 'Why did you change the hour? Was it through no fault of your own?' And was told that my communicators feared they had somewhat spoiled a sitting for someone else. It is difficult to recall, I know, anything whatever of such ancient history, but if there is any mental record you can give me, I should be glad of verification or negation.

"With congratulations upon last evening's work."

To which Mr. Vout-Peters replied, the letter being postmarked London, September 9, 1925, 10:15 P. M.:

"Dear Miss Tubby, Thank you for the record and your letter. No, I do not recall the interview one bit, or did I recall your face. I find in my psychic work that all memory of the facts (of normal clairvoyance) fade right away. And now is beginning a new phase in my work. I forget my sitters' faces. Your facts have all gone from me. Last night was very interesting to me, as there was a good quality behind the messages. I am a great critic of my own work and am always examining it to see if I can improve its quality." . . .

The following is the note supplied Mr. Vout-Peters, with the privilege of using it as he may wish:

In July, 1924, I went to Mr. Vout-Peters anonymously for a private séance. In the course of it, he gave me a personal description that I could not recognize. It came in association with matter that I understood, and I therefore sought its explanation with hope, though no certainty, of success. To my satisfaction, when I read the record to a friend in America, in the winter, she recognized it as to a considerable extent fitting her husband (deceased). He had communicated to her some of the same details and still others that were clearer, in a sitting she had had anonymously with Mr. Vout-Peters a year previous to my own. As I had not met the gentleman in his lifetime, I did not of course get the value of the description given me, which was not as clear as that given his wife, but yet had sufficient points to identify it. The communicator is one I refer to as E. A. And Mr. Peters said, "This would be a gentleman whose wife is very much about you at the present time," which was singularly true and perfectly identifying at the time. But it was only on going over the complete notes that other items were seen to be clear and pertinent. Had verbatim notes not been taken, we should have missed a number of supporting data, which is far too often the case in the reception of purported communications, and accounts for much of the easy skepticism with which such messages continue to be met.

GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY.

CHAPTER VIII

SÉANCE 6

Medium, Mr. Charles Glover Botham, Psychometrist.
Sitters, a Private Circle of Members of the British College of Psychic Science, London, and their Guests. July 11, 1924, 8-9 P. M.

On the late afternoon of this date, I had made my presence in London known to two members of the British College of Psychic Science, one of whom was an American, Miss Margaret Underhill, with whom I was already acquainted. The other was Miss Helen MacGregor, a private psychic who was to preside over this evening's meeting. They very kindly invited me to be present this evening, and I was happy to accept the privilege, as I had never seen or heard of the psychic and knew no one at the College who was to attend the circle. Miss Underhill and Miss MacGregor gave me their assurance that they would not mention my presence in London to anyone. I was acquainted with the officers of the College by correspondence, but preferred not to announce myself before I had secured further work in London.

I entered the meeting after all were seated, and no one spoke to me by any name, but I silently took my place beside Miss Underhill. She took from me the article I had brought for psychometric reading, and in an unobtrusive fashion slipped it into the tray of articles on the table beside Mr. Botham, who at the time was resting his head thoughtfully and quietly on his hand and paid no particular attention to what we did. Of course Mr. Botham *could* have observed the pin as Miss Underhill laid it in the tray and could have noted that I had passed it to her for that purpose. Beyond that, there was no means of identifying me in any way at all. A number of readings—fifteen or twenty—preceded mine, at all events, and it seemed doubtful that Mr. Botham would reach my article. It evidently did not attract his attention especially.

I may here fittingly insert the comment of Sir William Barrett, when Mrs. Ainslee and I informed him, under strict bond of secrecy, of my presence in London.

"London, July 3, [1924].

"My dear Mrs. Ainslee:—

"Yours and Miss Tubby's letters, enclosed, astounded me. Beg her to excuse my replying just now.

"I can't imagine why Miss Tubby makes such a secret of her coming. She is not known over here except by one or two.

"[Signed] W. F. BARRETT."

It would, however, have weakened the case had my presence been known to my personal friends and those with whom I had corresponded, as Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the A. S. P. R. for some six years previous to my resignation. Sir William was unaware of the number of persons whose acquaintance I had made, in one way or another, both on a previous trip years ago, and through contact with British visitors to the United States. So, though his statement has some value and I am happy to have it by Mrs. Ainslee's generosity, I yet feel that my precaution was the wiser position to take, in all the circumstances.

In the instance of Mr. Botham's reading, for example, he is protected from the possibility of having heard some inadvertent remark by the President of the British College of Psychic Science, under whose auspices the circle I attended was held. I was personally acquainted with the President, Mr. Hewat McKenzie, from his visits to the A. S. P. R. in New York before he opened the College. It can readily be seen, therefore, how much stronger any evidence is for my having remained quite unheralded. Mr. McKenzie was not present at the circle, nor was anyone else of my acquaintance aside from Misses Underhill and MacGregor, as already stated.

Toward the close of the hour, Mr. Botham picked up the pin, a heart-shaped silver setting of a moonstone, given me by my father in 1895, that has not been especially protected from wear or handling, for psychometric purposes, but worn occasionally and kept in contact with other pieces of jewelry having a different history. It dates back to the very early days of my interest in psychic research literature, long antedating any active part I have since taken in such work. I was a school-girl when I received this gift from my father.

Reading from the pin, verbatim:

I am contacting with someone who has a psychic nature. Rather an analytical frame of mind. An individual that wants to get right to the foundation of all facts. But an individual who, once he knew evidence, would have the courage of his convictions. An independent thinker of fixed views, and rather fearless in the expression of them. An individual whose nature demands change and contrast. I can't

bear the confines of just a home surrounding. Got to have other activities out and beyond that. Musical. Keen appreciation of music. A person whose nature would be affected very, very much by colors.

Necessity of an independent method round about them. [Pause.]

Would have the powers of organizing, themselves. (Yes?) Thank you. [I said "Yes" to indicate my interest, after the pause. After a long pause in which Mr. Botham seemed to be observing something, as he still held my pin, he resumed:]

IT SEEMED TO ME THAT I WAS WATCHING—IT WAS AS THOUGH THEY WERE SHOWING ME A SCENE. IT WAS THE BOTTOM OF A RIVER, AND SEEMED AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DRAINED. IT WAS JUST DRY. JUST THE BED OF THE RIVER WAS REVEALED AT ALL TO ME. EVERYTHING ROUND ABOUT IT WAS PARCHED. THEN, AS I WATCHED, I COULD SEE THE WATER BEGINNING TO GUSH AND THE DRY AND BARREN PLACE WAS JUST FILLED UP AGAIN WITH WATER. THE GRASS AND THE BANKS, THE HERBAGE, ARE GETTING GREEN. THE PERSON HAS BEEN RIGHT TO AN EXTREMITY IN THEIR OWN FEELINGS, EVERYTHING DRY AND BARREN AND PARCHED ROUND ABOUT THEM. THERE IS DISTINCT PROMISE.

Do you understand?

(Yes, now I do.)

NOTE: This descriptive picture would be quite in my father's vein in summing up a situation in my life in which he would take interest. It is an accurate little allegorical sketch.

There had been some difficulty in my mind as I had endeavored to see my father in the character description preceding the allegory. But the latter made it clear that I myself, rather than the donor of the pin, was the subject of Mr. Botham's characterization. It fits well in all its details. As to my "analytical frame of mind," etc., compare Mme. Girard, Séance 10, Chap. XI, p. 200.

Have you traveled much, madam? (Yes.) I am called upon to do a great deal of traveling, and that will come even more so.

NOTE: My only remarks at the séance having been "Yes" and "Now I do," it seemed unlikely that I had been recognized as a foreigner, though the fact that an American had placed the pin on the tray for me, if noted, might have created a presumption in favor of my having traveled far to this particular sitting. Had the question been, "Have you traveled widely," it would have been inappropriate, in my case. But I have traveled "much" in connection with my work, and as Mr. Botham seemed to have turned to my affairs, I took it that this

was a further leading in that direction, and wished to draw him out. Hence I did not parry the question, but answered it at once. To parry it would have been to reveal my accent, which in itself might have been in the nature of an affirmative answer.

The prediction that I should travel more has already been fulfilled in my trip abroad in the summer succeeding the one in which I secured this bit of work, when I visited new scenes and one country new to me. There have also been several short trips in my own country.

I have got a sensation as though I am sitting around a table with a group of people, discussing matters. Do you have anything to do with such people?

(Yes.) [I have of course sat "around a table" at many organization meetings in connection with the work I have just left.]

It is not just an ordinary table conversation, but it is something in the nature of a committee, or a certain group of people together considering matters. Do you have anything to do with such people?

(Yes.)

THERE IS SOME CERTAIN MATTER APPARENTLY IN HAND AT THE MOMENT. A fruition and good results will accrue from that meeting. DON'T GIVE WAY ONE LITTLE BIT, BUT YOU HAVE GOT TO PERSIST JUST WHERE I AM. [Meaning "just where you are," presumably.]

I am a sort of Joseph in this instance.

NOTE: The choice of this simile also very apt. For one thing, my father was named Joseph.

In addition, so far as my work was concerned, I appeared at the time to be in a pit while my late "brethren" were pursuing their "search" without me. I need not amplify the application of the simile. Naturally, I cannot foresee, any more than the Biblical Joseph could, what the outcome may be. I do not know what meeting may have been referred to.

Some ladies by your side; one old lady well in her seventies at the time of decease. Above the medium in height; rather broadly set over the shoulders; rather neatly built in figure. Her figure has given way just a little to nature. Face rather of a round type, sunken much through her advanced years. White, silken, fine hair. Ears small, well set to the head. Forehead deep and broad, a little fallen toward the temple. Finely penciled eyebrows. Light eyes. Features finely penciled and of a regular, fine type. I find a person that would be very, very firm. A little bit of a Puritanical type. Couldn't bear the Sabbath to be secularized. Brings me a peculiar sensation about the spine

and the back. Do you know whether she had suffered a great deal of pain in the back?

(Yes.)

Do you know anything of the name of Hobbes at all?

(No. I think I know what you are after. It is not Hobbes.)

[Mr. Botham took up another article and laid mine down, as I spoke, and lost the thread of my work. Could get nothing further. Apologized for having broken off too soon.]

NOTE: The description of the elderly lady is that of my MOTHER. She was of medium height, not above it, and her hair, which had been silken and fine, became coarser as it turned white. She was in her *early* seventies at the time of her decease, but looked older, owing to much illness and suffering. All the other details—there are nineteen others above enumerated in rapid succession—are correct of her. She had, from her twentieth year onward, suffered much pain in her back. Her maiden name was somewhat similar to Hobbes in sound, and the ladies seen with her might well be several sisters of hers who were close to her life and that of her family for years. Their names, or several of them, were mentioned at my sitting [Séance 3] with Mrs. Brittain, where my mother was one of the communicators.

My mother, moreover, was familiar with the pin from which Mr. Botham was reading.

Miss Underhill, my hostess on this occasion, told me, after the meeting had dispersed, that she had endeavored telepathically to draw Mr. Botham's attention to "Miss Tubby's article next," just before he took it up. But, if telepathy from her actually did accomplish that feat, it is most certain that it could not compass the personal descriptions or the proper names; for Miss Underhill is a recent acquaintance, knowing me merely from my connection with psychic research in America. She never knew anything of my parents, nor saw their portraits. She knew of my recent resignation and the allegory of the dried up river might have had some support from her knowledge. But it is, on that supposition, difficult to see how it came interspersed between the two excellent personal descriptions, the one of my personal temperament and character, the other of my mother's appearance and character.

The readings before and after mine were specifically so different that I could not mistake that they were for others than myself, even though I could not always see the articles as they were held in Mr. Potham's hand. In the main, the other recipients appeared as clear as I in their recognition and identification of messages. The effects were not general and blurred, but clear-cut.

My own brief message, it will be seen, was packed full of meaning.

CHAPTER IX

SÉANCE 7

Sitting with Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith, 2:45-4:20 P. M., July 15, 1924, at her home in London. Sitter, G. O. T., still anonymous, and with anonymity protected as before.

At the opening of the sitting Mrs. Travers-Smith spoke to me of the "Peter Rooney" communications to Mr. L. and how Sir William Barrett had written to Boston to try to find "Peter." I recall, but do not mention the fact, that I knew of it at the time, having written some of the letters for Dr. Hyslop in connection with Sir William Barrett's search.

Ouija: Johannes is here.

(Do you want articles again?)

H. T-S.: I hardly think so.

Ouija: I think I can find two people who spoke to her before. Would you like me to? (Yes, I think so.)

H. T-S.: Well, I will close my eyes while you spell their names. Bring them here first of all, Johannes. [Pause.] There is always this pause. (Yes.) It is very funny how this arm [right] suddenly gets quite slack—you have no sensation in it at all. You don't do the ouija? (No.)

Ouija: I have been asked to come here.

H. T-S.: Well, look here now; please don't begin spelling your name for me until I shut my eyes [doing so at once.] Now, will you try to spell your name?

Ouija: X [repeatedly indicated].

H. T-S.: Go on—first letter? [as though she thought nothing had begun to come].

(Oh, I see. All right.)

Ouija: J-a

H. T-S.: Go on, please. Try and be quicker than you were the last time.

Ouija: m-e-s (Yes. Right.) X

H. T-S.: Any good?

Ouija: H- (Yes.) y-s-l [rubbing the indicator about].

H. T-S.: Somebody is very pleased with something!

Ouija: -o-p [Thus far: *X James X. Hyslop*]. (Yes, thank you.)
Is G-

H. T-S.: Be a little quicker, please!

Ouija: -e-

H. T-S.: Do you think he might be a little quicker—or she, or whatever it is?

Ouija: -r-t-r-u-d-e (All right.) Good (Yes, I am glad to be here.) Any news

H. T-S.: Don't you think you might work a little faster now? [Opening her eyes.] Spell that over again. What did you spell?

Ouija: Any news (That is right.) X

H. T-S.: That is not very good work. What's he doing, rubbing X? (Good.) Do you know what that means? (Yes.) I don't. (I know. Fine.)

Ouija: Now perhaps you are satisfied with me. (I was, last week.) Well, good. Now what are we going to do? Have you seen anyone since? (Yes. What sort of person are you thinking about, a psychic?) I mean in connection with this work. (Yes.) Have you made any further plans? (I have one budding in my mind.) Good. Are you going to stay on here? (I may, if it works out, for a while.) I think that is best for you at present, but remember what I said about . . . [Reference to a matter omitted from my first Travers-Smith sitting, when she worked with eyes closed.] (Yes, I know. I will.) It would put a great deal of life into things, I think. Often a split does more good than union would. (Yes.)

H. T-S.: I wish I could think so.

Ouija: Tell me whether you have found any good material here.

(I have. Both in this house and elsewhere.)

Ouija: Any fit to bring out? (Yes, and I think I can get more. It is just a question of time and money.) I hear we want material badly. (Who says that?) I heard it from a friend of yours. (I see. Here?) Yes. [NOTE: I did not know L. A. had said this to Mrs. T-S.]

H. T-S.: Well, now I know. I don't know whether she's a friend of yours. I had an American lady here yesterday, and I think it was her husband speaking to her, who said something of that kind. It is in my conscious mind.

Ouija: I beg you to believe it was I who—

H. T-S.: I don't think you did!

Ouija: spoke.

H. T-S.: —You couldn't have spoken. I know who spoke yester-

day. That was [is] quite impossible. Can you spell—may I ask him? (Certainly.) Can you spell the name of the people who spoke yesterday?

Ouija: Three people spoke, of course. Ernest Ainslee and Oscar Wilde and I.

H. T-S.: Shall I ask? Not yesterday, you didn't speak yesterday.

Ouija: Yes I did.

H. T-S.: Well, I didn't think you did—who are you? Yes, yes, you did speak *one* day, but I don't think you spoke yesterday. (He did.)

NOTE: I had been told this by the sitter of yesterday and knew that J. H. H. had "spoken," though I had not the record, but he did not give the sign *X* to the sitter, L. A.

I didn't remember it but once. The other day you had been talking.

Ouija: Now perhaps you will credit me with a little memory.

H. T-S.: Yes, I do. It is better than mine, because I thought it was the day [the time] before, you had been speaking. I forgot altogether about you [yesterday].

Ouija: Well, now, let us get on with the business. I am very anxious to help myself as far as I can. (Yes. Thank you.) I have a very strong case with many people. (Yes.) Because my career began with so much incredulity. (Yes.)

H. T-S.: He was very incredulous in the beginning, if I remember. I think I remember reading a book of his, by the way, that made me laugh when I read it.

Ouija: Probably—

H. T-S.:—he says, coolly. He takes it very well, you know.

Ouija: Ernest Ainslee would help, also.

(All right. Good.)

Ouija: He is just as active now in the movement, as I am.

(Well!)

H. T-S.: Well, he did talk a lot here. (I see.) But I think just to Oscar Wilde [as communicator at the same séance]. I don't think he talked much about anything else—and names, and that kind of thing.

Ouija: Now can I be of any use over here to you?

(Yes. For cross-reference.)

I know. That is really a most important point for conviction.

(Yes. I will coöperate in every way I can.)

I will try to give you as much CROSS REFERENCE as possible.

(You have begun already.)

H. T-S.: I think it would be a very good thing if he would give the same kind of things. Ask some of the same kind of questions you have elsewhere. What do you think? Don't you think it is better to make experiments definite?

Ouija: Well, of course that is a very good thing to do. I can give X.

(Yes, that is right.)

H. T-S.: I don't know what he means by his X.

Ouija: You see that, of course, might be understood by someone present, but IF I REFERRED TO AINSLEE and Wilde, for instance, THAT WOULD BE DEFINITE. (Yes.)

H. T-S.: It would be excellent if he could do that. (Yes.) Splendid.

Ouija: Now, I want to give you further advice: is the Society in New York publishing still? (Yes.) Well, I think perhaps you might find it useful if I gave cross-references between their reports and your new circle. What do you say?

(Admirable.) [But I have no new circle in mind. Said to carry on the conversation and draw out the communicator.]

Ouija: Who would you be able to get as a medium?

(Here, you mean?) No. (There?) Yes. (Well, Chenoweth or "Salter,"—which?)

Ouija: On the whole, Chenoweth. I think she is more sensitive.

NOTE: Mrs. "Salter" is not working regularly at present. Mrs. C. is. H. T-S. does not know this. Her name has been published, and her sex is therefore no secret to H. T-S., probably.

(I see. How would M. B. C. do, also?)

Ouija: Yes, that is a good idea. I should try her first. (All right. I think she would like the pleasure.) I should like to work through her very much. (Shall I ask her to give definite time and opportunity once or twice a week?) Please. I should think you could not do better. [Owing to M. B. C.'s lack of health this proved impossible.] (All right. What was her first message from you?)

NOTE: The ouija writer referred to M. B. C. as "her" without any lead from me, as the reader has observed, above. It was correct to do so.

Ouija: Her first message. (Yes.) Do you mean where did she get it? (Yes. And when, if you know.)

H. T-S.: Surely you ought to know that.

Ouija: Let me think for a moment. [Pause.]

H. T-S.: Isn't it funny that when you ask them a thing like that they don't seem to be able to find the date. I suppose it is because the thing is lost and gone. They don't. They can't do names and dates readily. They can't do that.

Ouija: I think it must have been about two years ago. [NOTE: Wrong. It was longer ago.] *

H. T-S.: I should think measurement must be difficult for them. Don't you think that is it? (I should think so.) It must be hopelessly difficult for them. (I should think so.)

Ouija: I will look back and see. It might be a rather longer time, but as far as I can calculate it is about two years. Not less. (All right. It isn't less, I am sure.)

Ouija: I think it would be rather more. (All right.) It would be under three years.

H. T-S.: That's a certainty?

Ouija: Yes. Certainly not three. (All right. Thanks.) [Wrong still.]

H. T-S.: Now that is a little bit more definite. (Yes.) I expect they can't calculate as regards months, at all.

Ouija: It has been a very interesting experience to me to speak here on so many occasions. (Yes.) I fully expected that the mediums here would be very difficult at first for me, but on the contrary they seem easy. [Negatived as to the first occasion, by L. M. C., Oct. 3, 1924.]

(Good. I am glad of that. They seem so to me, too.)

Ouija: It must sound strange to you that moving to another country should affect us in any way—I mean your moving. It does.

(Is that so?)

Ouija: In a sense. Your atmosphere changes so much. (Oh? Oh.) Yes. I never had thought of saying that before. It is the first time. (True.) We have to enter into something fresh.

H. T-S.: It is the surroundings, I suppose, though. Is it the country?

Ouija: I should like very much to set Ernest Ainslee a test. He is—

H. T-S., laughing:—This is quite unexpected.

Ouija:—very pleased with what he is able to do. (All right.) Are you going to any other sitting soon?

(I will, if it will serve.)

* See pages 34, 35, note from M. Belle Cross.

Ouija: I will ask him to give you a message from Wilde which came to his wife. (Good.)

H. T-S.: If they will, that is a very good idea indeed. A great many messages came, though.

Ouija: I know one particular matter we discussed which would be definite. (All right. I will ask her not to tell me about it.)

H. T-S.: Oh, don't see the script. It would be an awful pity, wouldn't it? (Yes.)

Ouija: Just a small sentence would be sufficient.

NOTE: I have had no evidence of this that I have been able to place. On the telepathic theory, it should come readily.

H. T-S.: Was Dr. Hyslop very fond of tests? Would you know whether—(Oh, I think he was, yes.) He seems to be, doesn't he?

Ouija: Yes. What else can the human being depend on?

H. T-S.: On faith, I suppose.

Ouija: Faith is a very rare possession.

H. T-S.: Especially amongst psychic researchers, isn't that so?

Ouija: Especially. Would you like to speak to Ainslee?

(Very well, indeed, yes, if he cares to come.)

Ouija: Yes, I will call him. (All right. Thank you.)

H. T-S.: He is a very interesting character. I think the conversations between him and Wilde are very extraordinary—and very fatiguing, curiously enough. It seems to take twice as much out of me as the ordinary communicator.

Ouija: Ernest Ainslee is here. Someone wants to speak to me.

H. T-S.: Well now, stop before you start. Don't give me her name, please, because we don't want it. Sounds rather ungracious, but!

Ouija: I know. Quite shy. [It would be like this communicator to say this to me, and it would not be characteristic of J. H. H. to say it.]

H. T-S.: Well, we don't want it.

(Happy to have you here.)

Ouija: Glad to see you. (Thanks.) Did you hear about Laura's adventures with me?

(Part of them, but not yesterday's, and I am not to be told.)

Ouija: Well, yesterday we had a very interesting discussion. I find it rather overwhelming to meet Wilde at last. He is very different from what I supposed him.

(Yes. Is he of the type that interests Dr. Hyslop, for reasons?)

NOTE: Dr. Hyslop had been much interested in the psychic analysis

and cure of psychopathic cases and I wondered whether he had found Oscar Wilde to be such a case.

Ouija: No, I think not, on the whole. Now he seems to me to be absorbed again in his literary ideas. He talks of his work to me.

H. T-S.: I must see him then when he is not talking, because he doesn't say a word about his work.

Ouija: I should rather like myself to write from over here. It might be useful from a scientific point of view.

(Well, we will be glad to have you.)

H. T-S.: I really believe one could get interesting books from the other side from prominent people, don't you? (Yes.)

Ouija: You see any new experience added to what I learned while I was alive might really prove of service to science. (Yes, of course.) Perhaps when you go back you will find someone to try the experiment. (All right, I shall try.) I think you will have a good deal to do. (I do, too.) She always has a great deal to do, she is made that way. (That's true, that's true.) I think she would like to experiment well. (Yes, I should like very well indeed, if I could find a good medium for it.) Choose a good writing medium. (Yes, and a faithful worker.) Yes, a little regularity—(Yes) might lead to good results. (Yes, we will see what we can do, you and I.) I should be delighted to coöperate. I did not suggest this to Laura. (She might be able to help, I should think.) Not do writing fluently. (I see.) I fancy she could, she was making attempts yesterday. She has not the necessary force, just a little facility. (I see, would Chenoweth do, do you think?) I fancy so, if it interested her. (I see, any one else?) She can write fairly fluently I think. Did you ever try her? (Yes.) Does it come quickly through? (Sometimes.) It would want to, for every time the vibrations lapse it is hard to keep to the thread. [E. A. has never, that I recall, communicated with me through Mrs. Chenoweth's automatic writing. Hence his inquiry would be natural.]

H. T-S.: Now it is funny he should say that because—what do they mean by "vibrations lapse"?

Ouija: There is a certain vibration in the movement which is—I can't get that word—a slight help. (I see.) But when you get a pause at a sitting you don't mind; no. No, but argument is another matter. (Oh, yes, of course.) A little pause at a sitting is quite a good thing because this at best tires us. (I see.)

H. T-S.: Well, now they don't often complain of tire, not to me. Laziness, Oscar Wilde complains of, but not tire.

Ouija: Now, do you want to stay here, or are you longing to be back? I know all about it. (Why, I shall be very happy to stay here, I think, for a while.) I think you would probably find it more profitable at present. (All right, I will have to if I am going to stay, in every way.)

H. T-S.: Yes, indeed, it does make a difference, doesn't it? (Yes.)

Ouija: Plenty to do in England always. [This *may*, of course, refer to psychic research.]

H. T-S.: Indeed there isn't. There is more unemployment in England than anywhere at present. Do you know that?

Ouija: No, it does not interest me much.

H. T-S.: That is very nasty of you. (Well, it will have to interest me.)

Ouija: You could easily find some kind of occupation, surely. (But doing it, should I have time for this?)

Ouija: Enough, surely. A little regular work would get us on a long way.

H. T-S.: You have no idea how much time it takes, though. It is the copying out of things that really takes the time, isn't it? (Yes.) I envy you your shorthand. ["You have no idea!" Apparently my identity is still unknown at this point, for I should certainly be expected to "*have* the idea!"]

Ouija: You see we, Hyslop and I, intend to make a push about you; we have the opportunity here; for we do not forget the position of living people yet, we understand their difficulties.

H. T-S.: I am quite sure an enormous amount might be done if you would try and understand it. (They have theirs, too.) I suppose they have theirs, yes.

Ouija: Yes, we have, of course. Communication almost as vague to us as to you. (Well, we don't say much to you, that is half the trouble, I suppose.) Yes, partly, and besides that we cannot remove your doubts completely. (Well, mine are not any trouble to you?) Not much. (I will keep them out of your way.) More Laura's. She did give me a long catechism. (I believe you; me, too!) I had to rout out all my memories and dress them in their best. (Well, you did it.) I did some for her. (Can you rout out any memories for me?) I CAN ROUT OUT A GOOD DEAL OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US.

NOTE: My only possible contact with E. A. is through what I have attempted to do to bring him and L. A. into psychic communication,

through several psychics, more or less successfully. The answer is cryptically correct, and very cleverly put.

(Oh, yes, well that would be good, wouldn't it? Not that I doubt you a bit, that is not the point. I am thinking of other people.)

Ouija: But you do want me to talk about this? I know there has been a lot of fuss lately. (Yes, all right, go ahead, I don't mind.) I know pretty well why. (Why?) It really comes chiefly from the men you know. It is just a little unpleasant to have to confess that you are more sharp minded than most of them. That is at the root of it.

(Ah, ha, I see.) That is the psychological cause. (Yes.) But of course not the obvious one. (Well spoken.)

H. T-S.: He is very clever, isn't he? I mean he speaks so well, expresses himself so well.

Ouija: It is never wise to express what is [true]. [We laughed.]

H. T-S.: These people are not asleep on the other side. They are quite sh- [sharp]

Ouija: You see if you want to go back to other old conditions, you must try to appear rather duller than you really are. That is the keynote of the situation.

(I should think it would be quite unnecessary to appear duller than I am.)

Ouija: Not at all. Try to mismanage [dissemble?] a little.

H. T-S.: You are very amusing. Will you wait a little and give my arm a rest? Wait a little. [etc., etc.]. That is very amusing. He's been that all through. [Pause, laughing.] That is equal to Oscar himself. That is exactly what he would have said. [Interlude for rest.]

NOTE: Again in this sitting my name was given while the psychic had her eyes closed, as was also the name of the communicator, J. H. H.-X. I am perfectly sure that my name had not been mentioned to the psychic by Laura Ainslee, nor had I in any way referred to her being even an acquaintance of mine. I went to this séance, as to the first one, merely as an anonymous, unintroduced person. But it was quite true that I well knew L. A. and of her sittings with Mrs. Travers-Smith. L. A. permits me to quote the following from her Travers-Smith record of Monday, July 14th, 1924. In this case, the psychic worked with her eyes open:

Ouija: [J. H. H. communicating] I hear someone wants me. Is it Gertrude?

L. A.: No, Laura. Is there any particular message?

Ouija: Well I am continually thinking of the state of affairs in America, and especially New York. I want so much to give a new impetus to the interest that is taken in this. Can you throw any light on the actual situation at the Society now?

L. A.: Well, I think things will work out eventually.

Ouija: That is a good point. What about material?

L. A.: Very little, I should say.

Ouija: If funds are strong, why not import a little? I think this new arrangement will probably be a good thing in the end, for it means new life in the Society and I have other hope. Still it would make for strength. Will you try to help in this matter? I am very much troubled to think progress is [not] being made.

L. A.: Progress is being made, but individually rather than [by the] Society.

Ouija: Individuals are more important on the whole, but they should develop into the Society.

[At 5:10 P. M., after our rest, H. T-S. and I resumed:]

Ouija: Ernest Ainslee is still here to talk if you like.

(Thanks. I would like some light on about how long I will have to stay to accomplish what I must on this side of the water.)

Ouija: Shall I call Hyslop again? He really knows more about it than I.

(When you are ready. Finish what you have to do.)

Ouija: Well, I like talking, I fear. It seems to be such an admirable opportunity. I should like very much to give you some idea of conditions over here. (Yes.) Wilde and I have been discussing them with Laura, but he goes off on side issues continually.

H. T-S.: He does.

(I see. Well, we won't do that. Proceed.)

Ouija: Now, if you ask me definite questions that you consider need elucidation, I will try to reply. But first let me tell you that things are so different here, you cannot grasp conditions very well and we are tempted to put them in simple form.

(I see. Well, I have had a persistent recollection of an experience in sleep or dream that recurs. Is that related to a place in your environment, do you know?)

Ouija: I must try to imagine exactly what you mean. You get an impression of some actual event, is that it?

(Yes, of an environment and a group of people in that place together with me. It is hazy in my memory when I awaken.)

Ouija: I think probably you get an indistinct memory of what actually occurs in sleep. It is really a fact that it is possible to come out from the body, and at times meet some of us over here. Probably you actually discussed the very matters we are now talking of, and had the experience.

(I see, is there any way of my proceeding to make that more vivid to myself?)

Simply by desiring intensely to remember and making an effort after you awake.

(Yes, but if I do that, I should have to allow for that wretched subconscious, you know.)

Ouija: It is rather like a veiled bogey, not a living thing, so much as a thing especially constructed to frighten you. (Well, I think so, too.) Much less truth in it than they tell you. (That is my own opinion of it.) Memory of course is there, but you cannot dive into it and select; on the contrary, it rather overrules you and images are as indistinct in the subconscious as in the conscious mind. In hypnotism, of course, it seems as if images came through very definitely. But remember, you have the suggestion made as a rule. (Yes, I know it.)

H. T-S.: I am glad he says that, because I don't imagine it is easy to use your subconscious mind as people imagine, do you? (No.)

H. T-S.: I don't think so. But tell me, is it true what you and Freud say, that whatever we have thought of or experienced is actually written there somewhere? That is what we all want to know.

Ouija: Just as your memories are: it may crop up, but just as probably is dead and never will reappear.

(Um, that is heresy!)

Ouija: I am now a complete heretic from the scientific point of view. We really are very amusing if we could only see our own efforts to reach the truth.

(Yes. Well now I would like to be able to prove that statement about the subconscious.) How can we prove it, I wonder?

(That is what I am going to try to think. [Pause.] Memory: is it always perfectly restored under hypnotism?)

Ouija: Not by any means. It is as imperfect as the memory in ordinary consciousness.

(I am going to get Dr. Hyslop to refer to a case.—Ask him if he remembers it,—on that point.)

Ouija: I will, but can he give you any points that will prove? That

is the trouble. (Yes, of course, that is true.) It is so difficult to prove a will-o'-the-wisp, for instance.

H. T-S.: Well, he hasn't lost his sharpness of vision on the other side, has he? (No.)

Ouija: After all, you cannot catch it or handle it. You can only state that you saw it. (Yes.) Just so, materialized form from over here. It can be handled when it is a part of the human being, but the actual presence of the discarnate cannot be proved. (Yes, I see, in a material sense.)

H. T-S.: Does he know about the—of course he did—about the Schrenck-Notzing experiments? (I don't know.) Did you know about the Schrenck-Notzing experiments?

Ouija: Yes, I did, but I had not gone carefully into the question.

NOTE: I did not know this at the time, but L. A. confirms E. A.'s answer.

H. T-S.: Of course it is a fairly old case, isn't it? (Yes.)

Ouija: I could explain that phenomena [*sic*]. (I wish you would.)

H. T-S.: Well, we would all like to have that explained to us.

Ouija: Now can you think of a human being as a forcing-house for a spirit form? That is the case with such a medium. It enters in and forces itself through by means of the material which nourishes it. It is as difficult to find this quality as it is to find rich soil—far more difficult in fact. These people are exceedingly rare. Then the spirit willing to be seen forces itself through the soil it finds in the medium, and may sprout, in a rather deformed and elementary—

(Will you tell me by what perversity these forms resemble newspaper cuttings?)

Ouija: Certainly I will. There comes in your subconscious theory. I expect the medium had been looking at those cuttings and in the effort to sprout outwards the spirit form was choked out by the remembrance which was not deep in the medium's mind, so that this might be called a demonstration of telepathy. (Oh.)

H. T-S.: That is extraordinary, isn't it? (Hm.)

Ouija: It really was not fraud except in the case of the subconsciousness of the medium.

(They looked as though they had been folded and creased.)

Ouija: Probably were when she saw them. (Well, that is so. Never thought of that.) Quite likely.

H. T-S.: That is very interesting, don't you think so? (Yes.)

Ouija: How could she possibly use the actual paper? It would

have dissolved. (I—that is what puzzled me.) So perhaps you think my suggestion possible. (Yes, I do.)

H. T-S.: Stop for a minute, please. You will have to. I forget who it was: It was Mr. Feilding who said to Mr. Watts—Annie Watts told me this: “I don’t see, Watts, why these things couldn’t be regurgitations.” And I said how could Marthe Béraud spit out the image of her dead mother? It must be something special that gives them that power. Because Katie King never did such a thing. They were never more than three-quarter forms really, was it, and sort of plastic. I shouldn’t like to see it at all. It is very disgusting, I think. (I shouldn’t like it at all, I know.) No. But as a matter of fact it occurred when Marthe Béraud was under [“special stress and strain” was the purport of her remark as she was interrupted to go to the door].

H. T-S.: Who’s there, now?

Ouija: Johannes [her usual guide].

H. T-S.: Well, Johannes, surely they haven’t gone away.

Ouija: No. I will tell. (Thank you, Johannes.)

H. T-S.: I wonder, did I—I am quite sure I met Dr. Hyslop.

Ouija: Hyslop is here. (Is that Dr. Hyslop?)

H. T-S.: Is that, Johannes?

Ouija: Yes. James Hyslop. I want to make very definite arrangements about your cross-correspondence, please. (All right.) X (Thank you.)

H. T-S.: He seems to take the letter X. (I understand.)

Ouija: First while you are here I WANT TO SEND YOU A MESSAGE WORD FOR WORD. (All right. I will take it.)

H. T-S.: What is it about?—I haven’t finished, Elizabeth [to someone who entered the room, and retired again.] [Slowly came the following:] Ouija: Yes. Conditions on this side are not very unlike conditions on yours with the exception that time and space are practically eliminated. That will do—he said.

(Thanks. All right.)

Ouija: Ask for me definitely, and then I will give you this, if possible. [G. O. T. reads it over.]

H. T-S.: That is a very simple sentence. Not very difficult, anyhow. Well, it would be well to ask what medium he will give it through.

(It won’t make any difference to me. Well, will you—could you mention what medium you would give that through?)

H. T-S.: Whom is she going to?

(I don't know. I haven't decided.)

H. T-S.: Well, there aren't so many to choose from, you know.

(No. How would Mrs. Brittain do?)

Ouija: A simpler sentence would be better for her, I think.

H. T-S.: Well, it really isn't very complicated, you know. (All right.)

Ouija: I was thinking of Leonard.

(All right. I will try with her if I can get to.)

H. T-S.: It is very unlikely, you see, that you can get it with her. (Maybe they are going to make it possible.)

Ouija: Will try her. She is clearer on the whole. (All right.) Fedra [Mrs. Leonard's control] can get some sounds very well. (She an audile?) [Referring, of course, to Mrs. Leonard's clairaudient power.] Yes. (I see.) Better in some cases than Brittain, but Brittain is good for some forms of test.

NOTE: Mrs. Osborne-Leonard to Mrs. Laura Ainslee, June 4, 1924, may be compared with this. It is not "a message word for word," though it is suggestive of the same idea, in part. Fedra reported J. H. H. as saying:

I found the condition which so resembled the one I had left that I could scarcely realize I had left the body, that is, the physical body.

Also see references by L. M. C., Oct. 16, 1924.

It is most evident, from the Brittain record of July 4th, 1924, [Séance 3] that Mrs. Brittain is good for some forms of test. The verification of her "tests" has consumed more time and taken more attention than any other single record herein presented. I already had these tests from J. H. H. and did know that they had been given at the time of the present séance, although still unaware of the pertinence and value of several of the best of them.

(Can you tell anything I have had since I came to England, other-where than here?)

Ouija: Do you mean about the work? (No. From you or any of my people.) Yes. I SPOKE TO YOU SEVERAL TIMES ABOUT THE POSITION YOU ARE IN AT PRESENT. (You did. That is right.) I DID, AND GAVE YOU ANY ADVICE I COULD, AND TOLD YOU NOT TO LET THIS WORRY YOU. (You did.) Well, is there anything else you want? I had you very definitely in my mind. In fact, the whole scheme is there. I want to broaden out a great deal. (Cf. A. B. and C. G. B. and H. T-S. as already recorded.)

(I want to help you. I am going to ask if you can tell either me or Laura about the Little Lost Bride. Any news?)

Ouija: I will tell you in a moment. [Pause.]

H. T-S.: He didn't mention her to Mrs. Ainslee. (He didn't?) No. At least, I can remember nothing, and I am quite sure he didn't.

Ouija: She is not lost for long. She is going to turn up very soon, now. (Where?) In America. (Ah?) Yes. I am quite certain you will be greatly surprised when you hear about her. (Yes. Who will tell me?) That I am not sure of yet, but I will tell you a little later. This will happen before you go back. (Very interesting. I am glad.) L. will probably write to you about it. (All right.) ["L," *not* Laura Ainslee, however, knew the family—American, of the Lost Bride and introduced them to J. H. H. in his lifetime. Not known about in England.]

H. T-S.: Now if that happens, it will be very interesting. (Yes.)

Ouija: Of course I cannot tell time very accurately, but I feel sure you will be away when this news comes. (I see.) She is all right. (I am glad of that.) Nothing very sensational about her. (Is that so? Is that so?)

H. T-S.: Now I do hope that will be so.

Ouija: My dear madam, you are, I am afraid, in the position I stuck in so long. [Apparently addressing H. T-S.]

(Good for you, Dr. Hyslop! Tit for tat!) [H. T-S., it will be remembered, had said an early volume written by J. H. H. had amused her.]

Ouija: Well, Gertrude. (Yes, that is right.) She has a most difficult brain. No faith filters into her.

H. T-S.: Well, isn't it better, Dr. Hyslop?

Ouija: No, no, no. Better believe.

H. T-S.: But then, you see, I wouldn't have done the work I have been able to do if I believed too much, nor you, either.

Ouija: True. But belief is efficient (?) here.

H. T-S.: Well, Dr. Hyslop, you know I can't talk to you much more today, because I have got to do another sitting in about one and a half hours.

(All right. I will be on the watch for you, and the message about the Lost Bride and the other matters.)

H. T-S.: You let me know. (Yes.)

Ouija: I shall be very careful to give them to you. (All right.)

Ouija: We have had a good time today after all.

(We have. Thank you very much.)

Ouija: Good-bye, and don't forget the FRESH START.

(All right. Thank you.)

H. T-S.: He is quite definite about everything, anyhow. He is not vague. (No, not a bit.) Well, you,—does he hedge? Many of the communicators do. But you mustn't distrust it on that account. There was a reason for it when Oscar Wilde did that hedging, because he didn't want me to know. [This would also characterize J. H. H.'s prudent methods.]

NOTE: The promise of cross-reference from J. H. H.-X has been amply fulfilled, as will be seen later in this report, on my return to America. The references followed along my path through all the summer's work, in chronological order, in the main, and better than I could consciously have done it myself. I could not carry on precisely the experiments I had hoped for, owing to the illness of M. B. C. and the upset of her plans. Nor did I receive any intimation of cross-reference from the A. S. P. R.

I did not form a new circle, the idea making no appeal to me and appearing to me to be an intrusion rather from the psychic's own consciousness than from that of the communicator.

The manner of speech, "I beg you to believe it was I," is not that of J. H. H., nor are the suggested tests, save the symbol X, in his manner. The reaction to the mention of the Little Lost Bride is not what I should have expected of J. H. H., either, and certainly was not a resultant of my own ideas upon the subject. There has been nothing from her since, and "L," her mother's friend, has had no further word, as I learn by letter from her in the summer of 1925.

J. H. H. never addressed me by my given name. This error and the inferior quality of this séance are probably due to the conscious activity of the medium's own mind, now that she has discovered the identity of both communicator and sitter.

On the other hand, the intimate reference to my own affairs and problems is apt and more pertinent, in this séance, than it is courteous or necessary to explain, and items of which I am unaware are mentioned.

The information that E. A. knew something of the experiments reported by Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing was true, though I was entirely unaware of the fact. The remarks upon those experiments and upon the problems of materialization, upon the influence of the subconscious, et cetera, do not bear upon identity, of course. I include the complete record, however, that we may the better judge the pertinence of any future reference to this séance.

[See L. M. C., sitting of Nov. 6, 1924.]

CHAPTER X

SÉANCES 8, 9. [EXCERPTS]

8. Excerpt from the record of a sitting held on the evening of July 17, 1924, at the home of Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith, the psychic. Present, Miss E. B. Gibbes, Mrs. Laura Ainslee, Miss Gertrude O. Tubby, and Mr. F. Bligh Bond, for whom primarily the séance was held.

[Automatic Writing.]

[By Mr. Bond's permission, L. A. takes seat at the ouija table with H. T-S. to ask questions with reference to the death of Dr. Geley, the news of which has not reached H. T-S., who says she has seen nothing startling in the papers today.]

Johannes is here. I feel some person here who is quite familiar to me. It is Ernest's friend. Shall I call him? (Yes, please.) Ernest Hood AINSLEE. I feel Laura's hand here. Is she present now? I want to say that we are very glad to speak tonight: there is something we want to discuss with you. (With whom?) With Laura. Ask her to speak to me.

L. A.: (Are you aware of something that transpired today [yesterday] in which you and Dr. Hyslop would be interested,—especially Dr. Hyslop, but you as well?)

I have not seen him, but I shall ask him to come. I have not heard of anything new. I wanted to speak to you about something we discussed the last time you had a sitting.

(L. A.: Can you let that go until Monday and try to get Dr. Hyslop?) [Pause.] JAMES HYSLOP is speaking now. I feel Gertrude wants me. Ask her to come here. [L. A. AND G. O. T. CHANGE PLACES.] (G. O. T.: Here I am.) Glad you have come. I am very uneasy, as I think there has been some very great upset since I spoke last. I cannot tell exactly what this is, but I am sure it has been unfavorable, and I fear our plans may be entirely upset now. (That was not the same thing that Mrs. Ainslee had in mind, I think.) No, perhaps not. What I speak of has happened in America. You will hear of it in a very short time. It seems to me there has been another break in the Society.

[I felt under compulsion to hold the work to the line of inquiry for which Mr. Bond had kindly offered time from his own séance, so I replied:]

(There was something we thought you might wish to speak about at this juncture, because the psychic knows nothing of it as yet.) [Dr. Geley's death, announced today in the papers.]

I should like to help you with this, but what has filled my mind has been this BREAK WHICH I fear WILL RAISE NEW COMPLICATIONS IN THE SOCIETY and make it difficult for you to form the new circle you spoke of. [Not I, but the communicator had suggested this, in my séances of July 8th and 15th with this psychic. Cf. Chapters V, IX.]

(Can I be of service in the circumstances?)

I am rather puzzled now as to what will occur. I fear there is not room for three PORTIONS OF THE SAME SOCIETY. What I hoped for is that two might be formed, and eventually form one. But this may necessitate your return to America sooner than you intended, for I feel YOU WILL BE NEEDED. [This proved quite otherwise.]

(Who is responsible for this break?)

I hardly like to mention the cause to you, as I think the Society would probably prefer you did not know about it. It is a disagreement about yourself which will surprise you when you hear about it.

(Is there any specific name, detail or date by which you can identify this for us without impropriety?)

I WILL GIVE YOU A DATE. Ask about the 3rd July, and then the following: 9th, 13th. These dates were all concerned with the same matter. I should like to tell you plainly what I know, but it would not be suitable just at present. I . . .

NOTE: At a Board meeting of the A. S. P. R., held July 17th, 1924, the lease of the new home, a large private residence, as the headquarters for both the A. S. P. R. and the local New York Section, was authorized. There was a brief correspondence preceding this meeting, between the President, who lived at a considerable distance, and certain members of the Board who found the house and called it to his attention. The whole matter took but a short time in consummation. It would have taken the President, who came to attend the meeting, two days to reach the city for the meeting, and a day at least for conference before it. The 13th, a Sunday, would have been a likely starting time. I have inquired of the Secretary of the Board, but he cannot recall details.

It is, of course, entirely possible that this is not the matter referred to, as this does not involve any "split" or break or new complications,

and the statement that I should be needed proves to have been erroneous, as I anticipated it would be. There is no likelihood of such an outcome. No doubt there is room here for unconscious coloring, from the psychic's own knowledge of the fact that I had resigned, which fact had been published before my arrival in England, though I had not mentioned it to her myself. She had long known of my connection with the Society in America.

Mr. Bond addressed himself to the communicator, with an inquiry concerning his work on the Glastonbury script, several remarks being here omitted as not pertinent to the present work. Mrs. H. T-S. now opened her eyes.

. . . If I am to explain the process to you, I can do that from my own widened experience over here. I do not think I could do more than [than] help you with an explanation.

(F. B. B.: As to that, I shall value it very much, the knowledge of how these processes work. Here are these memories of the past coming back.)

It is a very special line of work in which the influences can recall past memories in detail. This is linked up closely with psychometry, as I shall show you. Perhaps we might have some talks together. I may say that you have a very special aptitude for telepathic communication that I presume helps you in your special line of work. X X

[This was repeated during the interval while the communicator apparently remained to attend to the further remarks of Mr. Bond and resume the writing, after the communicator had apparently intended to conclude and give the signature. Mr. Bond made several observations not here relevant and therefore omitted, and then said:]

(One thing more: I will ask you if you have very recently met anyone from our sphere in whom you and ourselves would feel a special interest.)

No, but if you have anyone who has passed over recently in whom I should be specially interested I shall inquire about this person and speak to you or Laura about him at the next sitting. I do not become aware of persons who have passed over unless I am specially warned and go down into their special sphere, or rather, locality. ["I do not become aware of persons" is vividly characteristic of J. H. H.'s manner of expression, but not of the psychic's manner normally.]

[Hereupon Mrs. AINSLEE WAS INVITED by Mr. Bond TO RETURN TO

THE TABLE where the automatic writing was being done, and received some purported COMMUNICATIONS FROM E. A., but nothing concerning Dr. Geley and his death. Mr. Bond thereupon endeavored still further for the same end, while Mrs. Ainslee remained at the table:]

(F. B. B.: Well now, if I were to touch the medium's hand do you think you could give us any further item upon that particular subject of information that we were wanting to know earlier this evening? We are wanting to know about a particular event.)

(L. A.: Would you like to try the OUIJA BOARD? You would have had it [already] by telepathy.)

H. T-S.: I want to shut my eyes, because I don't want to know what I am writing, if I get anything. I want to shut my eyes, because if they are opened it really isn't worth anything.

(G. O. T.: Well, perhaps it would be best to let Johannes go ahead, as it was planned for this evening, in the first place, and see what comes that way [*i. e.*, automatic writing].)

I cannot get anything definite except a kind of apprehension from Laura. Something has disturbed her.

NOTE: No satisfactory outcome of this effort, and the séance was continued by Mr. Bligh Bond and his communicators. He has very kindly permitted me to quote any part of the sitting useful and pertinent from the notes which L. A. and I took, in shorthand, during this opening half-hour of the sitting.

It must be remarked that there is abundant negative evidence on telepathy from the sitters, in this record. Everyone in the room save Mrs. Travers-Smith was aware of the reports of Dr. Geley's sudden death that had appeared in the papers today. Everyone might have been a potential telepathist in the case, whether to the subconsciousness of the psychic or to the actually present communicators. Mr. Bond has had remarkable success in securing from this psychic details regarding historical remains, of which he knew as much as any living scholar, and not all that he has secured has accorded with his own idea or that of historians. Of such as has, one of course may argue telepathy to the end of the chapter, if one ignore that which contradicts previous understanding or surmise, and if one ignore such a record as the above. As a matter of fact, such an incident is heavily evidential against chance telepathy, even in book-tests. The papers had recorded the accident to the aeroplane and the death of both Dr. Geley and the pilot who was driving the machine. Had we secured the name of Dr. Geley or other details that we knew, the ready interpretation of the majority of those willing to consider the fact at all would have been

"telepathy again." Such a failure is exceedingly strong support for some hypothesis *non-telepathic*.

For reference to this sitting see Chamberlaine séance of October 16th, 1924 [Chapter XV].

9. Excerpt from a sitting with Mrs. Leonard.

On July 30th, 1924, I saw Mrs. Osborne-Leonard for the first time in my life. On that day, Mrs. Ainslee had an appointment for a sitting, and planned to take me with her as note-taker if she could secure permission from Mrs. Leonard. She went into the house ahead of me, while I waited in the street a few doors away and out of sight. She reports that she said to Mrs. Leonard, "I have brought a note-taker, but if you would prefer not to have her, I will send her away." She had the purpose of making the matter seem unimportant and casual by arranging it in this manner. She has learned by letter from Mrs. Leonard, in the autumn of 1925, that the latter has no idea who the note-taker was on that occasion. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible in every way on that day—dress, manner, speech. Mrs. Ainslee and I had maintained strict silence as to our plan, and no one knew that this was a date on which Mrs. Ainslee had an appointment with Mrs. Leonard, save that lady and ourselves.

I did not speak to Mrs. Ainslee, who introduced me as "Miss Crandall," and my only words were, in reply to Mrs. Leonard, "Good morning," and "It is quite all right, thank you," when she asked whether the table, lamp and chair were satisfactory for my work. The two expressions I uttered in the lowest possible tone, lest I betray my American accent. Mrs. Leonard herself admitted and dismissed me.

In the course of the sitting, I said "Yes?" once quietly. At its close I left the house immediately, awaiting Mrs. Ainslee in the street. In her brief conversation with Mrs. Leonard before she left the house to join me, she assures me there was no mention of me in any way whatever, or in their conversation at any other time. There was therefore no possible leakage of the fact that I had been present. Mrs. Leonard saw very little of me, her attention, of course, being directed to her sitter and to the piece of work in hand. My position in the séance was obliquely to the left and back of the psychic. Had her eyes been open, she could not have seen me without turning purposely and noticeably. This she did at only one point in the sitting, making the statement I quote below, directed to me.

Mrs. Ainslee tells me: "The content of that particular sitting is a continuation of four previous sittings, with a discussion of identical

problems [by the communicators], the same type of intimate personal references, the same communicator, etc. Any of those sittings might well be called 'a conference with J. H. H. on matters of deep concern to you,' [as I myself, G. O. T., felt this one to be]. There is no doubt in my mind of your anonymity at that time. I think if you hadn't taken the notes the sitting would have been largely the same."

The séance yielded many references to problems and affairs in which I was deeply concerned. J. H. H.-X referred to two friends who had been of particular moral support to me in matters in which he would have taken a natural interest. But Mrs. Ainslee remarks, "The same general plan was adhered to, and a friend who had been of particular moral support to you was also a friend of mine." It is therefore clear that this sitting was not especially or peculiarly for my benefit. But there was one dramatic moment when the psychic, communicating for J. H. H., half turned in my direction and waved her arm toward me, her control, Feda, remarking:

It seems as if he's speaking to that lady a bit, too. And—

(L. A.: Well, I will be glad to have him. G. O. T.: Yes?)

You see, he talk to her not as if she was an ordinary note-taker, you know, like, you know, peoples does bring note-takers, Mrs. Laurie, that have got nothing to do with the spirit.

(L. A.: Yes.)

And he's trying to explain to me that you wasn't just giving her twopence to come and take the notes, you see, like some people do.

(L. A.: I see.)

But that she is sort of linked up to the work, too, and *his* work . . .

(L. A.: I see, Feda. Would he like to talk to her?)

He says, "I *am* talking to her." He says, "I have been talking *at* her nearly the whole time." . . . Mrs. Laurie, this isn't the first time he's tried to get in touch with her. No, he's been to see her, as if he has sort of been around her a bit. But it isn't just what she *has* done, but it is that she's going to do a great deal with these things that he's interested in. He feels that.

At this séance, Ernest Ainslee, communicating to Mrs. Ainslee, stated through Feda: "I like G." He do like Gertrude, do you see, but, you see, he can't get terrible excited about her, he can't do that, but **IT IS THROUGH YOU** that he likes her.

Virtually the same statement was reported as coming from this communicator, when he first appeared to identify me at the sitting

with Mrs. Travers-Smith, July 8, 1924, preceding the Leonard séance above mentioned, when he wrote:

"Not Laura's Gert!" And in answer to my question, "Can you rout out any memories for me?" he replied: "I can rout out A GOOD DEAL OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US," referring to himself and Mrs. Ainslee. Her interest in this subject I had furthered from the beginning of our acquaintance, four months after his passing. See Notes on Travers-Smith sittings of July 8th and 15th, 1924.

In answer to Mrs. Ainslee's specific inquiry by letter on this point, Mrs. Leonard, under date of October 26, 1925, replied: "I have not the faintest idea as to the identity of the lady who came with you last summer." I am the only person whom Mrs. Ainslee took with her to any sitting in the summer of 1924.

NOTE: On February 20th, 1926, at 8:10 P. M., Mrs. Chamberlaine received some automatic dictation, which she very kindly forwarded to me. It purported to contain messages written by Feda. A portion of it is apparently pertinent to the sitting of July 30th, 1924, which forms a part of this chapter. I quote:

Gentleman tells me what to say, like I was a dead one that must be still and words put to me. July 30th in the afternoon I saw a lady she came and stayed and talked to gentleman and he helped her—she is so busy writing things wants to help peoples—Put in the writing that Feda says whole heaps of people will be coming and coming soon trouble about splosion. I don't know but they tell me to say that—Gus [Gustave Geley?] here helps me too. I like him he makes me laugh he is always holding his lips between his fingers when he is thinking things and he thinks and thinks a long time and then jumps up and wants to talk to peoples he don't like waiting funny old man is with him has a beard and his eyes blink and blink—he cough so much that make him weak and bring him her [here] so tired he sleep a long time—Henri is his name. he always like roses so much Avergne where he sometime go. Gus know him—[hieroglyphics] [I don't know the pertinence, if any, of the Gus and Henri references, as yet.]

Mrs. Ainslee's sitting July 30th, 1924, ended shortly before or after one o'clock, if my memory serves me. It was not an afternoon sitting. It is true, of course, that "a gentleman" talked to and "helped" her and me, and we are both busy "writing things" and "want to help peoples" who are studying psychic phenomena, especially of the type that Feda represents.

In the course of studying Feda's sittings, it occurs to me that her repetition of the greeting "Good morning" several times as she opens the séance may be corroborative internal evidence as to the number of communicators she observes waiting their opportunity to speak before the séance begins. I have noted the correctness of this theory as applied to several sittings of which I have seen full verbatim notes. Too often such detail is omitted and we cannot get at the facts, as memory would blur such an item. I would therefore urge Feda's sitters particularly to note the number of times she says "Good morning" at the outset of the séance. Later, on studying their records, they will be able to check up this suggestion.

It is highly characteristic of J. H. H.-X to dictate to the mediums through whom his messages have reached me, as though each were "a dead one that must be still and words put to" her or him.

CHAPTER XI

SÉANCES 10, 11

10. Sitting with Mme. Girard, Paris, August 27, 1924, 2-3 P. M.
Sitter, G. O. T.

The conversation was all in French, the psychic remaining conscious, and at intervals pausing to write down for me in a somewhat abbreviated form the messages she had just given or the impressions she had received. I was a total stranger, being known as "Mlle. T." The English gentleman who made arrangement for me is a resident of Paris and speaks and understands French readily. The following is his letter to me regarding the appointment:

"Tuesday, 26 Aug. (1924).

"Dear Miss Tubby: I have fixed up for you for *tomorrow* (*Wednesday*), with M^{me}. Girard at 2 O'clock. She asked if you were French, and of course I had to say 'No.' No harm is done by that admission. I said the sitting was for a 'lady visiting Paris who wished to see if she could obtain anything to control or confirm information previously obtained abroad.' You are free to bring your friend if you *prefer*, but she said she had found that when two persons are sitting 'the fluids were liable to get mixed.' . . . I told her your reason for wishing to bring your friend (for recording purposes)—so she acquiesced in it. . . . I told her you had had great experience with important 'rechercheurs.' Your name is 'M^{lle}. T.'

"Yours sincerely, F——— S———."

Mme. Girard is a Spiritualist medium, as the tenor of her remarks will indicate.

On my arrival, Mme. G. asked if my friend was coming, and I told her that I had been unable to arrange it, so would try to take my own notes as best I could. She therefore assisted me herself, as it was difficult for me both to follow her and put her at her ease if I wrote. I failed to note it at the time, but I think that she held my hands while she was getting her impressions, which would render notes out of the question. The room was light and pleasant. I was the first sitter of the afternoon, though others were waiting for me to give place to them

in their turn. She seemed a sincere, earnest worker with a simple directness of manner that was reassuring. The following is the translation of her notes written at the time, in the intervals devoted to that purpose.

I SEE AROUND YOU "FLUIDS," VERY LUMINOUS, VERY POWERFUL. I see, also, some familiar spirits surrounding you with solicitude and protection. They love you because of your extreme goodness and generosity of spirit.

You have a mission to fulfil in your life. I see these spirits showing me the depth of your soul. They tell me that you are very RESPONSIVE, SENSITIVE, and even easily hurt. Occurrences are sometimes aggravated because of that fine sensibility. That is to say, there is a tendency to enlarge their importance. [Probably true of me at that time.]

On the other hand, there is another side to your nature, the masculine, which observes with much good judgment, which GOES TO THE ROOT OF THINGS with logic and with much skepticism; for you would accept only that which is palpable, and at the same time would require that it be the exact truth. [Cf. C. G. B., Séance 6, Chap. VIII.]

I see that you have warded off or parried a period of difficulty and that YOU ARE NOW IN A NEW PHASE where OBSTACLES no longer have power over you. One tells me that it is necessary that you have the living faith that moves mountains, for when you have attained to that faith all that you ask will be granted. You will no longer have the struggles of the earlier time to undergo and I have the impression that YOUR POWERS WILL BE USED TO HEAL THE SICK, but not, but you will do this only in special cases, not continuously.

You will have also to speak in public, not in lectures, but in certain talks from the psychic point of view. [True. I have, both before and since.] YOU WILL FEEL YOURSELF INSPIRED and will be given instruction, both for yourself and for those with whom you are associated.

NOTE: The references to my work, my struggle to overcome obstacles "of the earlier time," my talks to small groups on psychic matters, my moving about a great deal are all correct, and not of course normally within Mme. G.'s knowledge.

I see a man, young of aspect, PROUD OF MIEN, keen-eyed, and at the same time gentle. The mouth is ironic in a kindly, not an unkindly sense, a fine mouth that indicates that the soul is vibrant and very spiritual. He tells me that you are kindred spirits and that you will always be united. [A personal message affecting his family here omitted.]

NOTE: Mrs. A. B. made similar reference. See page 70. The military bearing and "proud of mien" seem to indicate the same personal carriage, which was characteristic. This is the "Henry" of that record, and a few points omitted as affecting personal and family matter make this clear to me.

He is neither light nor dark; his hair is rather brown with light reflected from it, and I see that he has brown, piercing eyes which bear witness to depth of soul.

HE DIED RATHER SUDDENLY, FOR I SENSE SURPRISE AROUND HIM. He chooses his words so that one may understand him easily. He speaks English. I hear his voice, full of charm and WELL KNOWING HOW TO PERSUADE THOSE WHO MET HIM, EVEN WHEN IT WAS DIFFICULT. He is a beneficent guide who does not leave you for an instant and who has for you such great affection and devotion that all your cares will be dispelled by him. His is a spirit so good and so gentle that one cannot help being moved by this contact so quiet. [Excellent characterization of him.] I seem to see a B or an R—I am not quite sure which. And I see passing before me an L. L.

He shows me that you do not stay long in one place. You move about a great deal. He shows me that he WILL TRY TO SHOW HIMSELF TO YOUR EYES. I see him working with the psychic "fluids" . . . He expresses himself in his own language—in charming words. His is a spirit very enlightened, very advanced, which was EXCEEDINGLY INTELLIGENT.

P, not B or R. Cross them out.

[I do not know what the letters P and L may indicate. L is the first letter of his home town, but there is nothing to indicate that this was meant, so far as I caught the French. D would be pertinent for him, but not P. The two are sufficiently alike in form to permit of the mis-reading, but this I cannot stress, of course. It is lame. The personal description, on the other hand, and the characterization are most apt. His family informed me that his death was a surprise. They were away from him at the time, as would not have been the case had the end been expected. He had not spoken of any feeling that he was nearing the end. For some years he had not been robust.]

11. Sitting with Mlle. Gourson, Paris, September 3, 1924. 1:45 p. m. Sitter, G. O. T.

This sitting was arranged for me by the same English gentleman, Mr. F. S., who had arranged Sitting No. 10 for me. Through her maid

he asked Mlle. Gourson to see me on her return from her vacation trip. My name was given as Mlle. T., and again permission was secured for me to take a shorthand writer with me if I could find one, but I could not. I therefore took the notes myself in longhand, in a somewhat rough and abbreviated fashion, as follows:

You are a medium. [Took my hands for a moment.] You have strong "FLUIDS," BOTH HEALING AND INSPIRATIONAL GIFTS. YOU WILL GAIN CLAIRVOYANCE. Maybe you write a little also, automatically. I am not sure. (I understand.) You have many around you, ONE ESPECIALLY WHO PROTECTS YOU, a man whose head appears over yours. A very PLEASING face and MANNER, and bow [hand out from forehead in gesture]. A broad, fine forehead. A MAN OF ATTAINMENTS, scholarly or intellectual, very fond of you and has been always near you since he went. . . . I get that impression.

You have had many UPS AND DOWNS AND STRUGGLES IN YOUR LIFE, MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS IN ARRIVING AT YOUR GOAL . . . [personal and irrelevant predictions]. A woman near you in the spirit too, but I cannot see her as plainly.

There is a CHARLES near you, and a THOMAS. [Charles is the person she had described.]

NOTE: The power seemed to be as strong as before, but she remarked at this point that she was becoming a little fatigued. Would I like to ask her any question before she closed? I said I would give her an article to hold and read from if she would. She asked if it had to do with the person she had just been speaking of and describing. I said, "No." So she paused to make a few more remarks about him, not recorded, because of difficulty in listening and replying in French. Then she took the box I had brought with me containing articles of J. H. H.'s, the same box that I had used with Mr. Vout-Peters and Mrs. Travers-Smith. In reply to my inquiry, she said that she preferred that I remove the wrapper and strings. I did so and she lifted the lid partly off and put her hands on the articles within, without looking at them. She asked me if it was for this person that I came really. I hesitated in my reply, and stumbled in my French. She went on to say that it was not for myself that I came, but for this person that the séance had been sought. I said both "Yes" and "No," and she went on to describe the owner of the articles as though alive. From this point on, my notes were jotted as she spoke, my hands being free. This part of the sitting began at 2 P. M. I give my fragmentary notes as they run:

PAIN, GRIEF, SADNESS. IT IS YOU WHO WOULD KNOW THIS, NOT HE.

A voyage for him. He is not very well, suffering, unquiet, disturbed. Investigation. [Hands on the object in the box with lid off. Face turned aside. Voices in the hall. The maid admitting someone.] There are men about him who are not good for him, WHO MAKE OBSTACLES FOR THE SITUATION. [Precisely true of the "situation."] Have you known him a long time? (Yes.) . . . Much friendliness for you. Very devoted, very honest. (Yes.) He is too much of one piece, NOT PLIANT. [Compare A. V-P. and H. T-S. as to "obstinacy."] He is not a good courtier. "'Tis *thus*, and *so*." That is his manner of speaking. (Yes.) ["Distinctly characteristic."—F. E. H. True characterization of J. H. H.] There is some success for him. He has two enemies. He is not always politic. There is someone who is most politic about him. Have you a question? (Yes. I should like a sign.) [No response.]

Description: Mental and moral faculties. [He was strongly endowed in both.] Trouble with the stomach. [True of J. H. H. for years.] Very, very nervous and not always patient. Quick, not malicious. [True, he was nervous in his illness, but normally most patient, though naturally quick.] But very quickly packed up.

NOTE: The articles in the box had been removed from his person quickly and packed away just prior to his own removal to his summer home. I had gathered them quickly and packed them in the box they were contained in just as he had worn them, and without anyone else having touched them until his daughter and I chose them for this purpose on the day of his death. I regret that I could not catch every word of the French, which might have yielded further points in this connection. The characterization is a good one, as J. H. H.'s friends will recognize.

He is gray, not white, not dark, neither light nor dark. [True, brown-gray hair.] High forehead. HE SUFFERED WITH HIS HEAD, filled with many plans and affairs. Very active. Ambitious. Great success, great success. CROSS WHEN CROSS. A very friendly smile. A pleasing smile. AMIABLE FACE WHEN HE SMILED. Very, very friendly feeling for you, madame. (Oh?) *Vous le savez?* (Yes.) Sincere, devoted. A great success for him. IN SOME THINGS IT IS NECESSARY TO GO STRAIGHT AHEAD, WITHOUT FEAR. He could not be more successful. HE PASSES OVER ALL OBSTACLES. A large nature. [A few words undecipherable.]

He goes to a place like a château. Later he will live there. There is to be a death, good for him in the matter of possessions in the future.

I see a project—I don't think he has demanded you in marriage—(No.) I didn't see it.

NOTE: The above paragraph entirely and utterly irrelevant. Possibly some intrusion from work to be given a waiting sitter. She evidently mistakes the owner of the packet for a living person. These remarks about property, etc., are wide of the mark, but the description of his nature is good characterization, the description of the effect of his smile especially so. He was markedly sombre except when smiling.

You have a lady near you who is not young, not a mother—perhaps between the two. Gray hair. Her heart a little tired. [True of a friend with me in Paris, but I did not know until a year or more afterward that her heart was a little tired.]

The owner of the packet had much trouble. A great road before him and great success. A very good situation for him. A true friend to you. You have a friendly feeling. He is thinking of you at this moment. I don't know if you have heard from him. You mayn't have seen him for some time, but I think you will see him soon, perhaps in a few months. I see Egypt. Someone in Egypt perhaps who is thinking of him. [No possibility of verification.]

Books he made. Spiritualistic books, inspired. A medium. He was a poet. He wrote in prose, maybe, but he was inspired. Useful things, good for him and good for others. He lives to be old, sustained by the spirits.

A priest, or pastor, or religious man here, and a woman. V or M. Eva or Emma about him, sustaining there.

NOTE: It is of course true that J. H. H. "made books," and she no doubt would have called them "spiritualistic," as they concerned psychic matters. He wrote many "useful things" along this line, concerning matters which served both him and others in the understanding of psychic problems. And he also wrote poetry, as A. V. P. had mentioned in his séance in July. But he most certainly was *not* a medium in any accepted sense of the term. And he did not live to be old, having died in his sixties.

The priest, or pastor, could indicate my communicator at the A. B. sitting, my maternal grandfather. And the Emma is possibly the same one associated with Mary in the A. B. sitting. This would be the same group, so far as it goes, that did give evidence at the A. B. sitting, where reference to J. H. H.'s family proved he had been active, and where Mary and Emma and the "religious man" were clearly mentioned. It is much to be regretted that I could not more fully detail

the import of this sitting, as there are sufficient indications of pertinence.

I do not understand the reference to Egypt. And of course it was true that I had not seen J. H. H. for some time, but equally was it untrue that I should see him in a few months. He did have "much trouble" together with "great success" which he achieved before his death. He was a true friend to me, and unless I am mistaken in my interpretation of these records, he still is.

CHAPTER XII

SÉANCE 12

Excerpts from the record of a sitting with Mrs. C. G. Sanders, 8:55 P. M., September 22, 1924, six days after my return from the three months spent in Europe, during which I collected the preceding foreign reports.

C. G. S. rested a few minutes, before the séance. Presently she remarked:

As I lay there resting, I got Tom or THOMAS or Thompson. And then seemed like there was a man that had fallen down-stairs in the home.

NOTE: I cannot place any such accident. The name Thomas, however, was that of my grandfather's half-brother, and my grandfather and the name Thomas both came into the A. B. sitting [Séance 3]. The name Thomas also came through at my Mlle. G. sitting [Séance 11] in Paris. The persistence of the recurrence is interesting. The name is such a familiar one that it might be supposed to be slipped in often by accident due to the underlying consciousness of the psychics, but the curious thing is that it has not done so before, although I have been at this sort of work for fifteen years, at the time of the present record. Why should "Thomas" crop up all unexplained three times in one summer? I have no clew to the answer. The name has cropped up very seldom in all my years of experience, and never with the present close recurrence.

At 9:25, C. G. S. blindfolded herself, preparatory to her regular trance, which she does merely to exclude the light from her eyes, for her own ease. There is no other point in it. She does no automatic writing in trance. After a reference and a prediction as to the A. S. P. R. she proceeded, still quite conscious:

[The Voice] says like, "The pendulum will swing back." I don't know from what condition. (Hm.) I hear a name that sounds like Hervey or Harvey. . . . Grandfather, (Yes?)—I don't know if it is George. It says, "*And George.*" [Cf. p. 128.]

NOTE: Hervey is J. H. H.'s middle name. I learn from F. E. H.

that their grandfather Hyslop's name was George, a fact which I did not know. They have also a brother of that name, deceased, who may be indicated as also present, by the emphasized "and."

Dr. Hyslop now is present. (Hm.) Is speaking something about his signature. THAT HIS SIGNATURE IS TOO SOMETHING THAT HE IS TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO YOU.

(Yes.) [Said merely as a response.]

That his signature has been given or is on something that seems to give you strength and recognition or evidence in some way. Seems as if you are to use that or, like, to depend upon that. (Hm.) You can put it down. That is what he wants me to tell you.

(Good.)

[C. G. S. here made two marks [X?] on the pillow on her lap, with her finger. I did not watch them, but heard the sound of them.]

(Do that again.)

[C. G. S. drew then two parallel straight marks, thus //.] (Thanks.)

NOTE: This, of course, is not the X. I am sorry I did not observe the first time, but I was taken unawares and was busy with my notes. The signature of J. H. H. reproduced from the L. M. C. sitting [Séance 20] and the X given earlier in that same séance by L. M. C. were as yet, of course, not in hand, and I did not divine what the present statement implied. There may have been other good attempts at the Hyslop signature, but I have seen none as impressive as the one reproduced for illustration on page 314. Mrs. Chamberlaine has seen Myers's lifetime signature in facsimile, but has not read any reference to Mr. Myers's sign, the M made with four straight strokes. Her approximation to both the Myers signatures on December 4, 1924, was immediately followed by the Hyslop signature, which is, as can be observed in the illustration, a decided contrast. She has never seen either an original or a facsimile of the Hyslop signature. The same is true of Dr. Geley's signature, which she roughly approximated at this séance, also.

[C. G. S. now gave certain references pertinent to the A. S. P. R. and to those then responsible in it and their point of view as related to J. H. H.'s; predictions also as to my own future work and hers, omitted.]

Dr. Hyslop wants to send a message. He's calling somebody Charlie. (Yes.) Charles H. has been made one of us, in his new body.

(How new is it?) [Pause, as for reply.] Two days. (Two days.) Two days, a year.

(Oh. I don't understand just exactly. I will get that later.)
[Pause.] (Charles H— is that H. his last name?)

"*Doctor Charles*," he says, *Doctor Charles*. Doc. You know it, don't you?

(Oh, yes.)

NOTE: I had had reference to three Charles H.'s at the A. B. sitting [Séance 3] and to one of them, who was "Doctor Charles" in the Mlle. Gourson sitting [Séance 11]. To neither of these, however, does "two days, a year" apply in any way whatever. I thought the remark some wandering subconscious effect until, on December 1st, 1925, more than a year later, it flashed upon my mind that a "Doctor Charles H.," who was personally acquainted with J. H. H. in their lifetime, was clearly indicated. He was a physician interested in the problems of psychic healing, and he died just *three* days less than a year before the date of this C. G. S. sitting. She had had other messages from him to his wife before she knew of his death. I was aware of this fact, and should have recognized readily who was meant, by the communicator's precise reference, for I had been present at his funeral and could recall the approximate date. I have verified this anew, by the courtesy of Mrs. H. He lapsed into coma two days less than a year before this séance.

Dr. Hyslop speaks to tell you that he was with you; and you think of the message or a SYMBOL, SOMETHING HE GOT THROUGH TO YOU WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, that was of scattering, that dropped; [as from her fingers in the air], you see?—(Hm.)—of the incense, or the dropping of something. You catch it, now! He wants you to get it through, to understand it. (I see.) That he has tried to give you a message of his identity, and that was what was done. (Yes?) Like it was he that did that, or that was the message or symbol. (I see.) Something, that was like it was dropping or came down. Yes. [Repetition omitted.]

(I see. I don't quite know.)

Was you with somebody, their name began with a J? Like John, or Johnson? Do you know anybody of that name?

(Let me see,—John, or Johnson. I don't know. John, or Johnson—I know a John over there) [abroad]. [I was thinking of E. J. Dingwall, who is sometimes called by his middle name, John.]

Well, was it in their wigwam? (Yes.) Well, that is what he says, "in their wigwam." It was JOHN, or with John, like IN THEIR WIGWAM.

That is it, that is what he means. (Oh.) . . . Something has taken place that he was trying to get through, that he did go through that. And it seems as if it had fallen, you know, like that. I don't think he means WITH THE HAND, but still it may be. IT CAME DOWN [shaking "it" off her fingers].

[Repetition.] (I know.) Well . . . he says that he was there and tried and feels that he did,—so that you will understand that it was he.

(Yes.)

NOTE: I had visited E. J. D. in his home in London, but there was no relevance in these statements to anything that occurred there. It was not until August, 1925, as I was pondering over this matter during my second summer of psychic work abroad, that it came to me that the reference was to quite another "John's wigwam," which also I had visited in the summer of 1924, to call upon an old friend, "John's" sister. Following my call, she wrote me a letter enclosing an impressional message she had received for me, and written down with her own hand. One of the symbols she used in that message was the "X," which was, so to speak, dropped in. "He wants you to understand it, so you will recognize it" is most appropriate under the circumstances, for I was far from understanding this urgency when C. G. S. spoke.

Moreover, there had been much talk of "John" while I was in the home, though I did not see him there. Needless to say, I had not revealed the sign there, for I knew that my friend was psychically gifted and might be able to get it. Her record is now included in Chapter VI, No. 14.

He says not to feel—this is White Light speaking. [C. G. S.'s trance control. The trance had come on unnoted, quietly.]

(Yes, dear.)

Dr. Hyslop says to tell you not to be dissatisfied with yourself. (Thank you.) But to be calm and you will see the writing on the wall later. [Repeated.]

(Addressed to me?)

No. [A prediction omitted.]

(Is he satisfied with what I have done, so far?)

He says to continue to pick out the nuggets, to work with the pickax . . . to continue as you have been doing, for the light just beyond the cave, the mine. (I see.) . . . Steady. (Yes.) Persevering. (All right.) As he, he says. (Ha. Ha, yes.) . . . Slow, but sure . . . steady. (All right, I will.) Feet firm, sure. (Yes.) . . .

He says to tell you that it is a long, tedious work, but the end is in sight, the goal is in sight. (Good.)

He's speaking of someone he calls *Doctor Crawford*, *Doctor Crawford*, (Yes.) that has been assembling much work to be brought through that will be helpful to those in the body. And he himself has been making contact [tapping with her fingers in the air], research, trying to get through. Calling somebody with a name begins with a W; sounds like Wilford or William. I can't catch it.

NOTE: The emphasis of the words, "*Doctor Crawford*" would seem to imply that there might be more than one possible interpretation of the name of Crawford, and I noted it at the time for just that reason. Dr. W. J. Crawford, of Belfast, is well known as a careful investigator of the physical phenomena of psychic mediumship, from his five published volumes on the subject. I do not know what the initial W. of his name stands for, though my impression is that it was William.

As a matter of fact, I have since discovered in my records such intricate and elaborate references to the Robert Hyslop communications through Mrs. Piper, that I am inclined to believe I was being warned that the present reference was to the Dr. W. Crawford who in his lifetime carried on such careful experiments in physical psychic phenomena. His death occurred only a few weeks later than J. H. H.'s, and C. G. S. got the name Crawford on the very day of his death, when I was having a sitting with her. Neither of us had any idea as to why the name was given, at that time. Dr. Crawford's interest in the work of the A. S. P. R. had already been enlisted, with hope of co-operation, at the time of his passing. I have heard from him before.

In the Robert Hyslop records [*Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, pages 82, 529-530, and elsewhere] there is mention of *Harper Crawford*, a good friend of Robert Hyslop and sharing his very strictly orthodox Presbyterian way of thinking, strongly in contrast to the liberal-minded psychic researcher, Dr. Crawford.

Speaking about a shirt; it is like a woollen shirt . . . (Whose?) It is *his* shirt. Dr. Hyslop is speaking. . . . When he left the body or just before he left the body, he's speaking something he wants you to know about a woollen shirt; like as if he had a woollen shirt on. It is something about wool, he wants you to know, like the woollen shirt.

(Well, I didn't know that.) Will you put it through? (I will.) Something about it looks like a woollen shirt. (Undershirt?) Yes, it is like a woollen undershirt. He says, "Not a Jaeger." He's trying to connect up something with that.

(Good.)

NOTE: In his illness his circulation was poor and he wore woollen undershirts later in the season than would have been comfortable for most people. His daughter informs me that she cannot recall that he was wearing a woollen shirt at the time of his death, certainly not one of the "Jaeger" unbleached wool variety, though he sometimes used those for winter wear.

There is another pertinence possible in this reference, but as it has not come out clearly, I will not injure future possible evidence by mentioning it, specifically.

Seems to have had a brother. Calling the name beginning with L, or one initial L, I don't know. (O, I see.) It may be an S, but it seems more of an L. His father is with him, he says to tell you, and his father was taller than he and had very white hair, and he wore a beard. And he's with him, standing behind me now. [Repetition.] His father blessed him when he was in the body, he says, and his father loves him so now and blesses him for his steadfastness against all of his—not blackmailing nor blaspheming. Says it was like blaspheming. The father's speaking himself, the father says that [repetition]. They are very happy now and he's blessing him, because he's helped and showed him the way.

(Yes.)

"You are in a little trouble now," he says, "but if you will hold your boat and steady your helm you will be sailing by Christmas out into clear waters. Just be free." (All right.) "And keep your own counsel." Such a nice gentleman, isn't he?

(Yes. I am much obliged to him.)

His father's a nice man, too. (Yes.) And then he seems to have two brothers [repeated].

(Yes. Dr. Hyslop? Or his father?)

No, he's talking about Dr. Hyslop. (Yes, I see.) His sons.

NOTE: Meaning, apparently, that Robert Hyslop was talking about his own sons, Dr. Hyslop and two of the latter's brothers. "L." is not the initial of one, but *Will* is the name of one of the two surviving brothers of J. H. H. Robert Hyslop did not have very white hair, it was still dark at the time of his death. He wore a beard. The description might better befit "Grandfather George." They thought J. H. H.'s work certainly unorthodox, in his old home circle, though Robert Hyslop would probably not have used such a word as "blasphemous" of it. It is quite possible that Grandfather George might have done so, but that cannot be proved now.

(Hm. Two *there*, or two *here*?)

GEORGE the First and George the Second . . . and George the Third [repeated].

NOTE: True, there are three generations of Georges, taking the "First" to be J. H. H.'s grandfather, the "Second" J. H. H.'s brother, and the "Third" J. H. H.'s son. There are also other Georges in the family connection. The reference here is not specific, of course. Mrs. Sanders knows of the one George, the "Third," but not of the others.

There is an old lady here that was his aunt, and we are going to call her Aunt A. Seems to have been a school teacher or something. Maybe they went to school to her, I don't know. Something about a school.

(I don't know that, so I will have pleasure in looking it up.)

NOTE: I know that J. H. H. has published material concerning his Aunt Nannie, but I cannot recall details. She is suggested to my mind, for Annie and Nannie are so similar. The initial might have been thought to be A. rather than N. I am sure that she was the aunt who helped bring up the family for a time after the death of J. H. H.'s mother, and he was fond of her. More I do not recall.

Later: My recollection is verified by *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, p. 449. J. H. H.'s mother died in 1869. On page 463, in a note by J. H. H., we learn that Aunt Nannie was teaching near by the home of Robert Hyslop's family during J. H. H.'s early childhood, and before the death of his little brother Charles, in 1864. I had not read this note in a very long time, if at all, and had no recollection whatever of Aunt Nannie having been a teacher. I came upon the fact while hunting out references to Charles and Anna Hyslop, September 2nd-3rd, 1925. C. G. S. has never read these *Proceedings* nor had them in her house. Mr. Frank Hyslop, J. H. H.'s surviving brother, has informed me since I wrote these notes, that Aunt Nannie was a teacher by profession for many years. Also that his grandfather, so far as the American branch of their family is concerned, was "George the First." He emigrated from Scotland and established his home in America in the early 1800's.

For another reference to George [the "Second"] see Chapter VI, No. 6.

Dr. Hyslop says to tell you, Mrs. Soule, Soole, Soul— (Yes?) there is a guide that she had, so he's gone back to her. . . . Maybe we call the name beginning with an S. (Yes.) Like that he's come back to her. (Hm.) I don't know what the name is, but he seems to think

that you will understand. (Yes.) I don't know what he means, but he says that he has come back to her or is with her now. [10:12 P. M.] [Coughed and said something half coughing, as J. H. H. sometimes did.]

(Yes.)

NOTE: *S* of course indicates "Sunbeam," Mrs. Soule's [Chenoweth's] young Indian Guide, who has given many messages purporting to come from J. H. H., but I was unable to verify the possibility that she was at that time doing so. Frequently she does appear for a chat with the Soule's privately in their home in the evening. These names are of course published and well known in general, but C. G. S. avoids reading what has been published lest it affect her work. She usually in her conscious state refers to Mrs. Soule as "Mrs. Chennynworth," and I do not correct her.

[Reference to "two large volumes" which he wishes me to read is here omitted. It was not sufficiently clear for me to place.]

Your mother is here. [Personal messages to the family omitted.] Your father is with her. And she is speaking of someone, their name begins with a P. (Yes.) P. and also an A., like Allen or Andrew. [etc. Personal and pertinent family messages.] Speaking of someone they call *M*, the name begins with an *M*.

(Yes.)

Also speaking of a gentleman that passed out very suddenly, about six or seven years ago . . . a gentleman that was related in some way to you, to your family. One that had studied and traveled a good deal. Seems like a distant relative.

(Yes.) Yes. (Is the *M*. they speak of with them?) Yes, *M*. is with them. (Good, I am glad of that.) Yes, that is the reason she wants to tell you.

[Personal messages omitted, advice as to work, home, etc.]

NOTE: The *M*. referred to was a deceased relative of whom I am fond. Her husband, related to our family, of course, by marriage, had died only six or seven *weeks*, not years, before this date. His own death had closely followed that of *M*. and *M*'s death had been predicted for me by C. G. S. at a time when there was no idea that *M*. was in seriously failing health. Her husband was related by marriage also to the Andrew earlier referred to and to an Ella who was mentioned in the omitted family matter. He had studied and traveled a good deal in his lifetime. All these four persons are related in one family group. For

other references to M. see the A. B. sitting and the O. L. Séance of May, 1925 [Séance 28].

That is a very queer thing, do you know, that Dr. Hyslop has just said? (No.) He says that he severed his connection, that he has severed his connection with the Society. (Oh!) HE HAS SEVERED HIS CONNECTION, his activities. (Oh.) And that he has and is established in his own work in spirit and will accomplish more by working there and then handing down, you see. (Aha.) But he's not happy now, he says. He doesn't say it in those words. He doesn't say "happy," but that is what he means. He says he's been mistaken in his help. I don't know what he means. You put that down. . . . I thought he was going to say "grieved," but he says, "No, mistaken." . . . He's now withdrawn because it has grieved or worried him, and he can't do anything himself now in that. Therefore he has withdrawn to his own work. And then, later, he says like he would hand it all like in a lump, you see. (Hm.) I don't know what he means: he says, like when they would be ready to receive it, and like it would be right then. Like something has to be fought out or regulated. . . . And he says he has withdrawn until it gets its own balance again. And then in the meantime he will be working, and then all at once—! And then they will be ready to receive, and then it will go.

(Yes. Good. Think he's right.)

[Personal advice omitted.] Now he brings back the—there is something that would be in a certificate . . . something that can be offered in the way of recognition or substantiation between you and he [him] . . . It seems as if you are going to require it . . . SOMETHING TO CHECK YOU UP AS TO THE SUBSTANTIATION, don't you see? (Yes.) OR LIKE HIS SIGNATURE. (Yes.) That is the thought.

NOTE: C. G. S. knows from hearsay more or less upon which she could consciously base such remarks concerning J. H. H.'s old Society. I have not discussed the Society with her, nor expressed any opinions. It is true, and she is certainly not fully if at all aware of this, that the reception of J. H. H.'s messages hitherto, granting them to be evidential, has been such as to discourage him for the present.

The prophecies are recorded for what they may prove to be worth in future.

As to J. H. H.'s posthumous signature, see page 314.

CHAPTER XIII

SÉANCE 13

Psychic: L. M. C., October 3, 1924. 11:30 A. M. Sitter: G. O. T.

Sitting held in Mrs. Chamberlaine's own home, in Englewood, N. J.

[Mrs. C. placed a camera and opened the shutter before we sat down. The camera was focussed on us during the entire sitting.]

I get a sense of unrest with you, you have been rushing. Just relax before I begin with you for a few minutes.

NOTE: I had moved on Oct. 2nd to a new apartment; naturally the reference to rushing about is appropriate. The new apartment was not discovered until Sept. 30th and was taken on that date after two weeks' search. L. M. C. does not know of this move. We rested.

I see a star, I did not see a star but I felt the impression of a star, feel that I ought to see it. ["Mrs. Star"—Laura Ainslee—had suggested my Brittain séance.] Put your arm out a minute, I wonder if you are feeling this air on you. (Yes.) It is blowing across me strongly. You have been very far away, haven't you? (Yes.) [I had just returned September 16th from a summer spent abroad, and had left L. M. C. the impression that I should spend my vacation in Littleton, N. H.]

Oh, I feel the personality so. Oh, I feel some people here, I feel a group of people here, but oh, your mother's influence is so strong behind you. Now there is a circle of people coming, and I feel Dr. Hyslop's personality so strong here. He is sitting down here beside me in the way he always does. [Pause.]

NOTE: My mother communicated among the circle of people at the Brittain séance, which see, Chap. IV.

(Good.) He is saying something so very absurd—(What's that?) I am going to repeat it. (Good.) We have squirrels here, he says. I don't know what he means by that. [See later note of L. M. C. on experience of her son eating squirrel the day following this, p. 268.]

I feel as if he is taking me UP-STAIRS TO A HOUSE. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE HOUSES HERE EXACTLY. I mean by that HE SEEMS TO BE TAKING YOU UP-STAIRS somewhere. He is taking me up-stairs, NOT AN ELEVATOR. Now I see you go into a room, and I see a lady there. [Placed her hand on my right arm, and then up to her own face.] He is very glad to come here today. (Good.)

NOTE: These references ["Star" and "Up-stairs"] fit only two of my foreign sittings, that with Mrs. A. B., where I gave "Mrs. Star" as reference, and the Bligh Bond sitting with Mrs. Travers-Smith, at which L. A., "Mrs. Star," was present. The séance room in each case was up a flight of stairs.

He—he thinks you want him to say some things which he is going to get in. He is going to sandwich them, he says. (Good.)

NOTE: G. O. T. had made a mental request on her journey to Englewood that J. H. H. refer to work done in England this summer for her by Mrs. B. and others.

There wasn't any doubt about the advisability of this step—of the step you took. Now I think I am referring to the second step. [Going abroad.] (Good.) It was a very wise move, and has, I know, resulted in some interest for you. I found it very difficult, exceedingly so. Also I had help and made every effort—

Oh, someone is touching me on the hands [L. M. C.]—I feel it so! [As though continuing the previous message:] Every effort to reach you collectively. I think the medium not easy for me in the first—in the first [Mrs. A. B.] I don't know—(Yes.) I find that mental arrangements are not always, mental idiosyncrasies are difficult, which belong to a type of people. I find that I have to readjust before I can work.

NOTE: J. H. H.-X has had little experience in either life in working with professional public mediums, and the "guide" in this case was childlike, using "medie" and similar terms unlike those in J. H. H.'s vocabulary.

Now in reference to Boston, I made one or two statements that were not very clear, and I knew it. Not clear to you. They were not, they were not, because changed by Medie, (Oh!) medium (Hm.) I think it was unconsciously done, too. There was quite a difficulty, and I consulted with H. here (Yes), found that the lady made mistakes that might be misinterpreted.

NOTE: "H.," so long associated with the work of Mrs. Piper, would regret the error in Boston of "Miss X." when Miss T. was meant, and "X." should have been a part of the communicator's signature. See Chapter VI on the Sign. Apparently at the opening of this séance J. H. H.-X is picking up loose threads pertaining to the work I have collected from him, from various quarters, with an interpolation for Mrs. Chamberlaine's benefit, concerning an experience of her son, of which she and I had no present normal knowledge.

The abortive reference to the *Pied Piper* through Mrs. Brittain (Chap. IV) may well be indicated by "the lady made mistakes that might be misinterpreted."

I have waited and will try now to readjust something. It is familiar ground, and I know that you will not misunderstand.

(I won't.)

This is but the beginning. I have always thought that it would come about as it has, but it is not wise to decide until you have data, proof to go upon. Your attitude taken is just what I would have expected, and it is a pity, but it has its place. After all, you will find that YOU ARE IN THE RIGHT TO DO AS YOU DID. It is not easy to change a new stream, in mid-stream. I [L. M. C.] don't know what that means.

(Hm, hm. I see.) [Precisely Mrs. Piper's message. See p. 139.]

But I think it will work all right. (I hope so.) Oh, I feel sure. I have H. with me, (Good.) and others, too. (Yes.) This effort of mine in—in—in—O, I will write that. [Mrs. C. felt about on her own pad for her pencil. I presented it.] This effort of mine in L? L, (Yes.) was not maybe at first satisfactory. I can't tell about it; it was confusing to me. (Yes.) I had been before, but not under those circumstances. Perhaps my eagerness and my excitement made me vague, but it was excitement. I thought I felt such a live wire. (Yes.) I WAS WITH OTHERS, and the effort was tremendous from our side. Did a young man speak? I HAD WITH ME A YOUNG MAN. (Yes.) And I let this go through for a purpose. I SPOKE OF PAPERS, you remember, PAPER, paper, you remember. And it was after all the one I was most interested in. You know I mentioned G., G.'s name,— . . . it was given as a test.

(Which G. did you mean?) [Automatic writing: G.]

G. G. I may come back to that. (All right.) I am confused. (Yes.) He is bringing someone front, someone with him who is a noted man, a scientist.

NOTE: "Mamie" was mentioned in the A. B. séance, but her sur-

name, beginning with G., was not. "Grannie" is the only other "G." therein mentioned. But G. Geley [G. G.] was mentioned in Séance 8 [H. T-S.], and some other attempt at evidence, as a "test" which I have omitted, followed. The "young man" I take to refer to the "naughty boy" of the A. B. séance [No. 3]. "H." I understand to refer to Dr. Hodgson.

Now this man is an engineer. He is Go,—Gou—can't get it. Gou—(What?) -ry [Goury] was with him, one in a circle. (I see.) [Geley or Gurney attempted?] One in the circle. I want to tell you that H. has been of tremendous help to me. I think in some respects he saw further than I did, and our coöperation here has worked results, no doubt. [Her hand making a dash with pencil on her pad as each word was carefully spoken.] (Yes.) Perhaps I am not as quick to decide as he, not so impulsive, not so rapid a worker. I am a more methodical nature. I have that nature, going into details. H. rounds it out by his enthusiasm.— He's writing something, the letter H.— He has never failed me yet. (No.) Nor G-e-o-r-g-e [writing this on pad at same time she spoke].

(Yes, yes.)

NOTE: A proper comparison of Hodgson and Hyslop, remarks Dr. W. D. Bayley, a friend of both. I never knew Hodgson personally, nor did L. M. C. know either of them or George Pelham, who is well known as Hodgson's friend and communicator through Mrs. Piper.

I saw some very good results. By the way, that is O. K. although doubted by some, someone. If I could explain that, I might say that it was occasionally subliminal, but back of that a very much deeper—

(Yes.) [L. M. C. knows nothing of Piper records.]

I knew you were to make the effort and I was quite ready for you. Did you recognize the gentleman with me?

(Yes, two of them.)

I tried very hard to make it clear that he was there [her hand following along as though writing, yet did not write.] A,—O, ah, the warning? Warning I sent through, did you get it? (Yes.) It was a warning in the nature of a prophecy. (Yes, I got it.)

NOTE: Taken to refer to the H. T. S. prophecies concerning A. S. P. R.

Now things can go easily on, and I fully approve of the work. I see that it is clear, and you need have no hesitancy in giving it light.

(All right.)

The eyes of those who read will not always be blinded by prejudice. (Yes.)

Mary, Mary is with me. (Yes, good.) And I am glad to say is so well, going on in a quiet way with her life here. It has always been her nature to be quiet. She likes the things that make a quiet life. Not obtrusive in any way. (I know.) I am, O so glad that my work is not dying, it is so important. (Yes.) It is work of years devoted to the truth. (Yes.) And it is the truth that I care most about.

NOTE: Mary Hyslop, Mrs. J. H. H., is properly characterized by L. M. C., who never knew her or her family at all.

Now in L, Lo, Lo, Lo— (Yes?) Lon [writing it as she spoke]—trying to get a name. (All right.) I am so glad. It is no better there than here, in the things at the very bottom, the vital things. (Yes.) No greater progress. And you know that I made the effort.

I [L. M. C.] don't know, I get confused here.

(What is it? Maybe I can unravel it.)

I see you in a place where it is dark. I feel as if YOU WERE IN SOME PLACE WHERE IT IS DARK. Was there something RIGHT HERE BESIDE YOU? [G. O. T.'s right shoulder indicated.] Something,—well, I don't know. [Location of oil lamp at Séance 9, Mrs. O. L.] Did you have something that was very unusual? (Yes.) I feel as though you had. Now wait a minute, I am getting something more definite. This personality, Dr. Hyslop, (Yes.)—engineered something, (Yes.) worked on something to bring about—I keep hearing that word luminous. (Yes.) I FEEL AS THOUGH SOMETHING HAD BEEN NEAR AND AROUND YOU OF A LUMINOUS NATURE, (Yes.) character. I feel confused. Did he try very hard to get through? He seems to have tried hard, (Yes.) to become visible to yourself, and he says it was not a failure in his sense, and he doesn't know but he thinks you got something very interesting. He hopes so. He has never had quite that experience before. It was a little departure, but yet all right.

NOTE: The room was darkened for the Leonard séance, and my idea was that J. H. H. was making an effort to describe that room and the small light I worked by. I got no luminous effects in "Lon" [London].

He refers to something or some place he went to before he went from this life. He went to some place and sat down somewhere. Some man took a picture of him, he says, (Yes.) and he is not very sure

about that man. He thinks before he left the world he was not sure of him. (Yes, that is right.) [Cf. *Journal A. S. P. R.*, XIV, 284 ff. (1920). Accessible to L. M. C., of course, but she would have been likely to mention it had she recalled it at this moment.] Now the man—now he tried very hard to show himself. He had a good deal of help, of power and help. It isn't all what you think, it is not all perfect, but it is not all fraud. There is material there, and I believe you will find results. If I could have had better, a little, conditions. It is always the same old thing. But the effort was as perfect on our side as we could get, and it was good, apparently good from others [Yours?] But I do not think it was as satisfactory as I should have liked. If there is so much opposition, how can you get into the proper state? I [L. M. C.] don't know what that is. [No pertinence to any photographic experiment that I knew of. But early in July, 1925, in looking over a collection of photographs by a psychic in London I discover that an opportunity was offered him by others, not with my knowledge, in 1923. No photographic effort on my part.] (Hm, I know.)

And Hunt, do you know anybody by the name of Hunt? I am getting the name of Hunt. (Yes.) [L. M. C. wrote this automatically.] Hunt.

NOTE: I was at this period reading proof of *Proceedings*, 1925, A. S. P. R., in which sittings of Mr. Hunt are reported, and had already read part of Mr. Hunt's series, although it was out of order in the reading of the entire set. The series, of which I was supplementary editor, had been conducted by J. H. H. in his lifetime for his friend Mr. Hunt.

I tried to make my voice clear through medium. It was not a success. The effort, however, was noticeable in change of voice, and word I used attracted the attention, one word common with me. ["Huh!"] (Yes, good.)

NOTE: I was thinking of "wrongly" but realize at once this is not what he means.

At the Vout-Peters sitting there were two apparently half-involuntary ejaculations, "Hmp" and "Huh!" and an effort to control the psychic was manifest, which he resisted. This is strongly suggestive of an expression very characteristic of J. H. H., who would know that I would recognize it. Nevertheless, I am not quite satisfied that this is the "word" he means to refer to, for it did not come in

precisely the manner of J. H. H. I shall therefore not mention what it should have been.

A word common with him in his work was "Good," used over and over by him as a terse response at séances. This was given through Mrs. Travers-Smith over the ouija board, July 15, 1924, before she opened her eyes or knew my identity or that of the communicator.

I can only by jerks get through what I want. Jerks expresses it.

Now I want to say this: that I have noticed mind lives and survives and acts without body easily, and it is not necessary to have the two associated. I am not clear about this perhaps. It is like holding on and floating, but I can make it clear if I can have more time.

(You can have all the time—)

This is absolutely what I questioned, and yet I think I have found out that it is spirit. Spirit survives, acts independently, and has an organism of its own, not related in any way to other matter. Did you notice the strange material substance that was shown? It was not a formation, hardly that. Just substance.

(I don't recall.) [Nothing I experienced in London fits this.]

No, perhaps you would not have noticed it, but it was there and not connected apparently with anything else; just loose, a floating substance. We used it. I am confident of it now, but wasn't before I came here.

(That is true, I remember.)

NOTE: True of J. H. H.'s judgment of ectoplasm and its photographic effects, in published work abroad. L. M. C. has had cloudy effects in film experiments (since his death), not due to ordinary light. He had inspected some of the similar work of C. G. S. before his death, but had formed no conclusions as to the cause of them. His attitude may have been reflected in articles or editorials in the *A. S. P. R. Journal*, to recent files of which L. M. C. has had regular access.

It is not yet in a clear and detached state so that it can be examined with any degree of—I [L. M. C.] do not know what that word is. What is that word? Hypnothasia, hypno-esthesia, hyp-hypno-. Now he smiles: "A new word I want to introduce, hypno-æsthia. (Hypno-æsthia?) Hypnothasia. (Hypnothasia?) It sounds like that, hypnothasia. It is not necessarily controlled condition, but will work very well under some conditions.

NOTE: This attempt at a word which would signify sleeping-senses or a condition in which the senses are not active is interesting for the reason that L. M. C. knows no Greek and, while familiar with the words

"hypnotism" and "anæsthetic" no doubt, would not of her own motion attempt to coin a word on the basis of Greek roots. She would be uncertain of what the combined meaning might imply. On the other hand, the attempt would be entirely natural to J. H. H.

Did you know **MEDIE, MEDIA** not in such good form at first, **TIRED** and tried. Tired. (Yes.) [True of A. B., July 4, 1924.] Now I feel as if a **LITTLE GIRL IS HERE**. (Yes.) As if a little girl is here; she is not like a [any] little girl I know. (Yes.) She does not seem to be a white child. (Yes.) May be somebody you know. (Yes.) She is a little girl; she seems to be abnormal, in a way,—she is a little girl and yet she is not so young. Kind of old in the face. Does she lisp a little? (Yes.)

Well, she wants to say "How-do." (Good.) And she wants to say that she thinks you are very nice. (Good.) And she did do all what she could for you. (She did.) "Not know you on earth," she says: she didn't know you on earth.

(No, that is right.)

Has heard about you, knows about you, has heard about you. (Yes.) She wants to bring you some flowers. (Thanks.) And now, it is curious, but Dr. Hyslop seems to bring this child here. (Yes.) I wonder if she could be a little Indian girl? (Yes.) Maybe—she looks—I don't know—she looks like a little girl. (Yes.) She is very dark in skin and black-haired.

(Yes. Good.)

Now she isn't—she seems to be quite excited and says she didn't come here before. (That is right.) . . . It is not before, that she came here, she says. (Hm-hm.) She wants to try to say something. (Yes?) Did you know that she wanted to tell you to be very, very brave; that she sees you have many friends helping you, and they are mighty, mighty big people, big people that do a lot for others.

(Yes. On her side?)

Yes, on her side. (Yes.) And she likes them. (Yes.) She knows some of them. She's with Dr. Hyslop. (Yes.) Now she says that Dr. Hyslop has brought her because he wants to say that he will bring her somewhere else, (Good.) next time. (Good.) And he has never had her with him in other places; in other places only once. Don't know what he means by that,—(Yes.) Only once he has had her in other place. Not in—not in Boston. [Where "Sunbeam," a Red Indian, has often communicated through her medium, Mrs. Soule, for and with J. H. H.]

(That is right.)

She wants to talk about a book, and she says she wants to tell you that she wants to have you tell about her in it.

(I see.) [Reflectively.]

Isn't much but a little girl, but can help, (Yes.) and likes to, likes to help. (Yes.) She says she is not mischievous like she used to be. (Yes?) Is getting to be more serious, because she does not want to hinder people. (Hm.) Thinks sometimes she did silly things.

Now she talk about the lot of people she knew and about her own land so far away, so awfully far. (Yes.) And life not so easy, (Yes.) never; but it is all right, big things can be done. (Yes.) Love is the very life of this nice world I am in. (Good.)

I see many people, and a G. I am hearing GUSTAVE again. [L. M. C. told me before the séance that she had got his name in work this summer.]

(Yes.)

Gustave knows me. (Good.) Yes, he nice man, not funny man, just nice man. (Yes.) Did you see that I tried so hard, and I didn't do at first very well, but I think—. I want to show you something.

(Yes.)

Showing me [L. M. C.] a picture.

(What kind?)

She shows me a picture like a—O, might be taken—t isn't a perfect—t isn't a—showing me a picture of a person. Well, I think it is a picture of you. I think she is showing me a picture of you. It is a nice picture, she says.

NOTE: Possibly an effort of Bell to show the picture of Mary described at the A. B. séance. It is not altogether unlike me, if only imperfectly seen.

She says she is talking for herself now. Don't want nice man to tell her things, she do better by herself.

(All right, glad to have her try.)

Likes to talk through me. (That's nice.) Easy for her, like it better if medie didn't do so hard to keep awake. Wish medie go to sleep. I [L. M. C.] will try. Holds up beads, some beads. Did you see the picture I showed you of a—not one picture, some others. You—eh had a good picture, some not good. Don't know what she means by that.

NOTE: No pertinence to any experiment of mine abroad.

I am trying to show her something. (Hm-hm.) Don't talk to me. I don't want you to talk to me. (Hm-hm.) This is not easy for me. Gentleman here so nice. He has taken hold of my hand, and he tells me to tell you that he is working, too, now and like to write things. He is writing Frederic (Hm-hm.) and Myers. (Hm-hm.) And he wants you to see that he is in good company. (Yes.)

NOTE: *Gu, He, and Myre* and *look* or *took* automatically written.

I wish that I could tell you about him. He is so kind and he doesn't mind me if I laugh at him. He says a lady is with him who is going to tell you something. I know about this lady, she is here, too. She likes children (Yes) she understands about them, and she doesn't get tired of them. She says that I am not silly.

(No!)

I want to tell you about Joe [automatically wrote Joe] I see, about Joe I see. . . . Will you find out about the old—hm, I don't know what that is. Why did you go away so soon, and did you get sick? (No.) And did you mind going so far away?

(No.)

We are in Lon, Lon, Lon, (Yes) Londone, Londone (Yes) Londone [automatically wrote LONDON] and I don't know what you wanted to leave for. We could do better, better if you stayed. (I could?)

Did you see the MAN and make arrangements? I hope so. This nice man says you can make arrangements satisfactory. He—what about that BELL? [Belle.] Did you know about the bell? (Yes.) [But Belle had to introduce herself to me, a stranger, on July 4th.] I wish medie would go to sleep, so hard for me. (She will.)

NOTE: Mrs. Brittain goes under control for Bell. Mrs. Chamberlaine does not go into trance for her work.

The man who told you to come to me, he made—made my medie tired.

(Did he?)

Tired. But it was not his fault.

You must not fail to come back again. [Capital L written automatically.] It is important.

NOTE: I had half planned to go back for a second A. B. sitting, telling the psychic I would if possible. It did not prove to be possible. I did return, however, for a second séance, in the summer of 1925, though without as good results.

(All right.)

What did you do Southwest? I don't know.

(Why, you tell me.) [I had lived in London W., not S.W.]

Taking a great many notes. Didn't you?

(Yes.) [Mrs. L. A. and I had spent many hours on notes of our sittings. H. T-S. lived in London S. W.]

And then I think you were interested in my medie. (Yes.) My medie would not know I came here. I have to go back. She is not working now. (I see.)

NOTE: "Mary" came at the A. B. sitting, while Bell controlled, and was there referred to as being near on account of some children, a motherly lady. Therefore her presence here is appropriate with Bell.

In response to my query addressed to Mrs. Brittain, still anonymously, in September, 1925, she informed me quite spontaneously about "Joe." Bell is the daughter of Mrs. Brittain's brother's native house-boy in Ceylon, some years ago. He was called "Joe" by his master, and has since died. I mistook the reference, thinking it might indicate my father's name, but *he* was not evidently at the Brittain sitting, and nothing further concerning him comes out here. The Indian "boy," Joe, had once a vision of Mrs. Brittain, when she was trying telepathic experiments with her brother, who was in his officer's quarters in India, she being in England. "Joe" recognized her later, from her photograph.

I knew nothing whatever of Bell's work or life or relationships. I did not even know her name, so far as I could recall, when I "met" her at the Brittain sitting.

It must be noted, also, that I took her to have been an English child and had no notion that she had actually been a Singalese.

I have to go back, good-bye.

(What time is it, where she is?)

Not this time. (No.) I think it is not this time. She is having her lunch now and resting to work for someone else. I know it isn't time. I move so much quicker. (Yes.) I don't have to be on water.

(No, I understand. Thank you for coming and for the reference to the bell [Pause] and everything else.) [Pause.]

NOTE: It is 12:30 noon, here, about 4:30 P. M. in London, and therefore tea-time, not luncheon time, but L. M. C. does not observe a tea hour, "lunch" is a natural word for her to use for a light meal.

She fades away from me, but I feel as though I want to write the word Charlton, (All right.) or Carlton. [No pertinence I can fix.]

Now I am confused here, 'cause there is someone by the name of Grace (Yes?)—is very anxious to speak to you, (Good.) and thinks you don't know her—didn't know her. (That's right.) But has much interest in what's being done, (Good.)—and watches, with others, results. Not directly connected with the work going on, but interested in Dr. Hyslop and others. Thinks the effort to manifest will be much better next time.

(It is very good.)

Like to send love to man I did not know, man I did not know well. Someone you know.

NOTE: This Grace is the little daughter, long deceased, of Mrs. Sanders. I never knew her in life, but she has been an occasional communicator, along with others. The message is possibly intended for Mrs. Sanders's second husband, whom Grace knows only as she knows me, by communications since her death. "Man I did not know" would fit this idea, but the addition of "well" damages it, evidentially.

I have with me someone who is named Frank. (Yes?) Frank, eh—[Pause]. Now, eh, why did you CHANGE THE HOUR, that day? WAS THAT THROUGH NO FAULT OF YOURS?

(Through no fault of mine.)

It made things a bit mixed up. (Yes, it did.) We appeared and were not welcome and confused another sitting.

(Oh, is that so?)

I think so. We were a long time getting adjusted, the change made a difference. (I am sorry.) I wonder if you know that I brought my FATHER to that second sitting. [The second attempt for A. V-Peters sitting apparently indicated by this reference.]

(I can't remember now.)

I had, as you know, others with me, (Yes.) but I brought my father. He was greatly interested.

NOTE: No evidence of him unless possibly in the sudden inquiry of A. V. P. [Séance 5]: "Is this your father?"

(This is Dr. Hyslop?) Yes. (Hm-hm. All right.) I want you to persevere. (I will.) Go right on, you can't listen to others. Things will straighten out. You will find yourself placed in time where you should be. It can't be worked in a hurry. (No.) I think you will find that it will work out. Keep always in mind that the mind must always be open, (Yes.) and it will stay so. And don't let little things bother you. (No.)

I am distressed that certain conditions exist in the old place where I once taught. There isn't the harmony that there might be, and I look back and see they need more of this truth to help them over the rough places. I want to write [turning her head slowly toward her right as though observing something, while her pad lay directly before her. Wrote apparently some attempts at a Latin expression: *solus veram nor ete*, as nearly as can be deciphered. L. M. C. whispered as she finished her statement,] Someone—I don't understand this. I don't know what that is.

[In order to encourage her, I whispered in reply:] (Go ahead, that is all right.) [I hoped there might prove to be some fragment from Mr. Myers in a cross-correspondence, as his name has so recently been given.]

You went to see someone, a man, and had a talk with him. (Yes.) It was—that talk was very beneficial to you and to him. It was beneficial to you because you will have results from it which will be good.

NOTE: There were four men I went to see and have “a talk with,” individually. Nothing here given identifies any one of them sufficiently.

DO I SEE SOMEONE TAKING YOU SOMEWHERE ON AN INVESTIGATION, and somewhere I seem to see you IN A PLACE THAT IS DARK, dark room, and I think that you thought there were some very crude things there. It is true they were, but you saw also some interesting things.

NOTE: The only séance to which anyone *took* me was the Osborne-Leonard one, and it is true that the room was dark. No other séance I had in London in 1924 was held in a darkened room, with shades and curtains drawn. I most certainly did secure interesting things there [Séance 9]. I should not have described the surroundings as “crude,” but the little night-lamp at my right hand as I wrote and the card-table on which I took my notes were very simple fittings, though well adapted to the occasion. I noted the difference at the time from the shaded electric lamp that one might more naturally find in my American environment. J. H. H.-X may have caught this thought and may be trying here to report it, as he has often successfully reported on my thoughts, notably at the O. L. sitting of 1925. See Chapter XXV.

Now, just be careful, and in making your notes watch for the help that I think I can give you in writing out in detail. (Yes.) I think I can give it through suggestion when you go to make it up.

(All right.) [Abundantly fulfilled, as the notes prove, particularly those concerning the Hyslop matter already recorded herein.]

I recognize that you are better physically and I am glad.

(Thank you.)

And in the communication there I saw you for just a second. I saw you in a way that is hard to describe, but it was a glimpse, and I thought 'way back again into the many years we worked together. (Yes.) Did you feel that I made a clear—did you feel that I made it clear?

(Yes.)

NOTE: At the Osborne-Leonard sitting of July 30th (See Chapter X, sitting 9] J. H. H.-X had turned Feda's attention toward me dramatically, and at that séance I was busily taking notes, as I often did in the years when I worked with J. H. H. My very first contact with him personally was to meet him at an appointment to take notes of a sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth.

At the same sitting Feda and Ernest Ainslee were also of course associated in the effort. There was a remarkably clear set of communications from J. H. H.-X on that occasion, which appears to be referred to by L. M. C. in the following paragraph.

I tried so hard. The help I received made it possible, and I could not have done it alone. You have no idea of the tremendous effort from our side.

(Yes, I suppose so.)

It is the forcing back which is very difficult. We remember vividly. There is no difficulty about that. And we hold it off.

NOTE: The inhibition of crowding memories that is necessary in effective communication was a point well emphasized in J. H. H.'s mind and published work. Mrs. C. may have read such discussions, in the *Journal of the A. S. P. R.*

It is the little separating chord that makes the trouble. (Chord?) The little separating chord. (Hm.) Not understood yet, I fear.

About Doris: I hope there was no mistake—Doris—it was a good case. (Yes.) I am seeing her family here—(Yes.) her mother's gratitude and the rest of it.

NOTE: Refers to the Doris Fischer Case of multiple personality on which J. H. H.'s volume of research was published in 1916 before Mrs. C. joined the Society, but she has heard somewhat of the case, though she has never read the three volumes of the record.

I think I touched on something about Hodgson, in the little time we had, touched about it. Tried to, with his help.

(You mean with me, to me?)

Made an allusion to it, Hodgson wanted to. Did you recognize others in the group around me? (Yes.) Did you know the Myers message when you heard it? (I believe so.) It was different from the others. And the James record was also different. We tried it out, each one, although we didn't know you got it connectedly. Perhaps you didn't.

(I don't think I did, quite.)

NOTE: I was at a loss for the pertinence of these references, until much later on re-study of the A. B. sitting [No. 3], which see.

I think it was confused, there seemed—

(I was much pleased.)

Glad. Did they speak to you of the HOUSE and was the reference concerning the matter clear?

(No, I didn't get it. [Pause.] Where was that?)

So sorry.

(That's all right. Where did you try that reference?)

Tried that reference back and made cross-reference about it.

(All right, I will look it up and see if anyone got it.)

It is important. (Yes.) 1924, August 21. (All right.) Made this date correspond with one earlier. I don't know— (Yes.)

NOTE: I had quite overlooked at the moment the fact that A. B. got reference to a symbolic "house" at the very start of my sitting. And references in Séance 8 [H. T-S., July 17th] to dates early in July may have referred, as there noted, to the house secured as headquarters for the A. S. P. R. in that month. The actual moving took place, the Business Secretary informed me later, from August 19th to August 23rd, so "August 21" is fitting. Compare also C. G. S. prediction, May 19, 1924 [Séance 1]. "Tried that reference back and made cross-reference about it," is good, therefore.

The new headquarters were named, in memoriam, Hyslop House.

Did you notice the GENTLEMAN and LADY who came to you in the sitting? THE LADY SO ANXIOUS TO GET THROUGH TO YOU FIRST.

(Yes. Yes.)

And then the effort for the man.

NOTE: In the Brittain sitting, the lady and the gentleman overlapped in their efforts; *e. g.*, in "Mamie" and "May."

THE YOUNG MAN tried, too, to reach you. (Yes, he did.) If he—. I know that YOU HAVE HAD A MESSAGE CONCERNING THE TRAGEDY, as it is called. (Yes.) And I am glad to say he is very, very happy to feel he can get back (Yes.)—to those at home. He communicated with his wife and he thinks she recognized him. (Good.) He was not disappointed, he wants to impress it upon her, not disappointed in that investigation. (Oh.) Thinks the result will be of value. (Good.) He had prepared to speak of this, make some statements. Had scribbled notes to the effect.

(Good, I will make note of that.)

There were some very interesting angles to the case, and he had prepared a speech to be made on some other investigations he had made. (Yes.) He speaks of trying to reach Paris for a special—something special. He wanted on the 9th of September to do something. Don't know what that is; had some special arrangement for the 9th of September.

(I will let his secretary know.) [Evidently Dr. Geley was the subject of these references. See later note. Dr. Geley was killed in an aeroplane crash between Warsaw and Paris the middle of last July. I know none of the details of his work in Poland or his notes, etc.]

What ever became of the little green book? It seems to be missing. Don't throw away notes on Gifford. Not lost.

NOTE: The loss of that little green book, in J. H. H.'s lifetime, cost him endless search and inconvenience. It is still missing, so far as I know. There were some references in it to dates of sittings in which R. Swain Gifford had communicated through Mrs. Chenoweth. I doubt if anyone but myself would recognize the reference to that elusive little green book.

I am glad to welcome you back again to your native land.

(Thank you.)

It is after all a good land. (It is.) Let the full—the strength of this science be felt here first.

(All right, is that the best way for the world?)

Out of this it will reach all peoples.

(It's good to be working with you.)

I am glad to be here, too.

I [L. M. C.] feel as if they were fading from me.

(Good work.)

[Change of Control.]

I am so impressed with the Geelie man [Geley]. (Yes.) It seems as if I must take more. It is an eager pressure. (All right.) He seems so sorry that he made that trip, took that trip. Thinks he was foolish to try it. Had great confidence, he says. Thought—but it was not his fault. It went wrong so suddenly. [He was flying with just one man, the pilot of the machine. L. M. C. saw a news item concerning it in July.] There was no time to do anything. (Hm-hm.) Just one of those things that couldn't be helped. He wants to say, however, he has landed in a marvelous country and, of course, except for those he has left, he would not care to return. He has found reason, that is, and he will progress with those of his compatriots—(Yes.) Some will soon join me.

NOTE: Dr. Geley was Director of the French Institut Méta-psychique, of whose Committee of Directors the veteran astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, was one. Flammarion died June 4, 1925, thus fulfilling this prediction.

My wife, my children, God bless them! They know I will get back to them. I fear they cannot stay where they are. I am sorry, but I did the best that I could.

(Yes, did wonderfully, for all of us.)

They will find their way, and they are not too dependent. They know how to go on.

I [L. M. C.] can't trust any more. I don't hear well enough.

(You can tell me what you think it is.)

I feel as if he had something he wanted, some big thing. It was repeated in the other message [received by L. M. C. this summer]. Had some big idea he was forming, some big thing he was going to undertake, some tremendous undertaking, some big thing his wife knew of. Had not spoken generally of it.

He left behind some manuscripts that will be of value and can be combined and arranged for publication. (Along what line?) The line that he felt so familiar in, that which he felt he had really discovered, the ectoplasmic theory.

(Who will compile them?)

B. B-a-some man. I think it is a kind of French name. A man will look over them. I don't know—and he says one who was quite closely associated with him in his work, will know a good deal about it, will help. Wishes he could have coöperated. (He can.) Would like

to have these manuscripts put out, very careful work on his part. Not always were his, some of his associates, but they will see in time *he* was cautious. Experiments in W, W—some place, W—(Yes.)—very interesting.

(*Je le pense.*) [Said in an attempt to secure a French reply.]

Fear there was some crooked business, but not all of it. I was able to see enough. You cannot always tell the peasants, and their stubbornness sometimes makes it difficult.

(Yes. I did not know they were peasants. That is good.)

Now I feel as if I must let it go, because I [L. M. C.] don't hear well.

(Yes. Hm-hm.)

NOTE: The references to Dr. Geley find their explanation in the news items that appeared in the press in July, 1924, in France and England and America. Dr. Gustave Geley was the head of the psychological research movement in France, at the Institut Métapsychique. He had been in Warsaw, in July, conducting experiments in physical psychic phenomena, and was returning to France by aeroplane, as the only passenger. The plane took a sudden dive and was wrecked, both Dr. Geley and the pilot being killed, so that the cause of the disaster, so far as they may have known it, is beyond our checking up. It was not ascertained by those who investigated the wreck, so far as reported, in any way accessible to me of which I am aware. Mr. De Brath, to whom the messages refer, was a good friend and fellow-worker of Dr. Geley and has translated much of his work into English. These facts are accessible to Mrs. Chamberlaine and are not evidential of any supernatural information.

As to Dr. Geley's family, his plans for work, and the opinion he had of the value of the work he was doing in Warsaw, there was no information available to L. M. C. or to me on October 3rd. The *Révue Métapsychique* of January-February, 1925, contained the account by Dr. Geley and another sitter, of sittings held in July, 1924, with Franek Kluski. These were known to have taken place long before the account appeared, but that they were satisfactory was not known, at any rate in America. The translation of the French account appeared in the American Society's *Journal* in May, 1925, which would be Mrs. Chamberlaine's first access to it, as she does not understand the French language. No information has appeared with reference to Dr. Geley's family, but he had two children and a wife who survived him. Mme. Geley could not remain where she was, as Dr. Geley had had his home in the building where the Institute has its headquarters. Naturally, the apartment had to be vacated by his widow. One of her married

daughters lived near by, though neither daughter made her home with the parents. Hence the mother was the only one who was obliged to remove her home. Mr. De Brath remarked that he did not know that either of the daughters had moved, but that it would be entirely credible that the one who had been living near the mother might move when Mme. Geley did. This, of course, is only conjectural. Mme. Geley did not comment upon the point.

The two Kluski sittings of July, 1924, were especially rich in phenomena. Dr. Geley was bringing two materialization molds of infantile clasped hands back to France with him, in the aeroplane, from these experiments.

Further notes concerning Dr. Geley will be found in the following chapter. There seem to have been no séances with peasants, so far as Mlle. Thomassin, the Institut Secretary, could tell me. Mr. Kluski is an educated man, an engineer.

[L. M. C. opening eyes:] Now I suppose you will turn that picture off, won't you. (Oh, yes.) I will just wait while I can get together again. Hear my little rap? That is a very peculiar little rap. It is generally [for] something good. It is just different from any other rap in this house, and I haven't heard it for a long time.

I don't know whether I was in a trance or not, but I was pretty far gone that time, I think.

(Yes, you were pretty deep.)

I will tell the maid we can have luncheon. Was it good, Gertrude? (Yes, fine.) Well, the funniest thing developed,—that you had been away and been in London. Is that true? (Yes.) Well, no one had told me such a thing, and I hadn't any idea of it! I thought, of course, you had been away up in the White Mountains with your sister. [In a place beginning with the letter L also, the address I gave her for the summer.] Now, isn't that funny? But I certainly saw the word as clearly as day.

Did you get any cross-reference?

(Yes, I did, very good. I wish I could tell you about it, it would be so interesting to you.)

That Miss D— [A sitter who knows me] did not breathe a word of it. I asked her if she had seen you or heard from you, and she said that she had heard, but that you were away. That was all.

[I here closed the camera—1 P. M. No results of interest on this film when developed.]

Did you go unexpectedly? (Yes, I did.) I only had that letter from you saying you were going away for the summer, and I thought

you were with your sister, of course. Well, then, you must have seen Mr. and Mrs. Dingwall, if you went to London. I am just getting awake, just getting adjusted to the idea of your having been there. I just kept seeing you further and further away.

NOTE: There was no evidence of this in what she said, and we no doubt miss many such points for lack of the human ability to give two simultaneous accounts of sensory experience, inner and outer. Other such indications crop up in the records from time to time.

Mrs. C. refers to Mr. E. J. Dingwall, the director of research in physical phenomena for the A. S. P. R. in 1920-21, and known to her as a sitter.

(Well, they sent their greetings to you, I will tell you that.)
[Further inquiry and reference in the way of chat on her part omitted.]
Well, there is so much about a picture in that work today, and I just think my mind got all mixed up with *this* picture. I was sorry I had tried today, after all, because I had just got my mind all filled up with it, and confused things, I think.

NOTE: Which is apparently precisely what occurred.

CHAPTER XIV

SÉANCE 14

L. M. C. October 16, 1924. Sitter, G. O. T.

[All sittings with L. M. C. are held at her house, in New Jersey.]

[Psychic gets paper and pencil ready in case a trance should come on; says she has been urged by "Tao," her guide, but she has never let herself go fully. She feels hesitant, yet confident in her guide and me. Closed her eyes, rests head on hand, repeats her preliminary verses; pause.]

I keep hearing the name Gustave constantly calling. (All right.) You've probably brought him; others too I hear. I feel Dr. Hyslop's presence. I also know him and I recognize his personality. It is just different from the others. He speaks of a publisher, he is telling me, something about A PUBLISHER. (Yes.) Working, WORKING TOGETHER. (Good.) No, he thinks you don't understand. He keeps saying *together*. (Yes, what is it?) We are working together. I don't know.

(Yes, who are "we," does he mean me?)

Yes, not as you understand it. *We* are working together, *we* are working together. Publisher, publisher. (Yes.) I advise you in this. (Very well, I am glad to have you.)

NOTE: A reference to an "opening" with some publisher omitted. It has not proved to be veridical, if it was prophetic, up to this time.

Sorry about the unrest at headquarters. I know it exists, but it must always be so, it seems, where more than one runs the machinery. I find difficulty of adjustment. It will, however, work out. (I—) Not always as we would expect. I think there is quite a future, and it is working well because it is greatly helped here. There is great pressure brought to bear. Efforts to keep it alive in a broader sense, but things are not, of course, satisfactory in many ways. This can be adjusted. It was wise to make a change.

[Omission of further reference to above point, about publisher.]

L.i.g.h.t. London. (Yes.) Not [ordinary] light, you understand this. (Yes.) I am trying to show what can be done in this way.

Oh, could you stand with me a moment, and gaze upon the slow unfolding of this side of truth! It is slow and seems slow to you, but it is so sure. I helped all that I could and received much help from others, but it was not as easy as it could have been. (No.) Not always the personality fits. It is sometimes overdrawn. We find difficulty in getting established. Chain's link weakest point. [Hesitant as though realizing some slip in expression.] (Yes.) I found this so. Not easy, what I want to say: I tried to put through a word that would lead you to understand I was conscious of the disruption.

(Yes.)

The truth is, it has passed through a state of ferment, as would be expected. A sudden slump of the after-war period, and the necessity of rebuilding, and the difficulty of finding the proper—proper, I don't know what that word is—, to put it on its feet. I think it is in a fair way now to go on just differently from what it would have done if I had lived, and in a different sense; but after all it may work out. This effort to reach you was tremendous, and we had reported before. WHEN I REPORTED TO THE MAN I SAID WHO I WAS, stated plainly my initials, GETTING FIRST NAME IN. THIS WAS BEFORE. THEN SIGN, SIGNAL GIVEN.

NOTE: Compare Séance 4, H. T. S., when Johannes was the man to whom but not *through* whom J. H. H. reported, as he was reporting through a lady. I then, quite non-committally, with no rising inflection, remarked as though repeating what had been said to me:

(Through the man.)

No, not through the man. No, not through the man, not through the man. (That is right.) It was difficult and I struggled with it, TRYING TO THROW ON THE MIND WHAT I WANTED REPEATED AFTERWARDS. The sentence was not clear. I know this. It was mixed. I HAD SOMEONE WITH ME very interesting,

(Who was that?) WHO TOOK GREAT INTEREST.

NOTE: E. A. was a co-communicator at that séance, H. T. S., July 15, when J. H. H. gave a sentence which he said he would try to repeat as a test elsewhere. It seemed a perfectly clear sentence, but may not have conveyed what he intended at the time. This, of course, cannot be verified now, but I had thought at the time that it did not sound like J. H. H.

I feel as though I want to write an H, H.

NOTE: H. T. S. was, of course, an automatic writer, both by the

ouija-table and with the pencil (at Séance 8). She wrote J. H. H.'s name with her pencil, automatically at the last of the three séances, in all of which he referred to his concern about the work in America.

(All right.) H. H.

I have also a lady with me, (Yes?) who is so interested. One who regards you highly. (Yes.) This lady is with me now. She was a great sufferer.

NOTE: Later found to refer to Mrs. Lelia C. Prince. I here omit evident reference to Mr. Dingwall's experiments with L. M. C. in 1921.

Now let me say the war brought to an acute stage a desire for immediate facts. It is a pity they were not forthcoming. I [L. M. C.] don't know what he means by this. Watch for some developments now in a child. Have Gustave with me. (Good.) You know I found him. It was so sudden. We hardly knew it had happened, all was over quickly. He is frantic to get back and to see what he started, worked out. (Yes.) His plans all made and he so enthusiastic. If, if it can be carried through, he knows his wife will do so. He has with him a young man, a soldier. He is here right by me, now. (Good.) O, yes, he holds up for you to see a screw, (Screw?) a screw (Yes.)—and shakes his head. He is trying to explain something to you. I will let him.

(Good.)

I hear some words I can't pronounce. What is Fenelon? Fenelon? (What is that?)

F-e-n-e-l (Yes.) Fenelon or Fenelin. There is a dot over the O, or a sort of a mark over the O. (Yes.) He keeps speaking of Budapesth. (B-u-d-a-p-e-s-t?) [Purposely misspelled in order to represent the sound.]

Yes. I don't know what that means. (I know.) He holds up the screw, and says, "All lost by a screw." I find myself again, only after a sleep, that I am refreshed. (Yes.) Left with high hopes and knew the end had come when we began to fall. Not possible to save the body.

(O, wasn't it?)

I was out of it before that. (Ah.) Body injured. (I don't know, do you?) [My question was addressed to L. M. C. but received no attention.] Not prolonged. Merciful God protected, I was only conscious of great danger, my heart in my mouth. The fear of suffering is always paramount. (Yes.) We forget the end when we see the beginning of the narrow entrance to the tomb. (Yes.) I woke from

refreshing sleep. Found my old friends near me, my devoted ones who had preceded me.

Send to my wife and children my love and my earnest longing to bring them some sign.

(Yes, I will.)

Bid my wife call me, and try by my direction. (All right.) I can help her fill out the pages left unfinished.

(Good. I don't know about that, I am glad to take the message.)

Thank you.

(*J' avais espéré vous voir à Londres, Monsieur.*)

Not able to say, but this I want recorded: after death my mental apparatus kept on, there was no lapse. There was nothing that shut me out. It was sleep, a long and a refreshing one, and a waking to consciousness only a little bewildered by the change. But my thinking not snapped off. No discontinuance of thought in any way. Body different. Not explainable. Very difficult. "Je vais très har"—something like that. I am trying to get this. "Saviar"—(yes?) "Amia—Am," something, I can't get that. "D'être"—don't know what that means.

(Say it again.)

"D'être" something. [Sounded like such a phrase as "Sa vie a mieux d'être." The psychic knows no French, and these syllables, manifestly indicating attempts at French expression, I cannot interpret more accurately. The statement attempted, taken in conjunction with the manner of Dr. Geley's death, suggests the fitting purport, "His life winged its way to being."]

I am shown something that is filmy and white; it looks like a bag drawn up. It is very filmy and floats. (Yes.)

Dr. Hyslop back again. In fact, he's never left me here. (Yes.) And he says that there were three formulas left. Caux, c-a-u-x (Yes.) [Automatically wrote this word, simultaneously.] One of these formulas very precious and put carefully away; the others very valuable also. Very much excitement because they were on the very verge of being tested, and had great significance. This can be tried with almost any person who is of strong physical endurance. Not, *not* attached to the nervous system as supposed. (Oh.) It is an entirely separate—has more to do with the emanations, is the waste product, and will be of great value when discovered, belongs to the part called soul. Therefore not connected with the part called body or physical attributes.

(Yes.)

A detached substance held by a single thread. (To what?) Products—productive and really emphasizes continuance of life. When this has established itself, life will be better understood. The germ. The generative produces this. (Yes.) If used in with knowledge, careful scientific knowledge, it is possible to produce all of the phenomena and greater, some of which was [*sic*] witnessed of last Century. That, very hard to grasp now. Hard.

This Gie, Gie, Gielee [Geley] was just shown. He had just touched the edge of the magic when life on earth, for him, ended. It is because we see a little in advance that we are so impatient to bring it back and help the slower progress. But in the clear mind and in the living God there is time and place for everything; and we have more patience and must wait development.

NOTE: The very hitchy and fragmentary efforts to refer to the physical phenomena of ectoplasm studied by Geley recently, and by Crookes and other eminent men in the last century, are unsatisfactory except as possible indications that Dr. Geley and Dr. Hyslop were endeavoring to express something upon the subject. Mrs. C. knows very little of physical phenomena, herself.

If I draw a star and enclose it, it is what I tried elsewhere.

[Here made some penciled scrawls but no star or enclosure.]

Mr. De Brath does not know whether Dr. Geley had prepared a speech to be made upon the Warsaw investigations and upon other investigations. Nor does he know what is meant by the reference to the 9th of September.

He knows nothing of the little green book or the notes on Gifford. As to "some big thing, tremendous undertaking," Mr. De Brath thinks it "probably refers to the philosophical work which, as he states in *L'Ectoplasmie et la Clairvoyance*, published in 1924, before he died, he intended to publish. He left manuscripts which he intended to arrange for publication. He looked on that as his principal work." It is true that these manuscripts concerned the ectoplasmic theory. Mr. De Brath has not been approached upon the subject of the manuscripts [August 6th, 1925].

The reference to "W" may be to Warsaw, of course. The references to his colleagues, and to "crooked business, peasants," and their "stubbornness" Mr. De Brath does not understand. The statement "as to plans made is correct. And description of state of mind agrees with some automatic writing given to [Mr. De Brath in private sittings], not by Geley but referring to him, in August, September and

October, 1924." He has no information as to "Fenelon" or Buda-Pesth. He queries whether it be possible that the aeroplane was made in Buda-Pesth. As to the "screw," the reason for the disaster is unknown. Mr. De Brath has no information as to a young soldier who might be with Geley communicating. "After a sleep" agrees with messages conveyed to Mr. De Brath through other communicators, in private sittings. As to the filmy, white bag that floats, the formulæ and the word "Caux" he has no information. The remarks about "very much excitement because they were on the verge of being tested, the germ," etc., etc., "probably refer to generation of ectoplasm."

The pilot of the wrecked aeroplane, the only other passenger, may have been "a young soldier," but I have been unable to ascertain this.

Did Mrs. Chenoweth know I had tried to get through a name? She must have known this. The lady with me is anxious, so anxious to send word to those at home.

(Good, I will take it. What is it?)

Let me see now: somebody not well, so tired, weary, and sometimes life seems hardly worth it—the struggle. Keep a good heart. Remember it is worth trying for and the effort we put forth will be rewarded. [Automatic writing: M—r meaning Mother?] I am always trying to reach you, and am conscious of you so often when you cannot even recognize my presence. I feel my way to you.

I see a lady not very tall, (Yes.) sort of gray eyes and light hair. (Yes.) She puts her hands here [on chest]. (Yes.) She seems to cough and then straightens herself up. This lady seems to want to be recognized. (Yes.) I think I am seeing her. She looks like she might be a Quakeress, (Yes.) she is so simply dressed. Rather a quiet personality. (Yes.) Great home lover and very true to her faith. This lady has an old lady with her,—old in the point of age and old also in the way she looks. She looks quite feeble. She is here with her. She is very much bent.

(The old one?)

Yes, and seems to walk as if it hurt her. (Yes.) Her hands are dreadfully drawn up, too. I don't know who Emma is.

(Emma?)

Yes. I don't know—I hear the name Emma here. (All right.)

Now there is another lady near me, very close to me. Her name is Lela, Lelie, Lela, and she seems like a sweet, gentle person. (Yes.) I think she must have had a very sweet smile and very nice even teeth. (Yes.) I see her smile at me. She also suffered greatly and she put

her hand a great deal to her side [indicating hip] that way, as if it were a characteristic position, gesture.

(Yes.)

Now, she says that—

(I am glad to see her.) [Metaphorical expression, of course.]

—she always thought so highly of you. (Thank you.) She wanted to come back because she did—she says she didn't always like things the way they were on earth for her, but she tried to accept conditions. (Yes, I know.) Wonders if she will send to her daughter her love. (I will.) She wants her watched tenderly over. Thinks she misses her so much. Has wonderful happiness now, (I am glad) and feels as if she were selfish in being so happy.

(Ah-ha, that sounds like her.)

She has so many children in her care, little waifs who have drifted from a sad and suffering world. They are in her care until those who take them on, come for them. (I see.) [Very appropriate to her character.] She wants you to know she hasn't changed her faith. She has been true to her faith. (Yes.) Nothing changed her belief. She wants you to know that.

(Yes, I didn't think it did.)

She has no one to send by, tries to help her daughter so often. Thinks she has made her understand, too. (I think so.) She has gotten to her. (I dare say.) She has touched her several times, and wonders if she heard her sing. Thinks her daughter heard her call her in the night. She is often in the house with those she loved, by their bedside. It is all very wonderful, wonderful, and I am very happy. (Good.) I know this does not mean to you what it can mean to me, just words, but so expressive of my safe and happy release. (Yes.)

My sister is with me. I [L. M. C.] don't know that—and was one of the first with my father to greet me. (I see.)

She is trying to give me something: "at twilight's" [pause].

(Twilight's?)

"At twilight's, at twilight's dim and"—I don't get this. It is some old song or something. "At twilight's dim and softly call," 't isn't quite that. 'T isn't right. I don't hear well. "So quiet the day and still the night." I don't know it, it's a—"In God's own time I wait my call, and will not *something* fear." I don't get that, but she has tried to give it to me. (Yes.)

Now she writes her husband's name, Walter Prince [writing this as she spoke]. It must be, it is Dr. Prince's wife. Walter Prince. I have

indeed seen my Master and it is my reward. [Pause.] Puts her hand to her side again [right hip, as before, was indicated].

Now, did she have an attack of grippe the winter before she died? I think she had something like that, some trouble, that she was quite ill the winter before she died, and was very sleepless. (Yes.) And during that time she seems to have thought she heard singing. (I see.) Now she says she was not mistaken.

(Good. Who was it singing?) [I had no recollection of any knowledge of this.]

She heard singing from the other world, and she knows now about it. (Good.) Wants to bring that to her home that she left. Ask my child, The— Theo— (Yes.) Theo to listen, see if she can hear me.

(I will.) [The proper name of Miss Prince is Theodosia, as L. M. C. knows normally.]

NOTE: Miss Theodosia Prince ["Doris" of "The Doris Fischer Case of Multiple Personality," *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, IX, X, XI] has orally confirmed the pertinence and correctness of these messages from her foster-mother, Lelia Prince, deceased. Her detailed notes were promised me soon after the séance when I read her the record and gave her a copy of it. Her own mother's name was Emma, a fact published in *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, XI, though I had forgotten it. She died very suddenly of pneumonia, so-called. Her personal description and that of the little old lady with her were recognized by Miss Prince. There were also two occasions on which Miss Prince had heard her deceased foster-mother call her, one of them being in the night when she was awakened from sleep and sat up suddenly in bed to look down into her foster-mother's garden, which had been a favourite interest of hers in her illness. In the garden she saw a white figure walking which she took to be that of Mrs. Prince. On the other occasion of hearing the voice, it was daytime and Miss Prince was down-stairs and heard the voice call down from the head of the stairway to the second floor, a familiar experience in Mrs. Prince's illness. The little dog who had been devoted to Mrs. Prince in her illness apparently heard the voice at the same moment and rushed to the stairway in response, just as Miss Prince heard the call.

These facts were normally unknown to L. M. C. I myself had heard some reference to them, months previously, from Dr. Prince.

The expressions of Mrs. Prince as to her own attitude of mind and her kind thought for me are entirely characteristic. It was also true that she had not always liked the way things were on earth for her, but she did gracefully accept conditions.

She had a good deal of trouble for years with a dislocation which

affected her hip and prevented her walking for pleasure or without pain. And it is true that she had a severe grippy cold or congestion the winter before she died. She was quite ill and slept poorly for some time, before her death.

The detailed notes are promised me.

Mrs. Prince was an active church-worker and religious person all her life, though she broad-mindedly took interest in psychic matters also. The verses from some songs or hymns were not definitely placed by Miss Prince, in our conversation on the matter.

You are helping so many people. I want to tell you how dear you are to many who are here. (Thank you.) And I have the help of Dr. Hyslop in reaching you. (Good.) He brought me here. He says, "did I not tell you we work together?"

(Oh, I see.)

He is very anxious to tell me something [L. M. C. put down her pencil as if to attend better]: that he wants you to be careful. There are two things for you to choose from. Don't make a mistake, he says, and throw down that for which you have built so long. Accept nothing trivial. Hold to the things that will give you the greatest satisfaction. You are between two platforms. Make no mistake. One will come to you which you must accept. You have made a good beginning. Keep along and you will come to the other which will be a far more satisfactory achievement. You are doing well now, and are not deserted, but carefully guided and watched over.

(Thank you.)

It is a pity for you to take it in this way. [Not clear what "it" may mean, but if it refer to my own affairs, it perhaps indicates that I needed not take them too seriously. Further prediction about a "publisher" omitted. Not as yet fulfilled.]

(All right. That is something that I will understand in due course of time.)

"Publisher" comes in again here. He keeps saying something about publisher, thinks that will straighten out all right. (I hope so.) I have made every effort to aid in this, and I think you will see, later on, the results. [All this and what follows was very slowly dictated.]

You saw someone who knew me in London.

(Yes. I—) [About to ask for specific identification.]

Man. Some man that—was it around twelve o'clock? (Yes.)

NOTE: I had been wondering which of several possible friends of

J. H. H. might be intended, and this, in answer to the unspoken question, precisely determined the person meant, Sir William Barrett.

I found it not easy to speak through the child to you. (Yes.) Not as easy as in the other way.

(You mean here, with this lady?)

I found the—I [L. M. C.] am always taken to a dark room. I don't know, (O, yes?) if there was a place that was very dark in London.

(Yes.)

He takes me there again. (I see.) Was the light not good? Made little round discs, little round points? I don't know,—

(Yes.)

I was not visible, (No.) the effort tremendous, but discouraging, I suppose.

(Not to me.)

And I, when I called, *when* I called, I made a little signal which I hoped to "get over." Did you notice it? (Yes.) I did not at first think so, but gave my initial instead of my name. It was just as hard as the other way. (Was it?) Never thought I would figure in that. Didn't do it before in that way.

NOTE: The "child" here indicated is evidently Fedá. There was speech through her of some of the very matters concerning the work of the A. S. P. R. in which he also here manifests interest. Of course we cannot assume that what appeared to come easily and fluently was not the product of great effort on the communicator's part.

There were little round discs of light made on the ceiling at the Osborne-Leonard séance, by light flowing from the opening in the top of the tiny shade on the oil lamp. There was no evidence of any points of light or of any attempt of J. H. H. to become visible to us at this séance or at any other of my sittings, all of which were held in daylight or electric light.

The "little signal" and the giving of the initial instead of the name I cannot place clearly. It may possibly relate to the sitting of Mrs. Ainslee where J. H. H. made the sign of the cross, not the usual X. This is found in the note on pages 135, 136.

Too bad about the trouble over there now; man not well. It seems he must leave a field of action where he is much needed.—Don't know what this is.

(Go ahead.)

His work is nearly done and he makes one more to join us.

NOTE: I wondered if this could refer to Sir William Barrett, the patriarch of psychic research in England. He is elderly and not at all strong this summer. He has frequent poor days when he cannot do as much as he would like. I have heard nothing of his condition since my return. It was he whom I had gone to see *around twelve o'clock* in London, the only one of several of J. H. H.'s acquaintances whom I had seen at that hour. He was, also, the only *man* of J. H. H.'s acquaintance whom I saw in London, and we spoke of Dr. Hyslop in our conversation. They had been good friends.

The foregoing prediction of Sir William's death was fulfilled in May, 1925, before I had an opportunity again to see him.

[Brief message concerning a personal acquaintance omitted.]

Do what you can there at the old place. I am glad you are there. My old stamping ground. (Oh? Yes?)

NOTE: I can only surmise that this may refer to the location of my new home, which adjoins Columbia University campus. I have not told L. M. C. this fact. I have moved very recently to this location.

It is well enough, well enough for the time being.

NOTE: It proved to be for a far shorter time than I had planned. The succeeding season brought me the opportunity to continue my work abroad, which was at the time of this sitting quite unforeseen.

I feel as though he were fading away from me.

(Tell him I want very much to augment every effort of his that I can.)

I know that, and it is possibly the reason I have been able to get close to you. It has been easy for me to get through some of my thoughts, and I also feel that it will all come right. Now go ahead. Do not care about criticism. I did not. Make your own way and do as your own conscience dictates. You will find that you will be helped and guided. I would prefer that you use your own judgment in regard to the matter to decide. I know your good sense will guide you unerringly. Keep on with it. I am pleased. I think it is logical, and reasonableness is what tells.

I feel as if they had gone.

NOTE: Before the sitting, I had mentioned to L. M. C. a hope I had of getting some of my work published. These remarks evidently arose in response to that statement of mine.

(I wonder who that lady was who was Quakerish.)

NOTE: I was desirous of clearing up this point which did not apply to Mrs. Prince, though she did dress simply. I was mistaken in thinking it referred to her, however, as the name "Emma" proves. The reference was understood in its bearing by Miss Prince, as already noted.

L. M. C. did not pick up the point at all. Instead, she got some further reference to the word "publisher" and a prediction as to work, which has not been fulfilled. I omit the prediction.

Psychic leaned back, sighed, opened eyes, 3:15 P. M.

I feel as if they had gone away from me. I was quite nice and drowsy today. Was it good today?

(Very! Very good.)

I am glad.

(And I verified some of the work of two weeks ago, after I got home. It was very good. Better than I remembered.)

I am so impressed. The whole sitting stands out. I feel that you are going to have an offer from some publisher to do some work, to do something with them or for them. But I also think it was a temporary thing in a way, as if you were coming to something else in the end. I don't associate it with the book you have written. I don't seem to come to that at all. It seems to be something quite outside that. I don't suppose you have done anything about the book, have you. (No.) I didn't connect it with that, at all, this publisher.

I don't suppose you want to tell me, and if you don't it is all right, I will understand perfectly. But has Doris ever been out to me?

(I don't know.)

I don't think she ever has. I don't think she has ever been here, but I don't know, of course. I have seen so many people [anonymously]. But I felt brought in quite close contact with her today, although I have never seen her. If that was Mrs. Prince. I don't know.

(I think so.)

I never saw Mrs. Prince. I don't know a thing about her. I never saw a picture of her, and I never heard a description of her.

NOTE: Miss Prince later stated to me that she had not been to L. M. C. up to the time of this sitting. And Mrs. Prince never saw her.

NOTE: In this séance I get a further reference to Dr. Geley, and it occurs just after a reference to sending word "to the man," which I at first misinterpreted to be "through the man." "To the man" is, however, correct, for it was at the sitting of Mr. Bligh Bond, July 17th, that we made our first effort to get word concerning Dr. Geley.

At that same sitting, when Dr. Hyslop had been asked for, we got the announcement, "James Hyslop is here," and then, after a lull which might have betokened that we had finished, the spontaneous "X" was given twice over, as though in signature, although Mr. Bond had no idea what it was. It followed the name by a considerable interval. [See Chapter X.] The L. M. C. messages concerning Geley follow on here in natural sequence after the mention of the message to the man. This was the only instance that could thus be described in the whole course of my year's work, the only occasion on which a man had been sitter in a séance at which I also was present, and Dr. Hyslop had purported to communicate to us both. At first, I did not catch the drift of the reference by L. M. C.

The advice that followed regarding some "publisher" and "we work together" I do not place. It might refer to several different possibilities imaginable, but there is no clear reference. It seems to indicate some specific offer to me, in the portion I omit, but that is erroneous unless it be predictive. I therefore omit it on all grounds, as the publication of a prediction of the sort would only serve to nullify its fulfilment as due to suggestion in some degree. It is recorded and preserved for verification, if it eventuate.

J. H. H.-X referred also to "light" and London together, possibly intending to indicate one of the London psychics whom I saw. Mrs. Chamberlaine would not normally use the term "light" for psychic or medium. There was an effort to make it clear to me that the word was not intended in its ordinary sense. It could, of course, be supposed to refer to the publication of that name, the Spiritualist weekly issued in London, with which also L. M. C. is totally unfamiliar.

I have often found that obscure bits like this find place and meaning, as did the "name like a sneeze, Tishia," when one wakes up to their import, and I am sufficiently humble not to discard or disregard them after a long experience in ultimately finding most excellent clarity and pertinence in uncomprehended references. It is so much easier to discard than to verify, that one must be careful to avoid that particular form of slothfulness.

As to the points contained in the Geley communications, though they are not many, yet several have pertinence beyond my own knowledge and certainly beyond L. M. C.'s. For example, I was not aware that Dr. Geley's home had been in the building that houses the Institut Métapsychique in Paris, and that therefore it would be necessary for his family to leave the place they were living in. Nor did I know that he left "children," but it is true that he was survived by two children. And his family are, despite the seriousness of their bereavement, not too dependent to adjust their lives to it, as would be the case in some fami-

lies. This neither the psychic nor I could know, having no acquaintance with the family and their friends.

I made inquiries of Mlle. Thomassin and Mme. Geley, and also of Mr. De Brath, who seems to be indicated by "B—a sort of French name." Mlle. Thomassin was, and is, the Institut Secretary, Mr. De Brath was Dr. Geley's friend and collaborator. I secured from these three the following information:

I learn from Mlle. Thomassin that Mme. Geley finds the purported communications from Dr. Geley "not absurd. They look like what Dr. Geley would really have said."

His wife and children have not been able to remain where they were. And they are not too dependent. Dr. and Mme. Geley had lived in the building which is the home of the Institute, during his incumbency as the Director of its work.

"Mme. Geley knows nothing about a green book, and cannot give any definite answer as to the questions concerning the Warsaw experiments, the child whose psychic development Dr. Geley communicates, the plans he hoped Mme. Geley would carry out, the three formulæ, the pertinence of 'C-a-u-x,' his feeling that he might be on the verge of new discoveries in ectoplasm before his death, the drawing of an enclosed star."

Mr. De Brath, who worked with Dr. Geley, states that Dr. Geley certainly wrote notes of the Warsaw investigations, which have been recovered from the wreck of the aeroplane, but none of which had been published in October, 1924, when these L. M. C. messages were given. He does not know whether Mme. Geley had heard from Dr. Geley at that time in a way that she recognized. Mlle. Thomassin told me in May, 1925, when I saw her, that she believed Mme. Geley had had some communications which she felt *might* be from her husband, but she was not certain. They were not entirely convincing, I gathered.

CHAPTER XV

SÉANCE 15

Medium, L. M. C. Oct. 30, 1924, 2:15 p. m. Sitter, G. O. T.

Before the sitting, we spoke of the nuisance that mere possessions can be.

G. O. T. reported to L. M. C. that E. H. T. was much interested in the sitting she had here on Oct. 21st, and that there was writing done automatically of words not spoken in the sitting. L. M. C. is much interested, particularly because she was not conscious that there had been any writing on her paper at all. In fact, she remarked that "Miss (E.) Tubby had taken the sheet, although there was nothing on it!"

I will keep on then, because maybe I do it subconsciously. [Closed eyes, repeated her verses.]

The CROSS, and the STAR, and the CIRCLE. [At a Fedá sitting on Aug. 4, 1924, L. A., "Mrs. Star," got a *cross* from J. H. H., who is one of the *circle* now at work on the "other side." Compare Chap. VI.] Is there someone near you sick? (Yes, might be said to be.) [Possibly E. M. M.?] Hm. (Why?) I wonder who—there is—I am just getting very faintly yet the impressions. There is a person by the name of Mary Jane near me. It is a curious thing that that Mary Jane seems to be [pause] important. Her coming here seems important because she is right here, first. (All right.) And I haven't—that is rather curious. I haven't any vision of her. I don't see her, but I just feel her presence, a person by the name of Mary Jane.

NOTE: I knew no Mary Jane whatever, but E. E., who was typing these dictated notes for me, remarked, "Mary Jane was an old family friend. Her goods have been advertised for sale at auction recently. I had it in mind to attend the sale. She died not long ago."

I feel the circle coming now around us, closing in around us. There are more people in it. There are more people in the circle than there were. (Oh.) I am conscious of its growth, of its enlargement. It seems to be larger than it was.

Eh,—there is a light directed on you that [indicating my head and shoulders]—just as if they were focussing on you, and it is not the blue light. This light that I see is orange, almost a deep orange light. Now immediately I feel again that word “publisher” as if it was very important. Publisher. [Taking up her own pencil.]

There is a young girl here with light hair. Her hair is in curls and she has hazel eyes, and very—she is a child. She’s—Dr. Hyslop has her by the hand and seems to want to call attention to her. She is a girl about twelve years, may be a little older, but she looks small for her age. She’s a girl—I should say she would have been under-size. She’s—he has her by the hand, and there is a lady near her, a very sweet-faced woman. Very quiet, and who has all her life effaced herself and only thought for the comfort and care of others. (Yes.) This lady is also with this group, and there was a gentleman with her, a tall man, rather delicate, rather FRAIL looking, taller than she is. The dark hair touched with gray, iron gray. (Yes.) Now these people are here in the INNER CIRCLE I might say, but there is an OUTER CIRCLE.

Now Dr. Hyslop thinks he wants to try something different. He thinks, he wants to change a little bit. (All right.)

We had hoped for this before, but it didn’t seem possible. If you can find the key you will unravel the mystery and it is because—you *must* find the key, you *must* find the key. I want you to. (Yes.) Not exactly on the right track. Change a little. There is a stubborn defensive. No results until that is moved. Get behind it. It is dissatisfaction reaching far back. Not easy to find, but it is the core and will not—nothing—it will not respond to it. [I am aware of this in a general way, but have not got the key as yet.] Be careful and go slowly. I have rejoiced in results. WE TOUCHED CLOSELY IN LONDON, more so than you know. (Yes?) I WAS BACK OF THE SCENES THERE.

NOTE: This I first discovered on the night of Sept. 2-3, 1925, in going over Piper Report of J. H. H. in *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI (Part XLI) for verifications of details. “Tom,” “Peter,” “Anna” and “Charlie” and the death of this brother and sister of J. H. H., Cf. Ch. IV, were among them. I had felt some surprise that there seemed little or no trace of J. H. H. in my A. B. sitting. My own family messages were more easily recognized.

My mother, my brother, Charles, and a sister of mine, deceased, are here well suggested as of the “inner” circle who would come to me. My sister had light hair, it was in curls, but I am told that her eyes were not hazel. She was in her thirteenth year when she died, and was

small for her age. My mother was a very sweet-faced woman who all her life effaced herself and only thought for the comfort and care of others. Even before she was married this was true of her more than of most young women. Her parents depended upon her more than on their other daughters as the family grew up, in the home.

With her in the group described appears to have been my brother, referred to by Mrs. Brittain briefly, in 1924, his name, Charles, being mentioned. He was tall, taller than mother, rather delicate and frail looking always, had dark hair touched with gray, iron gray, when he died.

The description of this group fits with the statement of Mrs. Brittain, that I had a "line of guides for personal life, the sentimental group" to guard and protect, and the "band of scientists, a practical, worker-set" also (the outer circle) impinging on the power.

In the Brittain sitting the ring she spontaneously described and the hand with long fingers would have been my brother's. His hand she said she saw over mine as I wrote. Now my brother knew shorthand and used it a great deal in his life, and had helped me to choose the system that I studied as a girl, advising with me carefully about it in the summer before his death. It would therefore be of particular interest to him to note my use of it. I have had his hand described to me in the same terms on another occasion when I took his ring with me to a medium, Mrs. Ker, in Montreal, for psychometric purposes, in 1922. Mrs. Brittain described this brother as fragile looking, also, and delineated his character admirably. And immediately afterward she referred to his mother, and mine, of course. So the grouping is the same in the two séances.

In the Chamberlaine sitting, just after the references to these points, Dr. Hyslop states that he wishes me to find a key which he feels I have not yet found. Then says that he advises me to "be careful and go slowly. I have rejoiced in results. We touched closely in London, more so than you know. I was back of the scenes there."

This called my attention to certain obscure references in the Brittain sitting and resulted in my finding nineteen further points in that and other sittings which related to Dr. Hyslop and his family in his boyhood and youth when I knew nothing of them. It was the task of many hours, even days, to search out these points. They referred to Robert Hyslop, Tom the horse, colored help on the farm in Ohio, "a coin" that belonged to Robert Hyslop, the dog Peter; Annie, Charles and Lucy, two who died of scarlet fever and some throat condition, very near together; the dog with a limp, Robert Hyslop's fondness for the Bible and a certain commentary on it. Indian stories heard by the Hyslop children in their youth, "A. L." [Lincoln], "E" and a bronze

medal with a Latin inscription, the "Pied Piper" and a pertinent reference to the year 1869. The obscurity was apparently more existent in my own mind than in that of my communicator, who not only knew what he tried to put through, but knew I hadn't caught it and took the opportunity that arose in America to clear it up in a cross-reference calling my attention to my own failure to catch the full import of his work in London. Either he or I must be regarded as the link in this bit of work, and my consciousness strongly asserts its own incompetence in the matter. The burden is on J. H. H.-X.

Does the *key* refer to "X," which is, of course, the Greek letter *Chi*?

It was well regulated, but the afternoon work was not as complete. I think it was not satisfactory. Perhaps if you could have tried it again it would have been more so. We had built up our own plan and the physical structure was not strong at that time to support it. A confused result was inevitable, but I know you did recognize some of those who were working. (Yes.) A man who came with me was a great help to me at that time. You know he would be. He supported me in it, and was the one who offered, who offered the sentence not decipherable. I [L. M. C.] don't know what that is.

(I see.)

I worked on that with him, trying to help there. He thought it much more so; connect it up with what followed. I know you didn't do this. It was not plain enough for that. (I see.) I tried to make the quotation—make it A QUOTATION in eh, after—after [trying to write something automatically] I don't know what it is after-quotation, quotation after, euros, eros, I don't know what that is,—E something. [Automatic writing capital E] after E, I say E, because I don't know. I had many eager and anxious assistants at that sitting. Was rather swamped with an effort there, and perhaps that made it harder. The friend with me finally conveyed clearly what was meant. I used signs, and ONCE MADE THE SIGN, A CROSS. [At sitting of L. A. with Mrs. O-L., August 4th, 1924.] I don't know if you got this. (We did.) It was through terrible effort on our part. (Many thanks.)

NOTE: See Chapter VI, Sec. 10 and 11.

After using that form I got back further and got into the complex. (Yes.) IT REFERRED TO an instance in B.O.S.T.O.N. (Yes.) I went with the express purpose of making a clear easy reference. A, A, A. [automatically wrote A]. All anxiety to assist (Yes.) but with the

others so anxious equally, I felt the excitement in holding the mental for so short a period. I wanted so much to say other things and knew the time was limited. (Yes.) **SO ANXIOUS TO PROVE HIMSELF THAT WE OVERSTEPPED ONCE OR TWICE.** [Cf. A. V. P., July 11, 1924.]

NOTE: My third sitting in London in 1924 was held in the afternoon, with A. V. P., and was "not as satisfactory" as the morning one which had preceded it, from Mrs. A. B., and there is point in referring to it as the afternoon work, because, as will be recalled, it was offered in substitution for the morning hour which I had tried to secure. It had been my endeavor to secure the first hour of work in both these cases. J. H. H. would have regarded this as "well regulated" effort on the part of the experimenter. A. V. P. was tired from his morning work: "I had rather a big personage here today, and to tell you the truth I got frightened," he stated before the séance opened. I could not try there again, as he was going out of town. This is therefore the sitting referred to rather than the afternoon work of H. T-S., which was satisfactory and was followed by other work from her on a subsequent occasion.

I did recognize "some of those who were working," amongst them E. A., who supported the effort and succeeded better than I knew at the time of this October 30th sitting. I subsequently learned from L. A. that there was pertinence in the description of E. A. I do "know he would be" a help if possible in getting clear evidence through. The two were so closely associated in that séance that their efforts overlapped. There was also reference to Mr. Stead as present in that sitting. The psychic was inclined to sleepiness two or three times in that sitting, but would not allow himself to fall into a sleep or trance, which may have impeded the carrying out of the plan of the communicators. The "quotation" may refer to "Est ist die Hauptsache," etc., of that sitting, which would have been impossible for L. M. C. to quote, as she knows no German. I do not place this as a quotation, but it would be natural for J. H. H. to quote from the German. He is the author of a volume of translations from German poetry.

At the A. V. P. sitting the sign did not come through properly, and the "swastika" is not a cross, though we did secure the cross at another sitting where E. A. and J. H. H. communicated to Mrs. E. A. It was the only occasion on which I have had a cross from J. H. H. Mrs. O-L. drew it with pencil on paper (p. 135). We can connect these two, therefore, in the explanation, though it is true that I had not done so at the date of the present sitting, October 30th. "It was not plain enough for that."

The sign was first given in Boston, through "a stoutish woman,"

Mrs. Chenoweth. A. V. P. referred to one in those terms, but I was not sure which of two psychics, Mrs. Sanders or Mrs. Chenoweth, was meant. This seems to clear up that question, which was complicated by an unsuitable criticism of the work she has given me from J. H. H. The complexity of the A. V. P. message is clear in the record of it.

The following passage refers by name correctly to the living daughter, Alice, of Mary, a communicator at the A. B. sitting [See Chapter IV]. The pertinence of the message is clear, but the wording is confused:

But—a—the whole *something* was revealed. Lady with me was overcome with joy, looking back through the vista. Effort of medium was very great. She [A. B.] saw the lady. [Described Mary's picture.] Gentleman was,—I don't know what that means. I don't know Alice, is Alice—(All right.) Alice. (Yes.) Alice, M, Mother most anxious to be in this and help all she can. One near her, daughter, ill and sad, needs comfort so. I have been anxious that you shall make in the interlude a complete restoration. Get back of the deep-seated trouble. For you there is something ahead. We are watching and know this. Remember it is a question whether you will accept because of the obscured—*something*, I don't know what that is,—first-hand, but results will be most satisfactory.

NOTE: Mary, mother of Alice. Alice has been ill with deep-seated trouble. Hers is a young life with time ahead if health be restored. I did not know of her illness when this message was given. Only in the month of February, 1926, Sunday, the 7th, did I learn of the complete recovery of Alice, through a resident in her town whom I chanced to meet. Compare references in F. L. Lattimore notes of May, 1924, Chapter VI, 10. Also in A. B. sitting, Chapter III. In this sitting of L. M. C. and in Lattimore notes there is reference to something not clear in Boston.

Have you seen *Light* [So written, automatically, also, with capital letter]. (Which one?) [Taking her to mean a psychic.]

Light. I would recall the article. Eh, somebody here—Gustave. (Yes, yes.) Gustave somebody. Not—third article not satisfactory. My, e, r, Myers. (Yes.) Eh, Myers very much interested. Tried to figure in with me. Was probably not noticed, but it helps tremendously. (Good.)

NOTE: I have searched the files of *Light*, in London, but have not found any appropriate reference in connection with "Gustave" [Geley] and Myers.

I saw the wave was turning and I knew it was mostly for others, but I gave what I could. A helping. Frederick, F.R.E.D.E.R.I.C.K. Frederick—L.I.G.H.T.—article marked by number, 2 dash 4—don't know what that is—page 16. [L. M. C. makes such numbers, when automatically written, with the 1 added after the other figure is given, but the order appears as 1-6, not as 6-1. Files of *Light* did not yield any clue to this set of numbers. A further reference to the same periodical omitted, having no bearing here.]

Now when you see G,e,o,r,g,e, when you see George ask him what my habit was about the lighting in hall.

(All right.)

He knows and will understand. It was connected with—with last rites,—I don't know—last rites, r,i,t,e,s,—w,r,i,t,e,s. I don't know what he means by this. Not following advice given when young. I don't know what that is. Ask them to remember my frugal habits and forgive omissions.

NOTE: A very suitable remark, as I know. The psychic does not know and possibly his children would not fully recall certain matters to which it is an apt allusion. This I know from J. H. H.'s sister, in conversation several years ago.

I know about G,e,o,r,g,e. I think he is better. His physical condition seems better. No one helping me now, I am alone. (Yes.) Brought little child with me to be recognized.

(Yes, I think I do.)

NOTE: Six weeks later, on the morning of December 12, 1924, I had my first opportunity to see Dr. Hyslop's son George, to whom the above messages were directed. On inquiry, I learned from him that his little son, George, had been ill all the autumn, with two maladies following one upon the other. He had recovered by the time I saw his father, but he had been convalescent at the time of this sitting, October 30th. I had heard nothing of the matter from anyone, and L. M. C. is totally unacquainted with the family and their friends. I am aware of the few whom she sees for séances, and it is very doubtful that she knows even that Dr. George Hyslop is married. Of his family she would know even less. The child brought to be recognized might well be also a member of Dr. George Hyslop's family, especially close to little George. But as no name or further identification was given, I cannot push that point.

If I could only make a bolder entrance. I now find insurmountable

difficulties in unexpected ways. This will not last, and I know that conditions will change. You will find us working for you ultimately; you will see, and the results will be most satisfactory. Do not hesitate to accept the conditions. I think you will find your happiness there. It will mean many wires in many directions, your work will carry you into many byways. I look for results.

NOTE: This is a very general sort of prediction, but even so it has no fulfilment thus far.

Will you change, will you re-write page 15 that you have written? Change it a little. It is not as clear as I would like it. Page 15. (All right.) Make it more readable. It is obscure in parts. In re-reading it, you will see. (All right.)

NOTE: I could not place this in the record at the time, but later, having numbered my introductory pages, which were not then in place, I found the admonition precisely correct. This, however, cannot be regarded as necessarily pertinent, though it is a curious coincidence.

Old Scotchman here with me whom I knew years ago, a sort of relation of mine, a family connection. A,n,d,r,e,w, Andrew S. [Automatic writing Andrew S.] I don't know what that is. Andrew, not near relation, distant. (I see.) [NOTE: Said to encourage, as I know nothing of this.]

NOTE: I wrote to J. H. H.'s brother, F. E. H., to see whether I could verify this reference, with the following satisfactory result. He replied, referring to the record which I had sent him:

"There would seem to be some pertinence in this [Andrews] reference. I had a faint recollection of an Andrews family with which the Hyslop family was in some way socially connected. In order to refresh my memory, I wrote to Aunt Eliza Carruthers, who has just replied as follows: 'Oh, yes, that Andrews family! Didn't you know Beveridge and James Andrews, of Cedarville, whose mother was a sister of your Uncle James McClellan?' . . . My mother [therefore also J. H. H.'s mother] and Uncle James McClellan's wife were sisters. Robert McClellan (son of James McClellan) was named after my father [therefore also J. H. H.'s father] and Robert McClellan was a very intimate friend of both the Andrews boys mentioned above, and with my father as well. By referring to some of the sittings brother James held, in which my father appeared, you will find this Robert McClellan mentioned several times."

I have earlier had occasion to note some reference to the McClellan

family. It is very suggestive, however, that the first person mentioned after the "little child brought to be recognized" is this elderly Scotchman, a distant family connection, through a brother-in-law of Robert Hyslop so fond of him that he named his son for him; the little child whom I above suspect to be the one indicated was also named Robert, for Robert Hyslop, but in a later generation. The psychological connection by suggestion seems as natural in this setting as it does in our ordinary daily intercourse.

Has the wonderful coloring left the hills? (Almost.) I particularly loved the beauty of the woods at this time. (Yes.) [True.] Not that I am not seeing greater things than these, but I remember what I have seen there. The fulness of life has certainly developed for me, and I have realized the rounding out of all these things towards which I aimed, but which the weakened body, always being held in subjection, often made hard. (Yes.)

I refer now back again to 1900, 1800 and 99. Oh, what a difference, and what I suffered. The isolation of the time. I needed not have and showed it as little as possible, but it was a lonely walk for me. If illness had taken me then, the wonderful results which came, the wonderful light which opened the door—. It was in the fullest sense that I saw it then, in those years. (Yes.) I was not psychic, but as I look back I think I had the light that lighteth every man.

NOTE: In 1898-99, J. H. H. secured the messages purporting to come from his father and other members of his family, published in his Piper report of 1901 [Vol. XVI, *Proceedings S. P. R.*, Part XLI]. He felt the death of his father very keenly. It had occurred in 1896. His own health was not of the best at that time, and in 1902 he was obliged to resign from his university work in order to regain his normal strength, which was never great. These facts are, of course, not to be regarded as evidential, as L. M. C. has had access to the *Memorial Journals* of the A. S. P. R. in which such details of J. H. H.'s life appear. But it is pertinent that the reference to those times follows on the heels of the mention of the Andrew or Andrews, concerning whom I find nothing previously published, and of whom I, not to mention Mrs. Chamberlaine, knew not a word.

I refer to the pin-point of discovery. I [L. M. C.] don't know what that is.

(Yes.)

NOTE: I accepted this reference with an emphatic "Yes," not my usual non-committal or inquiring "Yes," used to keep the wheels run-

ning smoothly. The reason for my response lay in the recollection which the reference at once aroused of J. H. H.'s interest in space-perception, of which he made a study at Johns Hopkins University, where he took his doctorate in philosophy in 1887. When he was instructor in the Department of Philosophy in Columbia College, in 1894, he published several articles on the subject in the *Psychological Review*. At this time he was conducting the course on "Space and Space Perception." For about twenty years, in all, J. H. H. contributed to studies in space perception and the problems of binocular and monocular vision, in various scholastic journals. I have consulted eleven such contributions and find diagrams and numerous discussions and references involving experiments in vision such as the well-known one of viewing objects through a pin-point, as in the camera obscura. He more than once referred, in our conversations, to that experiment, and on one occasion illustrated his argument by the use of pin-point apertures in a sheet of paper or cardboard. The subject always held his interest. It is not one in which L. M. C. has been interested or a student. She has never been a reader of technical journals of psychology and philosophy, and is quite unfamiliar with J. H. H.'s work in any other field than that of psychic research. She tells me that she did not know he had ever published anything on any other subject, and that her family have never had interest in psychology or the periodicals and publications dealing with it.

As shapes the soul towards—*something*. As shapes the soul life's, —life's tossing— *something*—reveals the inner— This is a quotation. I don't get it. And he writes O,v,i,d, Ovid. [Automatic writing: *Ovid* —*Cant.* followed by isolated letters and marks written as she spoke:] C-a-n-t. S In sleep untrammelled by a world *something* ("World something.")

Yes. Live on! From out its depths, cold night to warmer dawn must make its way. I don't know this, what it is. (Yes.) I see i v, one i,v, four. I see three ones and a big one. I don't know what that is. I feel as if I wanted to make [write] little queer things.

(Hm. All right.)

I feel as if I must make these. (Go ahead.) I don't know what they are. [Automatic writing: *iv- iiii*, followed by two lines of curious square and other angular hieroglyphics.]

NOTE: The unplaced, fragmentary attempts at references to Ovid are reminiscent of elaborate cross-correspondences carried out years ago, shortly after his death, by Frederic Myers. These have been recorded and studied at length in the *Proceedings* of the S. P. R., Vol-

umes XXIV, XXV, XXVI. There are references to Ovid also in J. H. H.'s Piper reports, *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, IV, 1910, and *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, Part XLI, p. 491.

My search in the *Metamorphoses* and some of the *Georgics* of Ovid has yielded me no clue. These L. M. C. fragments may require to be linked up with others elsewhere, or they may be only wandering and abortive attempts. I include them in order to bring them to the attention of anyone who may be able to piece them out. We have long since learned to guard against throwing out the baby with the water from the bath, in this field. The cryptic "Zeivorn" Dr. Hodgson gave to Professor James through Mrs. Piper was duly published by James, but deciphered only after James's own death, when the novelist, Mr. Hubert Wales, puzzled out the key and found the cryptic word represents "Minerva." Dr. Hodgson was as fond of keys and word puzzles as Mr. Myers of classic allusions.* L. M. C. is not interested in either one and knows very little Latin, having had only an elementary course in her girlhood.

The classical references of Myers were of course well known to English researchers, including Sir William Barrett, to whom the next statement apparently referred, predictively. L. M. C. knows nothing of him, personally:

Someone connected with Dr. Hyslop, SOME MAN DYING.

(I shall have to find that out.)

ILL OR DYING, SOMEONE ASSOCIATED WITH HIM IN LIFE, someone whom he knew. He has been waiting, lingering near. Expects his death.

NOTE: Sir William's heart had been weak for a long time, and only care preserved his life as long as it did last. He might have slipped away at any time for perhaps a year from any over-exertion. He and J. H. H. were good friends and personally acquainted for years.

Tell Jim I have found much to interest him here, and I often think of the stories I used to tell him. They were almost like fairy tales but these are like realizations of them. I asked Jim to remember the rabbit, about the rabbit. I haven't forgotten.

(All right.)

I have shown [me] a little piece of red cloth, long and narrow. I don't know why. It is red flannel, a piece of red flannel.

NOTE: Jim is J. H. H.'s namesake, of whom he was very fond and to whom he did tell stories. The family do not recall just what the

* See A. S. P. R. *Proceedings*, III, pp. 555, 560, and *Journal*, XIV, p. 605.

references to the rabbit or the red flannel may signify. Jim did remember his grandfather for quite a while clearly and would pick out pictures from books or advertisements that showed resemblance to J. H. H. and maintain that they were his grandfather's picture. He was fond of J. H. H.

I feel as if I am talking about breakfast, as if he were a very light eater, especially at breakfast.

(I think I remember that; I am not quite sure.)

NOTE: His daughter disagrees, and does not regard her father as having been a light eater, especially at breakfast. On the other hand, he was a light eater at restaurants, as I know, during his years of work away from home or when he came down to his office over a mealtime. This was no doubt partly from motives of economy, as we had to make our funds count for every bit they could be made to do, in those days, and his own purse was a limited one owing to the sacrifices he made for the work's sake. Men would have regarded many of his meals as decidedly light. He spent nearly or quite half his time away from home. The home cooking pleased him and he partook heartily of it.

He is often with them at home. Wants to do what he can to decide the questions that have come up. Thinks they feel troubled about something at home; feels anxious about something because they have to decide something. Use their own wise judgment.

NOTE: There was possible but not marked pertinence in this to some matters his daughters had to decide, in their home about this time.

I don't know why, I feel as if I am not totally stranger to somebody in this life connected with Dr. Hyslop, someone I feel as if I had come in contact with. (I see.) Not dead. (Oh. Hm.)

NOTE: True. Several members of his household have had anonymous appointments with L. M. C. some time since.

Someone who is nervous. Don't give way to it; hold on. Bad for her. [Pause.] Make the decision carefully and let me try to impress you about it. Old rallying place not the same.

NOTE: True. The home has changed location, as well as furnishing, to some extent.

I am looking at something. I am trying to get hold of what he is referring me to, pointing to. Looks like it might be a pitcher. He is trying to attract my attention to it, having belonged to his mother,—

a pitcher, rather old-fashioned. It has a handle. Might be a vase, but it looks more like a pitcher. Formerly belonged to his mother. Part of a set. I see blue about it. Was cherished because of memories in the family. Not much left but that, of its kind.

NOTE: Miss Hyslop states: "I cannot place this, not knowing the history of the family heirlooms. I do not know whether any of the pitchers still intact are part of a demolished set."

F. E. H. and his Aunt Eliza Carruthers cannot recall this pitcher, either. It may be an item true but unverifiable, as would be only natural after the lapse of two generations since the china of Mrs. Robert Hyslop's household was in use.

Was there some difficulty when Jim was born? (Can't recall.) Some trouble when Jim was born. Something about that, now.

I jump away from that. Was there someone ill when Jim was born? Illness. (I will ask.)

I see here an old lady in a dark dress. Very prim, rather stout, not very tall, very quiet. Had brown hair. Has on spectacles. [Head turned farther to the right as she watched "picture" with her eyes shut.] Is very fond of a needle. Does a great deal of needle work. Had some trouble with her eyes, something—one eye, cataract, something like a cataract, one eye. Some trouble with the eyes. And I am here given a date. 18-6, 9, 1869. And it's a February 12th affair.

[Paused, wrote automatically:] Mora sub mov cond mi omega [scrawly. W. J.'s sign] horo I [two scrawls or *alpha rho*].

[These fragments were written without speech and were not read aloud. The same is true of the fragment shortly to follow in the text.]

I feel as if I want to write very tiny writing, O such tiny little writing, very close together, clear, but very tiny.

Automatic writing: by ome thig [or they] ome tosa wihl some who [or where].

Grandfather was not sure that the date (Hm-hm.) is 69. May be a year earlier.

(All right.)

NOTE: We have J. H. H.'s statement on page 358, *Proceedings S. P. R.*, Vol. XVI, that his mother died in 1869, the month and date not given. "Grandmother wore glasses for years, and wrote a fine hand. Mother did not."—F. E. H.

"Jim's" [J. H. H.'s] mother was not an old lady, or stout. It may be that this description altogether reverts to the grandmother.

On page 801, *Proceedings* A. S. P. R., Vol. VI, we learn that J. H. H.'s mother was very fond of sewing, and Mrs. Chenoweth's communication runs:

"I see a woman working over something like that [coats and trousers] and as happy as if she had ordered them at the tailor's and had been free to gad about. She loved to do the sewing."

Upon this J. H. H.'s note ran as follows: [p. 802] "Nearly all our clothes were made by my mother. She did love to do the sewing and was always busy with it when not at other housework. My mother was small and slender, very dark hair, plainly combed."

It is likely that she wore dark dresses, as was the custom of the time. It is true that in the same year in which her son "Jim" was born she lost by death a daughter two years of age, as well as James's twin, who lived but four months [*Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, 27]. He himself did not recall these facts correctly at the time when he received his Piper records concerning his family, but after he had finished the set he looked up dates and facts and presented them in his preliminary discussion, which shows corrections of his own incorrect memories as to the dates of births and deaths, which are elsewhere given in his footnotes in that volume, erroneously. I mention this lest some reader be confused on looking through that report, by the variations above indicated.

It is clear that there was much illness and trouble in the Hyslop home in the year of James's birth. It cost me time and effort to gather the data for this statement made so readily by the total stranger, L. M. C.

Book on Bible, collection together, kept together. (Yes.) Bib—bibliophile. Look! (Yes.) Look in center, center, metal book, back of the book. I may have marked, might help. (Some mark?) I left some marking, might help. (Hm. All right.)

Joe with me. I hold no brief for the sceptic. (Yes.) We are working, (Yes.) [The following slowly dictated:] —no one realizes how fast. All the scientific knowledge from the heavens helping to scatter mystery. (Yes.) The portals have indeed unfolded. X.

Arnold with me. Kate, Kate Hyslop.

They seem fading away. Thank you for them. (Very good.)

NOTE: Arnold and Kate are irrelevant, possibly wandering intrusions at the fading of the power. Lips set tight, eyes closed, hand supporting head. Quiet pause.

Yes, they have gone. [Pause. Took up pencil.] Hm, I am hearing this: "Angels to beckon me," that is all, not the rest of it.

Catastrophe ahead, unavoidable. That's all I get. I felt as if Dr. Hyslop had controlled me today stronger than before. I felt as if he steadied me more.

NOTE: "Book on Bible, Joe with me," and "I hold no brief for the sceptic," are strongly suggestive of Robert Hyslop, J. H. H.'s father, who was a very conservative religious man in his lifetime, a student of the Bible, of which a large copy was kept on the table in the parlor for a long time in Dr. Hyslop's childhood. In it was kept the family record, so that it follows properly upon the effort to give the date of Mrs. Martha Hyslop's death, which occurred about thirty years before her husband's death, and must have been recorded in this particular Bible, which was kept for such purposes. It was a Bible given Mr. Robert Hyslop on his marriage and is therefore likely to have had such special features as are here described, a special metal back or a clasp, possibly, as many such Bibles had, and the place in the center between the Old and New Testaments for the Family Record of dates—Marriages, Births and Deaths. I have not seen the book.

It should be noted that "Joe with me" is a pertinent remark from Robert Hyslop, a very good friend of his having been Joseph Cooper, with whom he had discussions along theological lines regarding the proper interpretation of the Bible. See *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, Part XLI, Note 29, pp. 410 ff.

The reference to spectacles and to trouble with one eye, is fitting to Robert Hyslop, though not proved to be so to his wife, J. H. H.'s mother. Robert Hyslop's spectacle case figured as an article used in psychometry in the Piper experiments of 1898-99, which were published in 1901. And in the same series "his favorite book, *Anderson's Lectures on Theology*," was presented to help center his attention on some article that had been his, a usual procedure at that time in Mrs. Piper's work. If the above reference to "Book on Bible" is from Robert Hyslop, as I think, this must be the volume intended [*Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, pp. 50-51]. "He often took his spectacles off and complained of trouble with the left eye" is a further item in the testimony on those pages, and I have had a hunt for these items, being comparatively unfamiliar with the record of a quarter of a century ago, before I myself was a member of the S. P. R.

"Joe" could also refer to Mrs. Martha Hyslop's brother, J. H. H.'s uncle, who would also have been known by Robert Hyslop and might be mentioned [See *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, VI, 809, etc.]. He belonged to a more liberal branch of Presbyterianism.

"Angels to beckon me," said *with her lips set tight*, and followed by a reference to Dr. Hyslop having been more strongly in control

today than usual, rather discouraged me at the moment. He was not at all likely, in my belief or opinion, to quote the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and it seemed a curious and incredible association to me at the time. What is my surprise to come upon the following in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, 56; Dr. Hyslop's comment on Robert Hyslop's mention of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," in 1898-99:

"When calling my stepmother's attention to the terrible way in which the allusion to this hymn told against my father's personal identity, she decidedly agreed with my judgment, but innocently remarked, without seeing the point, that '*father had a special dislike for this very hymn, and used often to express his surprise that orthodox people could sing a Unitarian hymn.*' The discovery of this fact, absolutely unknown to me, completely changes the whole coloring of the conversation."

I can echo J. H. H.'s sentiment here, for I have no recollection of the detail with reference to that hymn and have been quite amazed to come upon it, in my search for these references. I had no idea it related to his father in any way, though I cannot claim that I never saw the reference in my life, as I have had occasion now and again to look up some points in the Piper records. I have the advantage, however, so far as evidence goes, of not having read them consecutively or made a study of them.

Mrs. Chamberlaine would not be a person who would, on her own account, assume a stern aspect when quoting a line from the familiar hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

"Matthew Henry's *Commentaries*, two, three or four volumes in sheepskin, are Bible commentaries and were father's authority on all disputed questions concerning the Bible."—F. E. H.

"James Bogle always had a great interest in his sisters' families, the Hyslops [ours] and McClellans both. 'Joe' is James Bogle's brother. They are brothers-in-law of Robert Hyslop, by his first wife, Martha Bogle, our mother. These two uncles were always called 'Joe' and 'Jim.'"—F. E. H.

Are you conscious of an orange light around you? (No.)

[Further remarks about this light she sees and the blue light she has seen around herself at times, and on the table as she writes, omitted.]

There are three people that you will come into contact with in the near future. [Repetitions omitted.] It is because you are going to come in contact with these people that you begin to have experiences. They will be interesting. I feel as if back of you there was a whole lot

of people that were working in this effort, and those three people you come in contact with in a way will change your ideas a good deal; give you different idea. Don't be discouraged. You can't always get it, but it will begin in flashes, and we will use that. In a sense, you have been using it [evidently some psychic ability] but you haven't known it. It hasn't been strong yet.

I guess they have gone from me. I don't know who said that.

(Those three people described? Or was it just said, *three*.)

I feel that one is a woman. One is a young woman. One is older. And I feel as if you were going to come in contact with a man, maybe two men. It is vague. They aren't all men, neither are they all women, there are three of them: one is a man and one is a younger person. I am not sure,—but there are three people and they form a circle.

NOTE: This appears to be a prediction of the coming to my home one month later of Miss Harvey and Miss Chilton, through whom the communicator, "Dr. Beale," does a healing work. One of these ladies is younger, the other older, and "Dr. Beale" is a man's personality. There is also another man associated with the communications received by one of the ladies, but he is not as prominent in the work. The method of their work involves certain references to "light" and the aura, and it would be consonant with their ideas that I should work in any case of attempted healing with psychic light as an adjunct. I am not aware of any such light about me, and have not become so in the months that have elapsed since this communication. But I was treating three patients who asked for my assistance in the autumn of 1924, and was in a position to try such an experiment as was suggested. Mrs. Chamberlaine did not know that I was doing any such work. Nor did she know that Miss Harvey and Miss Chilton were to come to America or to my home. In fact, the matter was not fully arranged at the time of the séance. Thus one element of the prediction was fulfilled, though the other was not.

She closed her eyes again for a few moments when she resumed. She had opened her eyes when she asked me whether I saw orange light around me.

Interesting. It is a little different from anything I have had. (Yes.) I suppose that must be Dr. Hyslop, but I don't know. You have nothing orange on, have you? [Touching my right elbow.] (No. How far does it extend?) I don't know. (The light, I mean.) I don't know.

(How far do you see it? Where do you see it, I mean.)

I don't know. I don't see it. [Looking puzzled.]

(I see.)

[Further reference to orange light omitted.] Do animals give out a light, do you know? (I don't know.) When you are not well, of course, if you are tired, it is very pale. . . . I have never seen anything on earth that looked like the blue light that I have seen here. I have looked everywhere for it. It is a very curious shade of blue, marvelous shade of blue. Could it be an atmosphere?

(It is like it, I suppose, "the circumambient atmosphere.")

It is a curious thing. I was all through, I mean I had come—because what I have given to you this afternoon was given in a dreamy sort of state. But after I came through, all this that has been given you [about orange light and the three people I am to meet] after I came through that [dreamy state]. That is curious, isn't it?

NOTE: L. M. C. is becoming more consciously aware of change of control or guidance than she has been hitherto, and the differences are more marked.

He had a man with eyeglasses with him this afternoon. Now he is bringing people. Dr. Hyslop hasn't brought people as a rule. (No.) I mean he hasn't come at first with people. He usually has come alone. (Hm-hm.)

I don't know who Mary Jane is, I don't know anybody by that name, so I don't know who that is. I never knew anybody by the name of Mary Jane.

NOTE: L. M. C. followed this by a further reference to orange or marigold colored light, which I omit. She was using a yellow pad for her automatic writing, to be sure, but she has done so for a long while and never got any such references before.

Did I write anything? Let me see if I did. I don't see any writing there [last page of the three used this afternoon by her. I turned them back rapidly to tear them off, without allowing her to read what had been written]. O, I didn't know I had turned over all those pages! Did I turn over all those? I haven't any idea of it.

(I did it.)

You did! Well, I never knew it at all. Just shows how a person can sneak around under your very eyes, and you don't know what they are doing! I had no idea there were three pages. Could you read any

of it? (O, yes.) It is an awful scribble, it seems to me. (I know what it means.)

NOTE: L. M. C. proceeds to tell me, at the end of this sitting, that her son went south last month and had squirrel to eat for the first time in his life, and no one in the family has ever had them before. This occurred at the time of our sitting in which Dr. Hyslop said, "We have squirrels here, too." [See Séance 13.]

This séance marks an interesting stage in the psychic's development, when the approach to trance is so close that she herself cannot recall the mechanics of the automatic writing.

It is also to be noted that she gives me, in addition to references I can place, though they are not very full or clear, certain others that are beyond not only her knowledge but beyond my own as well. The purport of the reference to Mary Jane was entirely unknown to me, but it proved, as far as it went, applicable to my friend, E. E., who was deeply interested in the work and assisting me in it in many ways. This lady, E. E., was known to J. H. H. in his lifetime as a psychoanalyst of ability, though he was not personally acquainted with her. He would be just the one to see a value in bringing forward a reference I could so suitably place, and intermingling it with matter whose pertinence I could personally see. For if the points beyond my normal knowledge can be given in the same breath, as it were, with those I readily understand and locate, we must assume something more than telepathy from the sitter in the explanation.

The mention of an old friend, family Bible and another book, a date, "Andrew S.," an elderly lady, which I could not recognize, come intermingled with references to "Jim," and "George," whom I can place, and to a child he brings with him, who may properly be placed. The psychic is equally ignorant of all these points and names and their pertinence. She does not associate with those who could give them to her and she avoids contacts and inquiries which might invalidate her work.

It is interesting, also, that Dr. Hyslop, though he never refers to himself as Jim, does send a message to Jim. This is strictly in accord with his usage. However, he is appropriately referred to as "Jim" in the reference to illness in his mother's family when he was born. His elders called him by the nickname in his boyhood.

CHAPTER XVI

SÉANCE 16

L. M. C., November 6, 1924, 2:30 P. M. Sitter, G. O. T. Also E. H. T. by permission.

NOTE: I had mentally asked who Benny was named for, on the way here. I had been reading the proof of the *Proceedings*, 1925, A. S. P. R., and wishing I could get cross-reference on this point. Benny's father has died since his series of sittings which I have just been going over, and it is quite possible that he might be with Dr. Hyslop to communicate. I got no trace of this, however.

[L. M. C. closed her eyes and repeated her verses. Shivered.]

Sensation of chilliness, as if I was near someone who was very COLD. [Cf. A. V. P., July 9, 1924, for J. H. H.] There is an ERNEST [Cf. A. V. P., July 9, 1924] here that brings with him somebody by the name of Myra. [Myers?] I don't know who this is. (All right.) Chilliness, I still feel that sensation of cold.

[Leaning back and hugging arms and rocking each time she says "chilliness." J. H. H. was often "chilly" in his illness, as already noted in this series of reports.]

You have been using a lot of vitality [touching my left arm]. You have been putting out a lot lately. You recuperate quickly, but you have been giving a good deal. (Yes.) [Strenuous weeks of settling while painters and paperers were underfoot, and I had some patients being treated several days each week. Mrs. Chamberlaine does not know these details.]

I feel as if I am hearing someone calling to me, oh, from such a distance, so far away, through a long, long avenue as if [sigh] I were hearing it so far. There is a SIDNEY [A. B., July 4, 1924] calling now. These names are strange to me. This Ernest is persisting here, and has Myra with him. I get that sensation of chilliness now again. (All right.) I am looking at a group of people. I am looking at a lady who suffered awfully in life. She holds up her [left] hand to me

[holding hers palm outward]. I don't know. I feel as if I am in a dark room, the room is quite dark. I see a little lady working with something in this room. I have never seen this little woman before. She is not dead, she is living here on earth. (Oh.) She seems to have something dark in her hands, some dark material. Now I have a curious sensation. I feel as if I saw—oh, a lady I used to see here—Mrs. Ainslee [Ernest's wife. Mrs. C. knows this, having had communications in experiments with Mrs. E. A.]. I feel as if I am looking far away from here. I seem to see her sitting in a chair. She seems very tense, very much, she is loaded right up, a great deal of excitement. That is bad, not healthful. There is a long, slender line going from her. It is curious. I see this long, slender line moving from her, across and back again, as if it were a connecting link with something. I see—there is a face, not clearly recognized, near her, as if someone came and stood near her. Somebody's face, but it is not very clear.

(Yes.)

I cannot see that it is a man or a woman. Now I get a sensation of chilliness again. My hands would feel cold like ice. (Yes.) [Hands clasped in lap. Frown.] And I am very nervous, very much agitated. There is something that comes down and rests right over head. It is like a light, a small light of some kind, and there is a circle drawn round her. Has she not been well? I feel as if I am—I used to know her, but I don't now.

(I see.)

NOTE: Mrs. Ainslee has established her "connecting link," going across to England and back again for the purpose. She has not been ill, but it is true she has been tense. She has not seen L. M. C. for many months.

Now I get the impression of some other people here. I see a slender lady with gray hair, who stands right between you and your sister. (Yes.) She seems to be just here listening, interested. [E. H. T. sat on my right. L. M. C. now indicated my left, and proceeded:] On this side of you I see other people that are clearer to me. They are men. There is a SIDNEY there with these men.

(Has he been over long?)

NOTE: I thought this might conceivably indicate a sudden death in a friend's family. I am personally unacquainted with that "Sidney." It turns out that he is well and living. I can place no Sidney.

The "slender lady with gray hair" and the "man with gray hair

who died of yellow fever," who is mentioned after Sidney, we cannot place.

I can't tell yet, I don't get very close yet. There is something that is holding me back. I feel as if there was an obstruction of some kind. Now there is someone here who died of yellow fever, a man with gray hair. I feel as if that man had something to do with medicine, investigation of some kind. These people are all coming before me. It is confusing. (Hm.)

There is an ALICE here now, and a MARY. (Yes.)

NOTE: Alice is the deceased aunt of Mary's living daughter, Alice.

Now I feel as if I wanted to talk about someone who is not in the spirit world, someone to whom you have passed a spark. It is an interesting experience you have come in contact with. That is a stubborn case. (Is it?) It is not easy; I want to speak about something. I feel as if you—I am coming nearer to the personality I call Dr. Hyslop. I am getting to something that is more easy. He has something he wants to say, —(Hm. All right.) clearly explain. Darkness, light: light manufactured from darkness and water. Not the light we see. Oh, so anxious to make it clear. This will guide you. Watch for your own, around you. . . . I don't know [shaking head].

(All right.)

[Further remarks as to some special sort of light, omitted. Also reference to an attempt to show this light in an experiment they had not found satisfactory. The "vehicle" was not strong enough, not rested.]

I am hearing the name Elizabeth. I SEE coming towards me THIS MAN WHO SEEMS TO BE WITH DR. HYSLOP. Seems to have something in his hand, that he is unwrapping. I know that some of my things I recognized. One not unwrapped. (Yes.) I think the square package good. (Yes.) *Back* of the watch. Small knife.

My effort unceasing, and will continue so to prove. Change good. I am glad about it. The p-h-o-t-o-graph, the PHOTOGRAPH WAS A REAL LINK [wrote this sentence as she spoke it] I miss—[four times repeated]—you. Glad you are trying to reach me. I recognize the effort on both sides. I am supported by helpers here who kindly assist me at every opportunity. What about the dream, was it as realistic as it seemed to me? (I believe it was.) [A vivid dream of L. A.'s recently recounted to me, that had seemed "real" to L. A.]

I am glad, that also was a great effort. [Automatic writing, apparently not related to what was said: "as, you, I am."] I find difficulty even in reaching the relaxed state; it ought not to be so hard. A wall of defense, put up by the unconscious effort, probably the result of years of thinking. I am glad about the results. Small pin, small (Yes.) pin recognized. Wore it with pleasure,—gift from one I love. Is it possible to realize I am alive at this end? (Yes.) Very much so, more than on earth.

Light has everything to do with me here, it is what we live on. We draw our sustenance from, it is what we bring to you, and the life-giving source. If you can count on this watching and holding on one's own aura, (Yes.) you are established. It is very important, I repeat it, important. [L. had recently said to me that she was puzzled about the aura.] Get your light established.

(My light? *Light!*)

Light, l-i-g-h-t-(Yes.) most important confirms, now; it has all to do with the psychic phenomena. The light is a necessary part of it. Both the light from the body of the medium, and the light from the circle which must conform. It is often a failure because the lights are not connected, not blending. Must do this. Refer to Bible. Great events there always resulted from adjusted conditions. Go back and study. (Yes.) [Here followed a reference, pertinent and useful, to a case I am studying, of which L. M. C. knows nothing. The case is one known to J. H. H. in his lifetime.]

Who is Belle? B,e,l,l, double-l. [Automatic writing, however, made it *Belle*, as I had done on first hearing it. But I note that Mrs. Brittain, in supplying notes for me, spells the name "Bell," just as L. M. C. dictated it from her clairaudient hearing, not as she wrote it. Her own natural way of spelling the name would be with the *e* at the end.]

(Yes.)

Now *Stella*, excellent, excellent. Wish message could have gotten to Bell, very important. Started. (Yes.) Message very important. Not realize it. Perfect conditions and easy. Not excited or using detached nerve organism. [During this, automatic writing as follows: Sella X wish mess re not ner no.]

NOTE: The one who had urged me to see A. B. was "Mrs. Star," my friend, Mrs. Ainslee [*Stella*, the Latin for star, of course], who had had excellent results with this psychic a year previously. The messages had started off brilliantly with her as an anonymous sitter, just

as I had been, but she did not follow the work up later on. Nor did I. My Bell sitting turns out to have been much more important than I knew until J. H. H. in this and following sittings with L. M. C. pointed it out. The proof of his contention will be found in my many notes upon Hyslop family references which I later gleaned from the Piper records, until now in the main unfamiliar to me.

Lights play on nervous organism like fingers on a harp. So important that I can't put it through. Eludes. So important, can't put it through. Try and get it. It is [pause]—

(Yes?)

It is nerve debility. [Difficulty in expressing noticeable.]

(Yes, nerve debility.) Bringing together the clear light on those exhausted cells, (Yes.) will produce great results.

Dates far back. Is deep seated, slow growth.

(You want me to use artificial orange or the healing light?)

Try paper and using electric globe. (All right.) Your own light will be a great help to this. You will find it beneficial yourself. It will strengthen your own vibration. (All right.) Keep what I have said on this, I want this done. [Automatic writing during this time many scrawls, and the words: try—own—try, and possible attempt at the word: *electric*, followed by other scrawls. I notice the tendency this week to keep the pencil at work making marks on the paper, though only fragments of words and letters are written, and are really detached in meaning, though they appear to be attached in writing. There has been progress in the automatism.] I find so much truth in this great discovery. (All right.) It is simple but the very foundation of all that will follow in choosing that which belongs to us. We find you by our method of reading the aura. You are to us in darkness, and it is not easy for us to find you except in this way, coming as we do from a different light. Water has a great significance in helping your light. (Hm.) It is a combination, and greater effects could be achieved at these séances if water could be used. (It can.) I would try to say this, very difficult. (You will get it.) It is that the vibrations from the organism come more from the water in the system. It is coming through that, and it purifies and brings out. I hope this reaches you. (Yes, it does.) But it is the very foundation. (All right.) I think results will follow. Others are trying this. (Yes.) [Pause.] That is the reason of dark rooms, *in* necessary darkness. Artificial lighting not good for this.

(Is the healing better done in darkness?)

It would be more effectual. Try this. (All right.)

Not long now that the real lighting of the world will come. The sun is not the real light. Then will be understood some of the strange powers the human body has. Magnetic attraction. (Hm-hm.) [Automatic symbols and scrawls, undecipherable, during this time. Some made with apparent intent look like shorthand pot-hooks, or the writing of "Tao," her guide.]

People of light or bright auras gotten together could produce great results. It is so difficult to find in a group the same blending of colors, not two in a household having the same light.

[Psychic started to write automatically, pencil point broke, psychic unaware of it. G. O. T. remarked: I will get you a better pencil, that one is rickety.] August 5th and August 9th. 11 o'clock. 12 o'clock. (Hm-hm!) book [pause] P.E.A.R.L. (I will give you this pencil, it is better than the other one.) some—I am trying to get some place. I see some place. A small place rue Rivoli. (Rivoli, yes, good.) Now I see the number 19, don't know what that means but I see you somewhere, dining somewhere, some place. Now, garde, g.a.r.d.e. [pause] (Yes.) [Rue Rivoli very clearly written automatically, and 19 and the words "gar de," all very distinct and in a different hand from her own and the earlier writing today.] Hm, well, I listened—I see you sitting at a table with somebody, a lady. I see two men at a table near you. (Yes.) I hear—must be over in Europe, because I hear strange sounds and see things different, and had they some memory, some memories connected with that place? (Yes.) Quite changed though. Not quite the same. (Yes.) I feel as if you had left that place and gone somewhere quite near, to something, to see something? (Yes.) Did you go to—not then, not *then*. (All right.) I see you go somewhere else, but it is a large place. It is a large building. (Yes, that is right.) I feel as if I am hearing some music.

Dr. Hyslop is helping me with this (Yes.) and he keeps talking about book, book-test or something. (I see.) Book-test, he keeps saying. Ah, now I see four, fourteen, four fourteen.

Have you been busy with something, have you destroyed recently, tearing up something? (Yes.) Wants you to look at some old manuscripts of his if you can get hold of them. (Yes.) Refers you to some that were laid away. I feel as if they were put in the bottoms of some place, down low. [Reaching toward the left on the floor.] They are clamped or have an old string around them. They are somewhere separated from the others. Refers you back to them. (Yes.)

8, 8 July might be interesting. (8 July.) He speaks of an old colored man he had some conversation with, an old colored man. (Yes.) I don't know if this is connected with that or not. Now curiously enough I hear Pennsylvania and Ohio. (Yes.) I don't know what that means.

That old fellow is here, he says, (Oh.) Very happy. [*Cf. Proceedings S. P. R.*, XVI, 423.] Annie, Annie, H-a-double l. (Yes.) Don't mind the shadow, he says, don't mind the shadow. It isn't bad. (What shadow is that, I wonder?) Feel as if he is taking me away. A shadow on something. There is a shadow on something that looks—I don't know why I am so mixed up with a picture. But I am getting 'way back again to where I got in the first place. (Yes, hm.) There seems to be a shadow on a picture.

Do you know someone by the name of Carr?

(Yes, I know of such a person.) [A family connection of J. H. H., but the reference following cannot be verified.]

Do you know of a little boy connected with that person, a little boy in the spirit world? (I will find out if I can.) [Pause.]

Is there anything about a ring? I feel as if I am brought back again to some things, I see some things that are laid there for me to look at. (Yes.) A man's ring. I don't know whether you had it in your hands, but someone near you has. There is some, there is a little handwriting of a man in the other world. (I see.) He knows about it, he recognized it, and it was not his best writing either, could do better than that. Didn't know it would be on exhibition.

(Hard lines!)

Didn't make the—didn't make the S. Didn't make a good S he says, S. (All right.) [Wrote the small letter s in automatic writing, very clearly and well.]

I [L. M. C.] feel as though I were being touched every now and then. Someone is touching me. Feel as if they are going from me now. I don't hear well. There is a funny little personality comes and looks at me and goes away again, a little funny personality, very comical, rather pathetic. Just comes and looks at me and goes away. (Yes, a child?) Yes, a child, an old child, a little child, wizened, wizened. (Can you see the coloring?) [L. M. C. shook her head.] (No.) No, not fair. It is more like the Indians. (Yes, that is good.) I see two hands clasped. [NOTE: Belle's medium and Feda's clasped their hands as they worked.] (Yes, I think I understand that. Please say that I

understood that message they were anxious to get through early in the sitting.)

Good! [Long pause. NOTE: This word was uttered so much in the manner of J. H. H. that it was almost startlingly realistic. This manner of reply was not customary with the psychic herself.]

(That about Belle, and the importance of it.)

I feel as if I am throwing or giving or bringing to you a great flood of yellow light. Very curious, I never had that before. (That is nice.) [Medium sat back from table.] As if they had gone away, there is nothing here now. (Just wait a minute.) [Opened and closed eyes.] (Who was Benny named for?)

Back further. *Back further.* Back further. Oh, [reached for pencil, which I gave, and she automatically wrote: great-grandfather's brother. (Yes.) [NOTE: Did not say this, but only wrote it, my first experience with her of any such manifestation. I read the words aloud.] Back, back, way back. (I see.) Hold that line, he says, hold that line tight. (Hm.) Eh, oh, there is a quotation here, I wish I could get it. Ven-vengeance serveth neither gods nor man. I don't know. (Hm.)

[Pencil put down, sigh, pause.] I feel as if they had gone now from me [rubbing face]. That made me tired today, and I think I was pretty deep. (Did it? Yes.)

I wish I could let myself go entirely, I think I was nearly gone once or twice. It is just that fighting against that giving 'way that tires me, I think.

(You will soon be over that, in just a few minutes. Take my hand a minute, you will get some energy.) [Taking her right in my left.] My hands are cold, clammy sort of. [But they felt warm to G. O. T.] I haven't the faintest idea what is written on those pages today. (We got quite a bit.) Could you read it? (Oh, yes, I read it as it came.) [Sitting ended at 3:30 P. M.]

NOTE on L. M. C. sitting of November 6, 1924.

This séance can best be commented upon as a whole. Through it runs a thread of reference to Ernest Ainslee and his communications with Mrs. Laura Ainslee over a considerable period of time. First of all, his real name is given. Then a reference to chilliness and cold hands. L. A.'s hands are apt to be cold. The names Sidney and Myra we cannot place. They may or may not have pertinence in the Ainslee connection. There was in their group a "lady who suffered

awfully in life." I am not sure that her suffering was associated with the left side, but I shall ascertain, from L. A.

Later: It was not, she informs me.

L. A. has worked with Feda in a dark room, of course sitting in a chair, and naturally excited in the first instance over the possible outcome of her experiments "far away from here." The reference to a light, a small one, of some kind, resting right over her head cannot be verified, but it is true that Mrs. Leonard uses a very small oil-lamp at her séances, and it throws up on the ceiling near the sitter a glow of light, round, like the opening of the tiny globe which protects the light. Mrs. Chamberlaine works in full daylight, and this would be a strange picture to her. The slender lady with gray hair is, of course, too indefinite a reference to be placed, though my sister and I could recognize such a person who would be interested. The man who died of yellow fever, gray-haired, interested in medicine, cannot be placed.

The rather cryptic references to "light manufactured from darkness and water" are left in the report for the interest they may possibly prove to have at some future time. At present they seem obscure.

Elizabeth is the name of one who is much around L. A., not known to E. A. in his lifetime. The man who seems to be with Dr. Hyslop proceeds to prove his identity as Ernest, mentioned at the outset of the sitting, by the following pertinent items:

"I know that I recognized some of my things. One not unwrapped. The square package good." At a séance of Mrs. Travers-Smith for Mrs. Ainslee, the square package had contained the tobacco pouch which was indeed recognized. There was another package taken to this sitting which was not unwrapped or used. This record was reported in the *Journal* of the A. S. P. R. in February, 1925, but at the time of the Chamberlaine sitting it had not been annotated or prepared for publication. The square package was indeed "good."

"Back of the watch" may have pertinence, but of that I could learn nothing.

On the other hand, reference to "small knife" is most interesting. The communicator, E. A., had, very early in his efforts to identify himself, described to L. A. a small knife, and had told her to look for it. She had felt quite certain that there was no such knife of his anywhere about the home, but on looking she found it as described, precisely. I was witness to the finding of this knife, but I had forgotten about it at the time of this sitting and at first imagined that J. H. H. was interpolating something. "My effort unceasing" is most appropriate for E. A. in this connection, "and will continue so to prove" is quite fitting to the further experiments that followed upon those he indicates.

The knife had been mentioned in 1921 or 1922, the "square package" unwrapped at a sitting in the summer of 1924 with Mrs. Travers-Smith just previous to mine, the same psychic through whom J. H. H.-X had promised me [July 15, 1924] to try to "bring Ainslee or Wilde, that would be definite," on my return home.

"Change good, I am glad about it," is too general to be placed. But "the photograph was a real link" is an excellent reference, as Mr. Vout-Peters had described E. A.'s photograph to both L. A. and me in separate sittings a year apart, 1923 and 1924.

The direct message to L. A., "Glad you are trying to reach me, I recognize the effort on both sides," evidently refers to her work on both sides of the water, and the help of various psychics and their controls or guides has been, of course, a feature of the communications. In the messages I have had E. A. has been associated with J. H. H.-X in help which is said to be reciprocal between them.

It is true that L. A. has had not only the vivid dream to which this reference apparently is made, but has had a few other psychic experiences, personally. But there is "a wall of defense, probably the result of years of thinking," which makes it very difficult for her to accept any personal evidence.

The reference to a "small pin" is also pertinent; though it was not especially small, for a man's pin. It had been a gift to him from one for whom he had a fondness, and he had recognized it at a séance given L. A. in the summer of 1922, when I myself was present as recorder. He had worn it with pleasure, in his lifetime.

The remarks upon light which follow are not especially pertinent to the communicator's interests while still living. L. A. has, however, seen certain effects in light which she cannot account for on ordinary theories of vision. She has recently been thinking upon the questions concerning "aura."

The next reference, to Belle and "Stella," is most excellent. The first séance Mrs. E. A. had in London was with "Belle," Mrs. A. B.'s "control," and the pseudonym used was "Mrs. Star." Reference to my séance a year later [July 4, 1924] will show that I secured my appointment by applying as a friend of "Mrs. Star" [*stella*]. The work begun there was excellent, in both cases, but I could not make an opportunity to return and follow it up, though I had told the psychic that I should like to if possible. She did not, of course, realize the importance of the work especially, which no doubt conduced to the easy conditions which did prevail, "not excited."

E. A. would have a natural interest in discussing cases and their healing, but he would have also a special interest in one case with which I was dealing at the time of this séance, in a family he well knew. I tried

frequent applications of orange light in the case, and during a period of about ten days, when I made the most frequent visits for this purpose, the case, which was one of nerve debility, certainly showed its maximum improvement. It was not possible to keep up the very frequent treatment long enough to test it out. The improvement may have been a chance coincidence, but the tendency of the proof is in favor of the advice given by L. M. C.'s mediumship. The patient later decidedly lost ground.

The sudden switch to "rue Rivoli" and to some place in Europe and "garde," which she pronounced Guard, but which is manifestly "Gar de"—, after the mention of August 5th and 9th, is exceedingly good. I had not mentioned to L. M. C. that I had been anywhere but to London, and that only after her information from the communicator. She now spontaneously gives the dates associated with our trip to Paris and the rue de Rivoli, which was one of the first places to claim attention on this visit, and it was on the 5th of August that we first visited it. We went to some small shops on the street, but cannot place the number 19 in that connection. It is, however, true that we dined together, at an early hour, reaching the hotel before twelve and taking pains to ascertain whether we could be served at that hour. I dined with L. A., she and I being at a table by ourselves. There were two gentlemen sitting at a table near us who interested me because of the strong resemblance of one of them to an old acquaintance in America whom I had not seen for so long that I wondered if he could have changed just enough to be the person I saw. I mentioned the puzzling resemblance to L. A. at the time, remarking that I did not wish to stare at the stranger but found it difficult not to. He and his companion were both Americans, apparently.

The dining-room itself was somewhat changed, as L. A. remarked, from the time when she and E. A. had been there. She inquired of the waiter whether this was not the former ball-room, and he verified the fact, stating that it was only temporarily being used for dining, while the regular room underwent renovation. "I listened"—and the strange sounds "I" heard were no doubt our American-French addressed to the waiter, and his replies.

On that day we noted that Raquel Meller was advertised to be in town, the announcements being posted at the theatre ticket office in the hotel where we dined, on the rue de Rivoli. We planned to see her, but it was not until several days later that we did so, "not *then*." And it was in a large building, not very far away, though I should not call it near, and of course there was music, for the whole program was that of a musical Revue, with Raquel Meller's songs as an extra attraction. I do not now recall the date on which we saw this Revue. Nor am I

able to place what occurred on August 9th. Possibly a search in the diary of those days will reveal it.

As to "19" and "pearl" and "Book" and "gar de" I cannot place the meaning, nor do I find sufficient data to understand the remark as to "book-test" and "14" by J. H. H.-X.

The 8th of July to which he refers is the date of my first H. T-S. sitting, on which occasion J. H. H.-X and E. A. first made their appearance together in my present series of séances. "Hyslop is helping me with this" is therefore a natural association for E. A. to establish, and it is indeed a fulfilment again of the "If I referred to Ainslee or Wilde" of the H. T-S. experiment, July 15, 1924.

The reference to Carr I have not been able to follow up, nor to the little boy in the same connection. But Hall is a Hyslop family name, and is properly associated with "Pennsylvania." As to the "Ohio" reference, it is pertinent to J. H. H., but of course this is a well known fact in his history. I shall inquire as to whether Annie Hall can be placed, and as to the old colored man I am also unsure. This seems to be a similar reference to the one by A. V-P., July 9th. The mention of Ohio and Pennsylvania links it back to the younger days of J. H. H. Whether there is some reference to the matter in old papers of his filed away, I cannot now state, but there are such papers and the matter can be looked up.

In *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, p. 423, I find the following:

[There was] "an old negro whom father often employed in the harvest field with whom he used to have much fun." The "harvest field" was in *Ohio*, where J. H. H. spent his youth. See also Séance 5, A. V-P., for reference to colored help.

"I am brought back again to some things, a man's ring, I don't know whether you had it in your hands, but someone near you has." Very true: I have had in my hands once or twice a ring made from a tie-pin of E. A. This was converted into a ring by L. A. some time since, and she has it in her hands very often. It looks like a man's ring, and E. A. has referred to it in L. A.'s experiments and to the fact that it has been converted into a ring.

On several occasions, also, letters of E. A. have been used by L. A. in psychometric experiments. They were, of course, not chosen for their chiromancy. I do not know whether the "s" in the name or elsewhere in the letters used was poorly formed, or not, but there is an s in the true name of which Ainslee is the pseudonym.

The description of Bell seems to be indicated by the expression, "an old child," et cetera. Bell was a Singalese, as I learned from Mrs. Brittain in August, 1925. At the time of the present séance, I did not know Bell's nationality, and supposed her to have been English. I

wondered if Feda might be indicated by L. M. C., as I knew Feda was an East Indian.

Having had no reference to Bennie Judah in response to my mental inquiry on my way to the sitting, I put the question aloud. The reply is one difficult to verify, as Bennie's father is no longer living and I am unacquainted with his survivors in the family. It is true, at any rate, that Bennie was not named for his own father. If his relatives should at any time read these lines, may I hope that they will reach me through my publishers and inform me whether the statement as to the namesake be true, or not.

This séance indicates the following up of my foreign series by my communicators, from London to Paris, spontaneously, with apposite references. The first part of my stay in Paris, spent with L. A., yielded no sittings and there could therefore be no picking up of such a thread as was done for England. But E. A. shows that he knew of our visit to places he was familiar with in Paris.

Later on, when I was alone in Paris, I had the two séances reported and there is some little indication of a knowledge of these in later sittings than the present one with L. M. C.

CHAPTER XVII

SÉANCE 17

L. M. C., Thursday, November 13, 1924, 2 p. m. Sitter: G. O. T.

The psychic refers to her automatic writing of last week, saying: I could tell you what I said, but I could not tell you what I wrote. That was curious. (Yes, it was.)

[Repeated her verses concerning immortality, closed her eyes. Paused.] Have you been near someone who was ill, lately? (Yes.) [I had treated Mrs. J. before coming to this séance today. She is one whom E. A. knew well in life.] [I omit her discussion of several cases I have had under my observation, but concerning whom L. M. C. does not know that I have been asked for advice. Also reference to a physician said to be interested from the "other side," of whose identity I cannot find the evidence, as yet. L. M. C. is personally acquainted with one of the cases mentioned in the omitted discussion by the communicator, but she does not know the pathology of the case and no betrayal of identity was made by the communicators nor, of course, by me.]

You have been helped by the knowledge of light as we could give it. (Yes.) It was so difficult to make you see this, but it is important. If you will find out chosen color [of those] with whom you undertake these experiments—be sure to get their color. They will know. (I know one case already.)

E. E., E. E. (All right.) [Initials of the friend who is helping me in connection with this record, fact not known to L. M. C.] Blue governing spiritual light and making the combination strong. Pink not deep enough. . . . More on the order of reddish. . . . Not easy to get this over. (Yes.) These colorings are only vibrations, but they get to the point more than you think, have more influence.

NOTE: On reading this, E. E. informs me of a fact I was entirely unaware of, that she has recently enjoyed red and deep pink, especially. She has no contact with L. M. C.

The darkness helps these colors because you take them from it. Too much light absorbs them. (I see.) The color is what we call—

you call the ectoplasm or extrudescence from the medium. That is really color, but in the artificial light you cannot really tell it.

[During the discussion of the cases, which I have omitted, the following statement was made:] Hodgson wants you to work out along this line and he will help. (All right.) Likes to see you in this. (Good.) It is something with which you are familiar, having had first-hand evidence (Yes.)—and he wants to clear up some things along these lines, which will be of great benefit to humanity. (Good.)

[The thread of this communication was now followed up, after the remarks as to ectoplasm and light.] One of the important things is to find what can be explained about this. Hyslop thinks as I do, that it is the nearest discovery, and will be easiest to work with when understood, but it is the most difficult and delicate to manipulate. The excrescendence—ex-something (Yes.) will at some times be thicker than at others. It is very necessary for the medium to have a quiet and darkened room. We bring all we can to assist and we help with this, which is the nerve blood. Now, it is a harp of many strings, but I know that it is very well worth following. Nerve blood is what we call it, but it is colored. I think if we could use the various colors, such as violet and others, on the proper people, greater results would come on the spinal column. Some people who take these rays aren't the ones who respond. It is not the color that they give out. Does not mix.

(How can you tell what their color is?)

This will, of course, be the difficult part of it. But through hypno-efforts this may be obtained. There is not always a consciousness of the color most affecting the human being. Some will give you the color when you have not been impressed by any special one. It is wise to wait and see. Let them be presented with cards of all colors. Let them pick out the color appealing to them. In some instances two colors will be presented. They will not know which they prefer. Very well; merge them.

(All right.)

[Automatic writing: *merge* (scrawl) omega? [W. James's sign.]

Get results from that. Sometimes the merge produced, necessary. This is of the utmost importance. It is not long now before you will find physicians beginning to take hold of this theory and build upon it. Indeed, the ancients used colors in strange ways, and sometimes it has been noticed that great painters on earth, shutting themselves away to paint, produced colors of great beauty and made great successes through their coloring because of the blending help.

Music is also color and can be produced to represent it. I show you this because of the light that will break through, and the light flooding the earth has obscured so much. The various colors in flowers and in birds, no two alike exactly. Atmospheric conditions producing colors in different parts of the world. The old superstitions of holding stones, colored stones, in one's hand to produce strength and health. This is known: that in the dark ages these things were vaguely felt. In India, colors have much to do with worship, the human being unconsciously putting forth colors.

(I see.) [Said merely in recognition. I am not aware of such things and am wondering if I shall be able to verify them.]

This is a help. I wish to refer to something: the story of the Bible and the coat of many colors, (Yes.) which was supposed to bring success and health and light to the wearer.

(I didn't know that.)

Blended colors in his case and Pharaoh's.

NOTE: Indicating Joseph, of course. It is curious to note that this is the second instance of a reference to Joseph, apart from personalities, that I have had in this series. Compare the rather cryptic reference in the Botham reading, in July [Reading 6].

How much they cared for color you know now by the release to the world of their closed history. (Yes.) . . . [Further, as to the Pharaoh.]

I wish to say this for Hyslop: that his wonderful work for humanity goes on and on. (Yes.) He is greatly loved here, and being released from the physical drawbacks he has become radiant.

(I presume so.)

I wish that we might come back visibly to help the world, but only through the loopholes can we help.

(We appreciate it.)

It is well for the world to have things slowly. It is not in human nature to assimilate too much at a time. To become familiar with too much would not have good results.

I have with me E-l-i-z-a-b-e-t-h. (Yes?) She recognizes you. (Yes, good.) And she is interested in what I am saying. (Yes.) I have others with me here who know you and have come to be close to you. (Yes?) This doctor [the strange physician said to be communicating with reference to the cases discussed earlier] is important

for some reasons, and it is important for you to look into this. (Yes.) I think you will find it interesting.

[Items for the identification of this physician followed, but I have not yet been able to verify them. Elizabeth is the name of the mother, deceased, of one of the cases discussed in the omitted portion of the séance. I had forgotten this, though I had once known it, but I never met the mother of this patient in life.]

I get the words: Old Tavern, I don't know what that means: Old Tavern, O-l-d-t-a-v-e-r-n. Is there a place called Hilditch, H-i-l-d-i-t-c-h? (I will see.) I don't know. I never heard of that. Old Tavern, Hilditch. (That's a help.) [I mistook the pertinence.]

[Note by R. H.'s friend, Dr. W. D. Bayley: Dr. *Bowditch* was one of R. H.'s most intimate friends in his old club in Boston, the Tavern Club—and Dr. Hodgson is apparently the communicator this afternoon interested in the healing and the cases discussed, which I omit. R. H. was the life of the club, and spent most of his leisure hours there. It was there that he dined and there he died, shortly after dining.]

He wants to help you with the case of the lady. Thinks he can be of service to you. (Yes. Good.) Have regular hours and it will be discouraging at first, [Further discussion of cases omitted, but it ended with reference to a case which Dr. Hyslop had been interested in in his lifetime, the one with whom Elizabeth is associated, correctly. He had studied the history of the case and watched its slow improvement, thoughtfully. I had already been asked to work on the case in his lifetime.] Dr. Hyslop pleased that you are doing this. Hold on to it. (I will.) You have chance there of recovery. (For the patient?) Yes. A different outlook. Disappointment early in life not overcome. Suppressed. Great suppression there. It acted on the body physically. (Hm-hm.) And thus disturbed the nerve condition. (Hm.) Do you understand the link? The nerves and the mentality separate.

(I am interested in that.)

The body, not much of anything. [This patient's bodily condition good, in general.] As you know, that is to us a vapor. The nervous organism and the mind—it is the building up of the spirit tissue that we think so much about. (Hm-hm.)

This time, many people pressing to the earth. (Yes?) Over in Europe so many. It is a time of great suffering, living again those days when the war was upon the earth. Many here, unable to reach

their own people, can't understand. They know many people are preaching the truth there. Why do not those they love try to reach them? It is so hard for them to be shut out.

(Yes. People are very stupid about that over on this side [of life], I think. Hard to rouse them.)

[Pencil fell.] I feel as if they were going from me. [Rested her head on her hand.]

(I think something else is coming,—perhaps.)

Is this a date? . . . —this date has some significance. There is somebody—something to do with this date.

(Yes? I will look it up.) [It is just after Armistice Day, but I know of no other special significance in the date.]

[With many breaks and pauses the psychic stated:] Eh—there's someone here, I feel as if there were a little person here again. It is very singular. Comes and looks at me, and goes away again. And seems to make no reply, no remark. Just goes away again and comes.

(I would be glad to hear from that little person, if the rest approve.)

NOTE: I was desirous of clearing up the puzzle as to whether Feda or Bell, or both of them, might be coming to give cross-reference to the work I had got in England from them.

Have you heard from—. You have had or will have some—a letter, interesting, something written to you, and you will consider it for quite a while. I feel that, I felt it last time. It hasn't come?

(No.)

Some kind of an offer of some kind, concerning you. [Not fulfilled.]

This little person comes back again, and she comes as if she were walking on her tiptoes, and holding her finger on her lip. She says she has some people with her. They just want to see, want to peep, not to say things, but just peep. They are people that have never been in America.

(Yes, glad to have them. Glad to have her.)

She wants to know if you have had such a hard time finding something. She says you lost something. Have you had such a hard time to find it?

(Yes.) [I cannot recall what I had in mind. It was unimportant.]

And I feel as if she is holding up a number. (Hm.) A number. "Did you like the flowers?" she says.

(Yes, I did.)

"That was nice, to have them." (Yes.) "It was nice I think to have the flowers there, it was so kind." (They were lovely.) Now, "the lady very nervous, all quaky inside, and was so afraid it wouldn't work. But she was not to be that way. We did all *we could*. This effort not easy." (No.) "Gentleman very kind to me. I had never worked with him before."

She's got a dog with her. (I see.) This is a nice-looking dog. Often brings him, she says, often.

(Hm. Do you know anything about him?)

"Gentleman liked him that day, liked to have him there. I had him there. Gentleman liked dogs." (Hm.) "Dog died."

Now, wait a minute, there is something about this dog. I feel as if Dr. Hyslop was right here now, very close to me, and he is shaking his head, *yes*. "Dog in Ohio," he keeps saying. (Hm.) "Died. Very fond of that dog." (Yes.) It seems to be a dog with a good deal of hair on it. It isn't a little bit of a dog. (I see.) It seems to have been a great pet. I feel as if that dog had walked, sort of limped, sort of lame.

NOTE: Bell mentioned a "doggie" present [Séance 3]. There were pink roses, an appreciated gift from someone, in the room where we sat, as A. B. told me before she began to work. Bell had not worked with J. H. H. before, so far as ascertainable, whereas Fedá had worked with J. H. H.-X as communicator in some of Fedá's sittings for L. A. The latter tells me Bell often mentions a dog as being present at the sittings with A. B. I was not aware of this. The little person is, then, apparently Bell rather than Fedá, today.

The description of the dog indicates in each case that he was not small and that he was long-haired. "Henry" of the A. B. sitting did like dogs and "I had him there" would be true of him at the A. B. séance.

The Hyslop dog to which reference follows in this present L. M. C. sitting was not the "Peter" mentioned by A. B., though he, too, was an Ohio dog.

Mr. Frank Hyslop states that "There was a dog, a great family pet, part collie, dark, shaggy, medium-sized. We had him in Ohio. He died there. Not sure about the limp. J. H. H. was fond of this dog." The limp mentioned by L. M. C. may indicate his gait in working the dog-churn on the Hyslop farm in Ohio. [*Proceedings* A. S. P. R., VI, 32, 813-814, Note 746. L. M. C. has never seen this record.]

Gentleman with them, too, another gentleman and a lady. I just

get the impression of—I hear: [Spoke slowly and carefully:] I feel as if they speak of the child on earth that links—it isn't a child, either—“A child on earth that links us together. Love for her, brave and true. She found much through her loss. Will find a bigger life by it, and a truer one.” Now I feel as if the gentleman was speaking of something very intimate. [Message omitted.] There is a gentleman pointing to the lady, another gentleman. They seem to be so devoted to each other.

[Thinking this might indicate L. A.'s family group, I said:] (Any description or identification? I will deliver the message.)

Two gentlemen and a lady. (Yes.) The lady has suffered so on earth. Didn't want to come back. (Yes.) Wanted to get away. The gentleman seems to have died long, long before the lady, O, long before. Lady missed him so but bore it as well as she could. The loss was great. I can't see him very well. He seems to have dark hair and rather thin face, is what I see. And seems to be in middle life. The other gentleman is taller and different type of man, very different. Now the other gentleman has hair on his face, with the lady. I can't tell, he is so in the shadow, but it seems as though he had hair on his face, with the lady.

(I dare say.) [It proved I was wrong, if this is to be taken to refer to L. A.'s family. He had not. Nor did he die before “the lady.”]

The tall gentleman I don't think had, I think he has a smooth face. [True of E. A.] Sends a message to the lady not to be tired, not to overdo. “Glad she was conscious of us. Great help to us.”

(When was this?)

“Think we reached her. The signal carefully planned. Oh, how WE WISHED THE POWER WOULD HOLD LONGER. A great many present, all wishing to help each other, but rather conflicting.

NOTE: True of the Feda séance of July 30, 1924, and of L. A.'s preceding sitting, as well as of the H. T. S. séance [No. 8].

I hear someone talking about roses, roses. I feel as if I WAS LOOKING AT SOME ROSES. (Hm. Yes.) Were you present in a room with some roses?

(When? Yes.)

I don't know when, but as if you were somewhere with some roses, not recently.

(That's right, not recently.)

This lady—THIS GENTLEMAN TALKING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THERE IN THE SPIRIT. I feel as if it must have been long ago, in the summer, when you were away, because I feel as if you were in the room now with some roses, and the room was A VERY PLEASANT ROOM, just A COMFORTABLE ROOM LIKE A SITTING-ROOM.

(Yes.)

And I see A LADY THERE WHOSE HAIR IS GRAY, TURNING GRAY. (Yes.) She seems to have these roses near her on a table. (Yes.) I see you there and ANOTHER PERSON. I feel it must be a woman. I don't see her. I am not sure about her, about the woman, but I THINK IT IS A WOMAN.

(Yes.)

I think you wrote down everything, as you are doing now. (Yes.) And there was some REFERENCE MADE AT THE BEGINNING ABOUT SOME WORK THAT WAS TO BE TAKEN UP. (Yes.) THERE WAS SOMETHING TO BE LOOKED FOR, SOMETHING YOU WERE TO LOOK FOR. (Yes.) SOME REFERENCE GIVEN. (Yes.) I think you know DR. HYSLOP WAS THERE, HE MADE A SIGN, which he hoped would get through, and he drew a circle around your chair, and he brought powerful influence there. (Yes.) Now he wants to say that there was SOMETHING ABOUT A PICTURE, and he talks about something that was done IN LONDON; some picture; "good," he says. Good, not bad.

I feel as if I am seeing a whole lot of people, oh, so many people. And he says, "Good, good." (Yes.)

NOW THE LADY WHO WAS WITH YOU didn't sit right close to you, at that lady's house where you went. SHE SAT OVER CLOSER TO THE LADY.

(Yes.)

Was there something that looked like BOOK-SHELVES?

(I believe so.)

Was it UP HIGH? It wasn't low down, but something up high.

(I see.)

Looked like book-shelves, (I see.) there, I think. Were there some COVERS ON THE CHAIRS in the room?

(I think so.)

The chairs were covered with something.

(I will ask, I don't remember.)

NOTE: The room is clearly that of H. T-S. and the occasion our sitting July 17th, 1924, when L. A. was with me and sat nearer the psychic than I, most of the time. The psychic's hair is turning gray. There were flowers on tables in the room, and roses among them. The

book-shelves were opposite the psychic as she sat, and ran up to the ceiling, a fact which I had no recollection of, as I sat with my back to them. And, to my surprise, I found, on returning to the same room in August, 1925, that three of the large stuffed chairs in the room had slip-covers on them. I ascertained that this had been true the preceding summer also. They were dark covers and I had not recalled them, if I noted them on the first occasion. There were several tables with flowers on them, some nearer the psychic than others.

Reference to Séance 8 will show that J. H. H. made his sign and referred to something I was to look for in developments in America. There were "many people" present, as compared to my usual private work, there being six of us in all in the room.

I am looking at a table that is pulled out near a window and there is a lamp on it, and some books, and some—A FEW LITTLE TRINKETS ON THIS TABLE. It seems to be like a square table near a window. There is a fireplace in that room, I think, or what looks like a fireplace. There is a mantel of some—there is a mantel there.

(Yes.)

NOTE: True, there was a square table near the windows, with a box-like top, enclosed with glass, filled with trinkets. On it was a lamp and flowers, and there may have been books, though I cannot recall now. There were many books about the room on tables and shelves. The mantel framed a fireplace which was equipped with a gas grate.

There was something about the day that made it not very good for sittings. It was OPPRESSIVE or something. (I see.) At least, the lady herself didn't think so. She was very tired after the sitting.

NOTE: True, it was oppressively humid, and H. T-S. felt the weather difficult for sitting and was very tired at the close of the evening's work.

I keep seeing a circle drawn around your chair, as if a hand were drawing it.

(On what occasion do you mean?)

I see THREE.

NOTE: Three of us in turn were sitters.

(You mean three people, or the figure three?)

I see just the figure three, it is drawn, it is red. There was another

thing about that room. It is not a very light,—I don't feel that I am in a very bright place. IT IS NOT A BRILLIANT ROOM, NOT BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED. I am shut out from one side of it. I ONLY SEE JUST A LITTLE BIT OF IT.

(Is it a—) [L. M. C. continued and I stopped questioning.]

Now I think maybe you—did you change your plans, or something?
WAS THERE A CHANGE OF PLAN OF SOME KIND?

(I can't remember. I will look it up.) Yes.

[See record of Séance 8. Mr. F. Bligh Bond kindly changed his plan for his sitting to permit L. A. and G. O. T. to participate.]

There was a change of something. DID YOU CHANGE YOUR SEAT?

(Perhaps so.)

Something was changed there.

(I think I did.)

NOTE: I was thinking of the Bligh Bond séance, but was not yet sure that it was the one indicated. On further study, it became a clear reference. The room was lighted more brightly near the séance table and we had to go to that side of the room to read the notes. I took note, as I always do, of what was said and done. We did change our seats, I among the rest, as we alternated at the table. Only three of us thus participated in the work with H. T-S. on that occasion.

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT A PENCIL ALSO that I don't get. Was the lady a long time coming to, as if she were very weary?

(I will look it up.)

NOTE: At the indicated séance H. T-S. used her pencil, automatically, as well as the ouija board. L. M. C.'s references are admirable. It was by the change of Mr. Bond's plan that we were enabled to try for some message from Dr. Geley that evening, and J. H. H. spontaneously appeared with a message of his own that he wished to give me about my own work and plans. I at first supposed L. M. C. was giving some reference to the Osborne-Leonard séance [No. 9] and was at a loss to place all the details. I could not myself have given all the detail so clearly brought out by L. M. C. and was fortunate in being able to check up hazy points in the summer of 1925, following this record.

Now this little child comes and I see her again. She comes back again, tiptoes back again. What is s-t-a-n-d, stand. Maylight—I don't know what Maylight means. 4 carbon.

[Wrote the above and then continued writing automatically, neither of us reading the words aloud:]

In twilight's dim repose (Yes?)
Soft shadows come and go. X X

I feel as if I am writing something.

(Good. Good. Thank you.)

[Pencil fell.] I feel as if they had gone away from me.

(I wonder what that is from. I know who wrote it just now, but is it a quotation?)

I feel that it was, whatever it wrote.

(All right. I don't recognize it. I will have to look it up. Perhaps they will help me with that.)

[Pause. Took pencil again and wrote, expressing her own uncertainty after the first syllable:]

My ers. [Myers] (Good.) living (Oh, all right.) elegy History(?) [Not read aloud by either of us.]

I don't get any more.

(That is all right. I am getting it.)

[Writing silently:] 14 January (Yes.) Epp Vt(?)

[L. M. C. shook head:] I don't get that. [Pencil fell.]

(E double p.)

Don't know what that is. [Reached for pencil and wrote:]

I (Yes?) taly. (Italy, yes.) G (or S?) M o S X

I don't get anything.

(It is coming very nicely.)

NOTE: I wished to encourage the effort to write automatically. I hoped the fragments and the bits of Latin that have begun to come might find some place in a scheme of cross-correspondence, as of course they may eventually.

adsum (Yes, I believe it.) ["I am here."] *et fluv* (Good, go on.) *vere terra*

I don't hear well. (It is all right.)

si (Yes.) [L. M. C. paused, shook head.] I don't get it, I don't get any more. There is an air blowing over my hands.

Moro substi itn iro [or *ito?*] *retiro* [or *vetiro?*] *cui*. [I read the last word only aloud.] *New England* (Yes.) *institution* (Yes.) *corbo tres ux or* (Yes.) [Three parallels drawn, the last with an extension

downward about sixty degrees from the horizontal. Possibly an attempt at Myers's sign, M.]

That is all I get. (It is all right.) That's such funny writing. It seemed to straggle off so. Could you get any of it? (Hm.) It made me awfully sleepy, just so sleepy! Goodness! [Near approach to trance in this writing effort, apparently.] Don't seem to get anything more at all. They seem to be gone.

(I guess so.) [3:55 P. M.]

I want to tell you one funny thing: just as soon as I begin automatic writing, my hands swell, they begin to feel twice their size.

(I never heard of that before.)

I don't know anybody else who does it, you know, so I don't know if others' [hands] do.

NOTE: The hands do not appear to be swelled. Possibly it is a variation in feeling similar to that when the "breeze" or "air" is felt by psychics at work, due apparently to fluctuations of energy during experiment which involve automatic action of the psychic's organism under the direction of a communicating intelligence, not the psychic's own.

CHAPTER XVIII

SÉANCE 18

L. M. C., Friday, Nov. 21st, 1924. 2:30 P. M. Sitter: G. O. T.

Conversed a few moments about her interest in the current news items concerning psychic pictures taken in London at the Cenotaph, Armistice Day. She is not favorably impressed. Quiet pause. 2:34 closed eyes, repeated her opening Bible verses.

There is an old man here with a long white beard. I can't get rid of him. He has come here—seems very real to me. He's not very tall. He's a stocky build. (Yes?) I get the letter A, initial A. I don't know now, I won't go into that. I am confused. I feel confused. (Hm.) My mind seems confused.

NOTE: There is a tendency in the work of L. M. C. to take on the method of procedure in trance, when the first few reports of a psychic often show this trace of confused effort or uncontrolled activity on the part of communicators who seem not to be intentionally putting through any one point. This I have often noticed in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth and in that of Mrs. Sanders. Sometimes the wandering work finds explanation and place, but in the present instance I have not been able to trace any relevance, though I have inquired in several possible directions suggested by the "A" and by subsequent communications. Cf. the note of F. E. Hyslop on *Andrews*, page 257. I do not know what A.'s personal appearance was.

You—have you been very close to somebody that is very nervous? (I expect so.) You have brought it here with you. I feel a very nervous condition. You have been doing a great deal of writing lately near someone. (Yes, some.)

NOTE: L. A. and I had been editing some Travers-Smith sittings in which J. H. H. and E. A. had been communicators. I was also engaged in typing out the Chamberlaine records and making notes on them, and there was a member of my household who was very nervous at this time, more so than I had realized to the full. The remark is too general to be placed. The Travers-Smith sittings were published in the A. S. P. R.

Journal in February, 1924, but thus far no man had had anything to do with them.

Yes, there is a man that I am looking at, a man who wears glasses, and I should call him dark complexion, dark hair. I don't know, I think I get the impression of this man as doing some writing, and you are doing some writing not far from him. He—eh—you can help him a whole lot in other ways than that, and he needs some help. He needs some real assistance. [I was reading proof of *Proceedings A. S. P. R.* for 1925, and returning it to the Society through Mr. Bird, who is dark and wears glasses and "writes."]

Now I am coming back to this man with the white beard again, who doesn't go away. (Yes.) He seems to be back here again, feel now that I am getting hold of some people who are coming nearer to me. Again I get Dr. Hyslop, he is here. (Hm, good.) This man stays here with the white beard, he don't go away, and then again I feel Dr. Hyslop's presence. They have been of assistance to you. [See later reference at end of sitting to Mr. Andrews.] . . .

Dr. Hodgson wants to send—Dr. somebody, Dr. B, B, (Yes?) Dr. Bull a message. (Yes.) Coöperate. A very fine thing. Good work. Good combination. Don't try to hurry through. There is something that eh,—there is some case that troubles Dr. Bull. Dr. Bull himself isn't very well is he? (No.) He is not well. He is giving out too much. Tired. Now he must rest. He is worried.

NOTE: Dr. Bull states that he was worried about the affairs of the A. S. P. R. at this time. He was a firm friend and supporter of J. H. H. and of the Society, of which he was long a trustee.

Dr. Hyslop wants him to take things more slowly, and try to rest more. He is helping him all he can. The physical body is pretty well run down. Don't let it get hold of him. He mustn't press on the spirit so—(Yes.) hard. (Yes.)

NOTE: Dr. Bull had been ill this autumn. It is possible L. M. C. could have heard of this, but had she remembered hearing she would have said so at once.

[L. M. C. felt about the edge of the pad to move it in place ready for her automatic writing. She wrote the word "star" and followed it by a circle of dots as she said the following words:] He wants to send him a message. The message is a star.

NOTE: Dr. Bull and his family have for years seen the star as a symbol in their clairvoyant vision.

L. M. C. is totally unacquainted with them, and would have no normal access to this fact.

(All right.) And he wants to put something around it. He says he is putting a circle of men around that, and that he mustn't think that knotty subjects can be left at rough ends. There will be always something of a problem there.

NOTE: Dr. B. is and has long been interested in the healing of psychic disorders. See *Journal A. S. P. R.*, Nov., 1913 [Vol. VII], for report on a knotty case. Mrs. C. knows of Dr. Bull's work from hearsay.

Dr. Bull has, in the three years since this note was written, drawn a circle of aid around his work and established it as the James H. Hyslop Foundation.

Now, has someone near Dr. Bull appendix trouble? (I don't know, I will find out.)

NOTE: M. B., daughter of T. B., has had appendix trouble, or something similar to it, for a long time. T. B. has treated this for the past six months to a year, he states in February, 1925. This period covers the time of the sitting, as will be seen. Neither L. M. C. nor I knew of this.

Oh, eh, tell him to go on with the light. It is all right. The light is all right. (Hm, hm.) His wife's light is better, however, than his own. I want to explain this: sometimes the single light doesn't do the whole thing. He is using the light, the spirit light, the blue light. (Hm.) That is all right, but it is the general light, the light of the other world. He must use his own light, not strong enough now, it is enfeebled by physical inertia. (Yes?) His wife is supplying a good light, and the combination might do well with the blue, on the order of X-ray searching. (Yes.) Combination has its healing power but must be used with the blue. Not successful without it because it is the fusing of lights that makes the results.

NOTE: Dr. B. understands this point, and has used the combination. I did not know this, and the psychic could scarcely be imagined to have known it.

Want to try something very much: Take black surface paper—what is surface paper? (All right.) Never heard of it. Black sur-

face paper; cut cylinder shape. Put tack in center against wall. (Yes.) This will in a dark room show up light we believe if conditions are right. And we can—can't manipulate it at that end, you must do that. But throw all power towards that. Get the correct lighting. We think it is a good chance to try. Make the room lights dim or put them out. The blue light ought to flash, or throw out the personal light attained in this way; you will find the real curative light. Er-rasotosio—now wait a minute. There is some word, elect—, elect—what's that? This surface paper more adaptable to hold the light than other. Cut little squares on the edges, little pointed squares. Tack through the center, this can be focussed on and thus obtained the light. This is important. How hard it is for me to put it in such phrasing as will carry.

(We will try it. Is it shiny paper?)

No, No, No. (All right.) Dull. Dull. Shiny surface not adaptable. (Hm, hm.) Too much reflection. (Hm, hm.) Dull, dull, dull paper.

(Large cylinder?) Size of dinner plate. (All right.) Use this and try for the light. [We have tried this only once or twice. No success as yet. Sept. 2, 1925.] I know this a great fragment of the truth which will light up much that is under—misunderstood. Oh how we have tried to get this through. And when the light comes through development, which it may do in a very short time, you will see the other lights. Remember, the colors are only dense, densities. Dense supplements. And eh, pro—, progressions of,—I don't know what this word is—progressions of vi—vibrant, vibrance, vibrance, (Yes.) in layer effects. Real truth and a great jump towards the future in this revelation. It is of utmost importance that we see the whole working, and through light working through the personal light, everything is revealed. Thus all organism may be controlled by means heretofore not grasped at. Oh, the importance of the nerve centers, and this holds life. The light radiating around these centers marvelous indeed. Have found that all man-phenomena is produced by the activity of these tiny centers, some abnormally advanced thus creating a great spring like a huge give-back, I think this is.

(“Like a huge?”) “*give-back*,” it sounds like. Get this condition fine in your organism and study it. All coming from the nerve conditions. The great truth is revealed through this healing [holding?] light. As the spirit grows the light brightens, thus do we find you. Not easy sometimes. The light seems to go out, quenched

by physical suffering. It is produced by the combination of the nerves holding the spirit body to the physical organism; lifted out of it in the same way, very like the springs of a watch. (Oh.)

I am seeing the blue now. Oh, the blue is [left hand on chest] believe me, this is important. I am giving it. (Yes.) Have you followed me? (Pretty well.) Oh, follow me!

Some touched on it, but not all. The bairn, bairn, B a i n with me [Beale?], I am watching his work. Happens to have found just the right physical condition through which to work. In his case no mental activity necessary, although they are so closely connected. But he is letting that remain a side issue. The other so much more important for his work.

I hold in my hand a small coin, bronze in color. It is—*it was* mine, R o m e, Rome, Rome? 6 1 6 6 161. I don't know whether two ones or *one* one there. I see a bronze coin he is holding up for me to see. It seems to have a head on it, I feel as if I am trying so hard to get something. It is so very difficult, (Yes.) so hard.

(Is this Hodgson?) Yes. Yes. (Yes.) I've stuck to it. (Good!) I have stuck to it and mean to. (Hm, hm, glad of that.)

[Automatic writing during the above as follows—scrawls, R. H., etc., which led me to ask whether Hodgson was communicating.]

You will see results. Glad you are aware of the work. It is a long journey but a short mile. I don't know what he means by that. (Hm.)

NOTE: I do not understand these fragments and references, but W. D. B. states that the epigram is highly characteristic of Dr. Hodgson.

Addenton, Adderton, Addington, Adderton—I get some name like that. (Hm.) When those of us who remain near the border find anything sifting through which can be understood, we are jubilant. I have undertaken to pilot some who are yet hardly awake. (Yes.) This circle grows larger, slowly are drifting towards it those who have known or heard of us. (Yes.) We are indeed missionaries to bring back "All is well!" (Hm, hm.) I know you will succeed. (Thank you.) We will do all that we can. Cross purposes are not always of results satisfactory. Bear that in mind. I am making this day one to be remembered. (Yes.) A date not far to look for. I feel as if someone is not well near you and must pass away. Someone you know—(Yes?) must pass into the other life. Machinery not in good condition, a general breaking-down everywhere, this must come. Necessary.

[Not placeable, nine months later, as to any one *personally* near me. One of a family I knew died, after a general breaking down lasting from August, 1924, to June, 1925. I did not know him, but a member of his family is "near" me and concerned in the outcome of my work.]

I have eh,—well, I get that little Indian girl here. (Oh, that's nice.) Eh, why I feel as if she wants to say something about herself. (Yes, glad to have her.) She wants to bring someone. It looks like a young man, like herself, looks just like her. (Hm.) I think it must be a brother or father, very thin, very dark. Brings this man. Says he is helping her, too, helping her. Knew something of spirit power before he died, only he couldn't make it understood that he was using unknown force. She is very happy having him with her.

Says her medie has cold—is not in good shape. Works so hard. (Poor thing, that is too bad!) Mustn't do that. Wants to say light so good for her, but gives it to others and is glad to.

She says she has spoken to you before (Yes) and was glad to come. Likes you and comes with the gentleman, the other gentleman, who is nice to her. She is with the gentleman, too, and has a little box in her hand. She opens the box and likes to look in it. There is a powder of some kind which she takes out of it and burns it to make a nice—that smell in the room. I don't know what this is. (Yes.) "My father knew about this, it had healing power. Used to be made from leaves, healthy for us, leaves dried. Very dry leaves producing this."

She would like to shake hands with you. (Yes!) Says you came from far away and she is glad to see you. (She has come a long way, too.)

NOTE: Mrs. Brittain, in answer to my questions regarding the "little Indian girl," as follows:

1. Has she ever described her brother or her father?
2. Is he "very thin"?
3. "Very dark"?
4. Does he help her?
5. Did he know something of spirit power before he died, but could not make it understood that he was using unknown force?
6. Did the "medie" have a cold or feel "not in good shape" on Friday, Nov. 21, 1924?

Replied; on September 23rd, 1925:

"Bell spoke a lot of her father when she first came, but never of her mother. He was very thin, and my brother's boy, whom he called Joe. He was very dark, yes. She never mentions that he helps her, but he

has not been passed away very long. He must have been clairvoyant, as he used to see visions.

"I had just a little cold, as far as I can remember, but was very nervous of an intended journey to Norway."

The same questions addressed to Mrs. Leonard and to Lady Troubridge, an experienced Feda sitter, yielded the following replies regarding Feda:

"No, she never described her brother or father; we know he was probably dark. We do not know whether he helps her. He probably did know something of spirit power before he died, as her father was a Hindu prince." "Sometime, the end of November, 1924, I, Gladys Leonard, had trouble with my teeth, and had to go to the dentist several times."

It seems evident, therefore, that Bell is speaking on the points mentioned, and as she has already been named correctly by L. M. C. in other connections, we may the more certainly accept her presence on this occasion. Her medium does give much to others and does it gladly. Her life is a full one, with three small children to care for, in addition to adult members of her household, and with countless public and private séances to conduct.

Yes, brought someone with her for a reason. (Oh!) Gentleman with her. (Yes.) He came to say "How-do." He has been with her before and spoke to you. (Did he?) Yes, ANOTHER GENTLEMAN WITH HER, too, she says, she brought. Nice gentleman teases her, "he tries to make me [Feda] use very long words." I want to ask you, did you find the dictionary with a slip in it? He wants you to find it. Old dictionary. (Old dictionary?) "Slips with the lettering down the side." Did you try to see the page—see E? [E. A. is the "other gentleman" beside J. H. H. who came in London through Feda.] I feel as if this dictionary had finger-marks down the side, (Oh!) and had great big lettering. I feel as if this is a great big book of some kind, a dictionary or something. (Yes.) Medie wants you to look this up, and sent me, and the gentleman is helping. (Hm, hm.) Now, one, one, one, [automatic writing: 3 small i i i's]. (One, one, one.) Friday 13, Friday 13 [making it as she had done with the number 16 earlier, that is: she wrote the figure 3 first, and put the 1 in at the left of it afterward. Scrawls.] It is funny letters. I see that book quite plainly. (Can you see the binding?)

Well, it looks like a light binding. If it isn't now, it has been a light back, not a dark cover, I shouldn't call it. (Is it old?) Yes, it is a very thick book, I don't know how old, I can't see inside, but it is a

very thick book. Now, eh—(Who owned it?) Hm. I don't know. I think it must have been Dr. Hyslop's book, I don't know. I don't get the impression of this so strong as I do the book. I get the impression of the book very strongly.

(All right, go ahead about that.)

I see it open. It is all written, very fine writing in it. Now they are turning it over. I see a man's hand turning over—but it is a small hand turning over the pages, turning over the pages slowly. He goes to G—

(Yes.)

Goes down the column to G, toward the end. Now I see something about monument. I don't know what that is. Sounds like "monument." I don't know where I get this. Back, I am taken back to London again. [Pause.] (Good.)

Was there some reference made about a book to you? There was some reference about a book. (All right.) But it is not this book. I don't know—I don't get this book, not *this* book, that there was a reference made about.

(I see. That is right.) [I remember that through Fedá, in England, L. A. had a book-test from E. A. in July or August, 1924. It was not such a book as this, however.]

NOTE: In the Brittain sitting I got reference to an old "Book on Bible" and to the Bible, but no reference to a book like a dictionary.

The further items from the "little Indian girl" seem here to switch to the identity of Mrs. Leonard's Fedá. Mrs. Leonard tells me, in her replies to my written questions, that "Fedá is always talking about burning 'nice leaves and sticks.' And she loves cedar-wood boxes." Whether Fedá's father knew about this, Mrs. Leonard does not know, but she replies "Yes" to my question whether the powder referred to here was made from very dry leaves "healthy for us." She also states that Fedá often puts her finger on her lip for silence.

On these points Mrs. Brittain has no definite information, excepting that she states that it is a habit of her own, and possibly of Bell, to put her finger on her lip for silence. Whence it appears that the identity of the little girl has taken on characteristics of both Fedá and Bell just here. And the reference to the two gentlemen, one of whom spoke to me "far away" when she was present and one of whom tries to make her use very long words, and one of whom refers to the dictionary and the letter E; all this is pertinent to Fedá's possible memories from our London encounter, and not to Bell's. Dr. Hyslop's Century Dictionary, much consulted, had tan binding.

There is a curious overlapping here, the more curious as I myself have had no access to information bearing upon the points made as to the life-history of either Feda or Bell, nor has Mrs. Chamberlaine.

In March, 1926, Miss Agnes Judson, an American friend, received in my presence some psychic impressions including reference to a little child, a girl, who was trying to reach me in a manner suggestive of this "little Indian girl," and Miss Judson remarked: "I hear lots of *bells*." She has not read or seen my manuscript and knows nothing of Mrs. Brittain, not having been abroad for séances. Bell's name is not familiar in America, as Feda's has become, owing to the volume by Sir Oliver Lodge in which her work for Raymond Lodge is reported.

Now, eh,— You have been holding something back, but you mustn't do it. Don't do it. Don't be advised to hold something back. There will be a suggestion made to you to do this. [Such a suggestion was tentatively made to me in the summer of 1925.] I wouldn't do that. (I see.) Hold nothing back. It will spoil things if you do. It is not like you to do this. Your courage will rise. [No clear pertinence to this. It takes no courage to present my work.]

[Automatic scrawls, beginning with ? *Rhur Omega? p e r s o n ?* and hieroglyphics rather angular.]

I don't know what this is; it seems like curious lettering that I am seeing. (Yes.) [Head moved from side to side as she wrote, with her eyes closed as usual.] You have got to make a decision. Be very hard to make it. [No clear pertinence to this, so far.] Don't be alarmed by that. It will work out all right. [Still writing strange characters.] There is an influence near you, a very loving influence, helpful influence. Protection.

(Someone I know?)

It seems to be a mother's influence. It is a woman's influence, a woman's personality. (Hm, hm. That is nice.)

Do you know anyone by the name of Batting? (Yes.) *B a t t i n g* [wrote it automatically at the same time]. (Yes.)

NOTE: Mother knew them, too. No apparent reason for this mention, however.

For years we have been acquainted with a family by the name of Batting. My mother and my brother who appeared to be with her at the A. Brittain sitting knew them better than I. For months past I had had in my card-case a reminder that there was an open invitation to pay them a visit, which I had postponed from time to time as my

thoughts turned in their direction. The trip abroad was a part of the cause of postponement. I knew of no other reason for mention of the name.

To my very great surprise, I learned on Monday, Nov. 23rd, 1925, that the Batting family have been interested in psychic work for some time past. This I was told by Miss A. Judson, who has assisted them in it. But she assumed that I knew the family and saw them oftener than she, as she lives at a great distance, so said nothing further. It was not until December 8th, 1925, when I met two members of the Batting family at a public meeting, that I learned that the son, who had been a good friend of my brother's, had died in July, 1925. His death was due to heart failure which began to manifest itself in the *summer of 1924*, while he was in Europe, over two months before the date of the present sitting.

Now, you know you can do a good deal. Your—you must be careful, though, not to give out too much, all at once. It doesn't help as much in the end. Someone near you who died, that you knew some time ago, a lady that you knew some time ago,—quite close to you. Also so anxious to help you. Your light shines well there, and you are easy to find. (Oh, that's nice.)

You have awakened much interest, and the circle is always helping. I get the strong impression of circle all the time. Circle. (I see.) And I feel as if they wanted to give you the strength through that; convey the strength through that, of light and power. [Automatic writing: m ow gh—[scrawls] *circle x.*]

(I am glad, because I sometimes feel the need of association.)

The eh, [Automatic writing: J [scrawl] Omega [scrawls] v i v s o [or versa]. ["J Omega" indicates William James. His posthumous sign is "Omega."]

(I am afraid I am not of much use to them, just now.)

You are being held back a little, and for a purpose. It is where the lines join, and there has been a break, but the line will continue. This all will work out in the end. There must be a completion. (Yes.) And it is near. You will see the outcome after a while, looking back. It's protection. I feel as if they were going.

[E. E. is helping me with work. Further evidence for and concerning E. E. omitted.]

Some doctor seems to be helping you, would it be Dr. Hodgson? I don't know, this doesn't feel like him here. I don't know, some doctor is

helping you, but it don't seem to be doctor—(Yes?) Dr. K. Doctor K.? (Yes.) [The English physician earlier indicated, perhaps?]

If you use prayer, it produces a fine condition (Yes.) and helps us, too, to get in direct contact. We have forces working against us here, between you and us: your prayer helps to force a way through. (Oh, I see.) [Here follows further discussion of E. E. and evidential advice and references, whose pertinence was unknown to me.]

Oh, I feel as if they had gone. (All right.) [Rested head on right hand; pause; opened eyes, sighed as she said:] I don't get anything more. It has been very difficult today, they have been so far away from me, as if it was such a strain.

(You just rest a minute and get rid of that.)

I can't think it has been very clear because it has been very hard to get what they were trying to say.

(I think I got it all right.)

Hasn't seemed connected to me at all. (No, not so much as sometimes.) No— (But each thing in it has bearing.) It was more confusing to me, it wasn't a—there were a good many here. Are you sure there isn't one near you with appendicitis? (Well, I can't say.) I get that very strongly. (Do you?) I don't know, an operation or something that has it, or has had it, or is going to have it, or ill or something—[pause]. Humph, I have that same feeling in my back, that impression of somebody—[touching the hips and lumbar region] the letter E—made me think of her. They are pretty well gone by now, I don't seem to get anything now. [See earlier note concerning appendicitis case in Dr. Bull's family. E. is the initial of Mrs. Bull. She has had an illness that might account for the weak back, recently. L. M. C. does not know of this—they are strangers.]

(Do they recede in sound or sight?)

Well, I don't know whether because I open my eyes that I lose sight. I keep my eyes shut always and it helps me to concentrate. But whether on opening my eyes I feel that they have gone, or whether it is—. I have heard persistently ever since you have been here the name Andrews, or Addington or Anderson in my mind, but nothing else with it. Andrews I should say it was or Andrew, but nothing else with it, so I didn't give it, as it has been all through the sitting.

(I know an Andrew.) [See note on page 257, *Andrews*.]

It is Andrew I think, but I got nothing with it. It may be connected with something else, I don't know. [Pause.] Nothing further, they seem to have been gone. (All right.) [3:40 sitting ended.]

NOTE: Psychic gets the New York *Times* article of today as to Mrs. Dean and the psychic photograph from London, Armistice Day, and gives it to me, urging answer. As I leave, I tell her I should like to bring two ladies from England, who have arrived, to see her. They were not especially desirous of anonymous séances. I mentioned their work as being connected with the "unseen doctor" and asked her if she had read the book. She has not. I tell her I knew it would interest her to meet other good psychics, and I wished she might have the pleasure. I also asked permission to bring another lady for a sitting some time. She is willing at my discretion to have this lady come, and will be pleased to meet the two English ladies if they care to come so far. I did not mention their names. The book, *The Unseen Doctor*, does not mention their names, either.

Her impression that the work was disconnected today is very true. There were evidential points concerning Andrews, Mrs. E. A., *Proceedings* A. S. P. R. for 1925, Dr. Bull and his family, Bell, Feda, E. E., and suggestions of Hodgson, William James, my mother, and the Batting family.

CHAPTER XIX

EXCERPTS FROM SÉANCES 19, 20

19, L. M. C. November 28, 1924. 12:35 P. M. Sitter, Miss Harvey.

[I had asked permission to bring three different sitters, anonymously. I have not indicated to L. M. C. which one this may be. No introduction.]

Mrs. C. explains that she can guarantee sitters nothing. Miss Harvey replies very briefly, "I know." I had warned Miss Harvey to say little until after the sitting, as her accent might betray her.

[Details for Miss Harvey omitted; some evidential.]

[As medium spoke she rubbed eyes, rolled her head from side to side, repeated her verse, "I am the resurrection and the life," etc. Rested her head on right hand; pause.]

That's a curious thing, that little Indian girl is here,—(G. O. T.: All right.) that I have seen only recently. (G. O. T.: Yes.) She is right here. (G. O. T.: That's nice.) She stands with her finger on her lip. I have gotten that impression twice. [See previous sitting.]

It seems it is a characteristic attitude, as if she was just poisoning there before going hurriedly somewhere else. (I see.) She seems to be uncertain, she stands with her hand on her lip as I say, and as if she were torn between her desire to stay here, and her desire to leave. She doesn't know what to do.

[Details for sitter omitted.]

Dr. Hyslop is here now. He helps me. (G. O. T.: Good.) He comes and helps me. (Good.) He knows—(G. O. T.: He knows—) says very difficult, an entirely different arrangement, setting new conditions. Always hard at first. I will show you something, he says, (G. O. T.: Good.) under second, one something, page 106. I don't see what 2 is. I don't see what page 162 is. Yes, I don't know what book. He says, book, book, book, [whispered] where is the book? All right, don't worry about that, we take care of that. Will guide to it. I wonder what that is. I seem to get a reference to a book, [Pertinence of this not yet known.] but I don't get that now—(G. O. T.: Hm.)

[Details for sitter omitted.]

Dr. Hyslop seems pleased. (G. O. T.: Yes.) I see him smile. I haven't seen him smile often. HAS A NICE SMILE. (G. O. T.: Yes.) It lights up his eyes and CHANGES HIS EXPRESSION, WHICH IS USUALLY STERN. (G. O. T.: Yes.—[pause]. Tell him I am smiling, too.) He says he didn't do so much of it on earth, he didn't have time.

(Sitter: Well, tell him that's nonsense, there is always time for that.)

He was usually trying to combat an unsmiling countenance, lifting up and helping to form—I don't know what that means, I don't get that. (G. O. T.: I know.) Little drops of water, little grains of sand. Water very important,—(G. O. T.: What is—) [message continued, I dropped my question.]

Gustave (G. O. T.: Gustave.) with me here. (Good.) Doesn't wish to fly back, he says. It will not be long before the gravity will give way and the flying will be towards us. Thus are we watching this great unfoldment of truth. (Sitter: Oh?) [NOTE: Dr. Gustave Geley evidently indicated.]

(G. O. T.: There will be another coming.) [Right hand to forehead. Sitter took medium's left hand.]

They are very strong. Who is Ern? ERN IS HERE WITH THEM. (Good.) [Cf. H. T-S., July 17, 1924, when Ernest Ainslee and J. H. H. were asked for word concerning G. Geley.] I don't know about Murphy, and oh, many people. I don't know—I feel oppressed by them, such a gathering. Is there to be a large meeting in Europe? A great meeting, assembling of people concerning this work? (G. O. T.: Yes.) Oh, it is very important and is to be, oh, the beginning of much in this line to follow in a bigger sense. This meeting so important. This Gustave says this. (G. O. T.: Hm, I see.) [No scientific Congress, but a Spiritualist one to be held, in Paris, September, 1925. It has proved to be an important Congress, Sept., 1925.]

This little Indian girl comes back to me again (G. O. T.: Good.) and smiles and shakes her hand. (G. O. T.: She is very faithful.) Getting used to it, coming, now. [Feda, E. A. and Geley associated in séance of July 30, 1924, Mrs. L. A. with Mrs. O-L. in London.] (G. O. T.: Good.) Getting used to it. Where is other? (G. O. T.: Can she tell?) —other lady? Em, Em, Em, somebody? [G. O. T. wrote this, capital M, in her original notes, but it was the sound of the syllable that was meant evidently, as Miss Emma Chilton, whose nickname is *Tem*, was waiting for us in the Englewood library, having come to

Englewood with us.] Now she says, Em (G. O. T.: Yes.) she likes Em. Thinks Em's nice.

[Messages for Misses Harvey and Chilton omitted.]

(Sitter: Shall we be able—when I say we, I mean a community—shall we be able to give all that the spirit world, or the spirit people are desirous of giving while we are passing through? Shall we fail them?)

There is something further back than all of that. There is back of it all a great force over which neither you nor they have control. This great force is bringing about slowly conditions reaching, and meaning to reach, all kinds. Your work peculiarly, yours peculiarly, those whose minds understand this work, know this work, is unique and must be given exactly as received. Not too much at first, but gradually, and results are not for you to question.

Oh, eh, wait a minute! [placing hands on breast, crossed] there must be a very high spirit here, a very high spirit, almost be called an angel. A spirit of great power. Someone whose power is so great!

"Why question that which is truth? Truth cannot suffer. Truth is not afraid. Truth must come; if you are an instrument let it come through. Do not try to use your own judgment; let the truth come. Those appointed for work know when that work is given them it is to be done. For higher than you know has come the command from a force you have no conception of. We who are higher regard this as a great gift to mankind, that he shall have found favor and been given a task to do, pass it on!"

(G. O. T.: Yes.)

I feel almost to add the name, that Emperor name. It sounds so big and high.

(G. O. T.: Don't be afraid.) [Gave pencil, it fell, pause.] Go, gone. (G. O. T.: Hm, hm.) [Head on hands, pause.] I feel as if they had touched the delicate strings of a harp. I call that my subconscious mind. They have gone. Conscious of a light like a star every now and then, that seems to flash before me, which is the sign from "Tao." (G. O. T.: "Tao.") [L. M. C.'s guide.]

I wish I could have given that more clearly. I don't get it all down,—so beautiful.

(Sitter: Well, G. O. T., we got a good deal.)

You get the impression, you try to give it your own way, and you lose it. It loses its beauty in trying to form into words. There is such a difference between impression and words, and any sentences. [Opened eyes, leaned back, sighed.] Gone away from me now.

[Closed eyes, paused, opened eyes.] I wonder why I trembled so in the first part of that. I was very sort of exhausted, and then I came up again. There must have been a force, a strong force. (G. O. T.: Hm, I think so.)

(Sitter: Well!) You have a great deal, haven't you, yourself. (G. O. T.: She has.) Have you? Yes, it was confusing.

(Sitter: We have nothing ourselves, you know.)

No, no, no. It was confusing, you know. I got just a different impression of Dr. Hyslop, that is—now, I can't express it—he was just different today.

(G. O. T.: Well, I am glad you saw him smile.)

Did you know—he must have been pleased.

(G. O. T.: I think so.)

But then he wasn't as clear to me today in appearance. I mean I didn't get the vision of him as perfectly as I have.

(Sitter: How long has he been passed over?)

I don't know. I didn't know him, so I don't know.

(Sitter: Oh.) I had a funny little Scotch sensation, of somebody Scotch near me. There isn't anybody that would come to me, isn't anybody Scotch.

(Sitter: Yes, we come from Scotch people, I think.)

Are you? I just got that feeling.

(Sitter: Well, thank you very much, it has been very evidential.)

I am glad. (Sitter: Of course one always wants more.) Of course that is just the trouble, it is really very discouraging. Sometimes the power snaps off just when you don't want it to. [Brief chat omitted.]

Sitting ended 2:05 P. M.

20. L. M. C., December 4, 1924, 1:55 P. M. Sitter: Miss Emma Chilton. Notes by G. O. T.

I had not notified L. M. C. that I was bringing a sitter, and I did not introduce them by name. After we were seated, there was a short pause. L. M. C. closed her eyes. Sitter jerked her shoulders as she sat at L. M. C.'s left. L. M. C. could not have seen it, as her eyes were closed.

You are a little high strung. [Sitter's shoulder jerked.] You would better relax a little more. [Sitter leaned back.] You know, I feel as if I wanted to put my hand up here [back of sitter's neck, which was stiff. L. M. C. repeated her Scriptural verses. Hands clasped, head turned away from sitter.]

Hm, there is a lady here. I get the letter E. I don't know who the E is. E,—I don't know whether it is connected with the lady, but the lady is very motherly, sweet gentle soul.

NOTE: My own mother's first initial is E.

She comes from behind you, and puts her hands on you, around you.

NOTE: A little trick of manner that was my mother's.

I feel as if she wants to say something to you, wants to put her hands on you. She seems very happy about something. [L. M. C. touched my left hand as she spoke.] (Good.)

Oh, you have started a pathway leading to a broad field. You know there is a gentleman up here with her. In fact, I feel as if you were grouped with people who are of your blood, your own people. (Yes.) They have gathered around you just like, as if in a circle, as if they wanted to tell you just how happy they are. Something has made them very happy. (I see.) O, love and service can not be separated. There is much, much in store for you. Just a continuance, no break. Just going on; happiness, contentment, comradeship.

(Sitter: That sounds agreeable to me.)

Now it seems to me as if there were more people here than usual. (Yes.)

This lady who is so—do you know, she reminds me so of your sister. [E. H. T., whom L. M. C. knows, and who strongly resembles our mother, whom L. M. C. never saw or saw any likeness of.] (Yes, I know.) Oh, she is very sweet, very dear, (Yes.) and she has been to you before. (Yes.) She knows, and she says she has been here before.

(She has, I know it.)

She has a great deal to thank Dr. Hyslop for, so much help has he given her, and those of hers. (Good.) She wants you to know this and to know he is standing with you and back of you, (That's good!) helping you. (I am sure of that.) No matter what difficulties may have arisen you will soon see the way for you had to lie in a different line. I feel as if a different line of thought. I am confused because there are so many here. Now, I feel as if there is somebody coming near me, but the name is a doctor, doctor, a man who was a physician. (Hm.) He's near me. Not Dr. Hyslop, (Yes.) but there seems to be another doctor, (Yes—) and he stands near me in great dignity. I think he was a very dignified person, and a quiet person. (Sitter: Yes.) You know he takes my hand [her hand off knee] and puts it on this

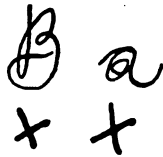
lady [sitter]. I feel as if he were putting through me a current of some kind, (Yes.) but he wants me to put it up here, my hand. [Sitter's neck.] Reinforcement. Now he gets through me the light, he says; the light of healing, and he says, "Oh, oh, fine, fine!" ["Dr. Beale?" Of course my earlier request for sittings for the British ladies must be remembered.]

NOTE: The circle said to be near me included my mother and her father and my brother and sister, at the A. B. sitting, July 4th. In that sitting, Dr. Hyslop, if present, remained in the background. But it may be, of course, that he was helping the communicators. He had, in his lifetime, given me opportunity to secure communications from my mother in one of his series of séances with Mrs. Chenoweth in Boston. [See *Journal A. S. P. R.*, January, 1920.] Her successful effort, since then, in giving me three of her pet-names for me has apparently been prompted by my request that my father give me *his* pet name for me at one of those Chenoweth sittings. He succeeded in doing so, and she would characteristically be amused and interested.

[Pertinent messages for sitter omitted.]

I am confused here, because now I see Dr. Hyslop. (Yes.) Now Dr. Hyslop is talking about a book. (Yes.) Now I want to make numbers.

[Automatic writing:



written but not spoken.]

Somebody has been helping you, haven't they? You have been getting help.

(Steadily, yes.)

Yes, you have been getting help.

NOTE: I have been having the help of E. E., the friend who is typing the notes of this series of sittings. They may appear in book form, later. E. E. is writing a book, also. This statement of J. H. H. was followed by further pertinent messages for sitter, which I omit.

Now I am confused, because I see this little girl here, who comes to me. (Oh, yes.) She is funny, funny little girl. She doesn't say much, but I am conscious of her. Now Dr. Hyslop is here, too. I am conscious of them prowling around me. Now I am getting off to something that is different.

I feel I am getting a direct ray. It is something that comes directly toward you [sitter]. It is focussing right on you.

(G. O. T.: Beautiful.)

At first it was blue colored. It is changing light. At first it was just the blue light on you here [sitter's back] and now it is changing. It is as if they had one of those electric bulbs, delicate colors, prismatic colors, and they are throwing them right on this lady. You are very tired, aren't you? [asked of sitter, who did not reply.] (G. O. T.: Yes.)

You mustn't—O, you need this [treatment by the lights indicated]. You can't give them as much when you are very tired.

George, I must write the name George. [Automatic writing: George—help help. Repeated the words as she wrote them.]

(George. Yes.)

You know I see now a different—I am getting even a different person here. They are all different. I see a splendid looking young soldier, of fine carriage, such a splendid looking young fellow, so erect. There are such a lot of them here.

[Messages for sitter omitted. She knew many young soldiers in England during the War, naturally.]

[Personal description omitted. Communicator was apparently among sitter's group.]

[Messages for sitter omitted.]

[Automatic writing: George help.] Is somebody named George not well? (I don't know.) "George, George, help," I keep hearing. (Yes.)

NOTE: J. H. H.'s grandson, George, was at this time recovering from successive illnesses of which I did not learn until December 12th, 1924.

Later evidence: In late 1925, little George was again ill, very critically, and needed help.

Dr. Hyslop is here now, I seem to be calmer, quieter. There is not so much confusion.

NOTE: J. H. H.-X seems always to have this influence as a communicator.

He, I feel as if he wanted to lean across me [tapping my left arm as she spoke] and show you some unusual affection, unusual demonstration of affection.

NOTE: Any such demonstration would be *most* unusual for J. H. H.

Oh, he seems very glad about something. (Good, good.) He has others with him but he is more to the front now. (Yes.) I feel as if I

want to do this [stroking chin as though she had a Vandyke beard.] (Yes, I understand that.) [Pause.] [A characteristic gesture of J. H. H. in his lifetime.]

He wants to give me something. He wants to give me a reference. Wants to know if you have a Tennyson. (Yes, I have.)

Tennyson, read *Memoriam* five part of six.

(I will, I will read it; what about it?) Will show you a very apt r-e-p-l-y (Yes.) I don't know what he means (Yes.) To un-answered q-u-e-s-t-i-o-n formed in your subconscious,—I followed it out—reply—given—nice arrangement. "Much"—I don't know what that word is [said this while writing next word]. Preparation makes for a feast [written without speaking the words]. (Yes.)

NOTE: Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Canto xlvii, contains the following familiar lines:

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:
And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good.

These lines are in answer to the poet's query as to the possible merging of the separate soul into the general soul, at death, a "faith as vague as all unsweet." I am not inclined to such a faith myself, though of course I have often had occasion to consider or discuss it. I am personally inclined to agree with the poet as represented in the above lines. But the sitter is more inclined than I am to entertain such metaphysical speculation and conjecture, "unanswered question formed in your subconscious." J. H. H. was fond of Tennyson.

The sections V and part of VI hold no reference to "preparation makes for a feast." The figure 4 followed by the *written* words "five and part of six" lead me to look at sections 45 and 46, as well as at sections 4, 5 and 6. None of these fitted the implications of the reference, but 47 does. Hence I present it for what it may be worth.

[L. M. C. whispered:] Don't know what that is. (G. O. T.: I see.) Now, will, (Will?) [Automatic writing: *Now ill coo opere otero.*] ("Coöperate?") Don't know what that is—[automatic writing not spoken: *starlight.*] [The psychic does not catch the meaning of the promise to coöperate through "Starlight," J. H. H.'s pseudonym for Mrs. Chenoweth's Sunbeam.] (Yes, yes.) [Automatic writing continued without being read aloud as follows:] but find a substitute in my little

Life Signatures: Myers-

[Jan. 23rd, 1914.] James H Hyslop

November? 1914 J H Hyslop

Nov. 22, 1914, J H Hyslop

[Chamberlaine Automatic Signatures]

12/4/24

Myers

[attempt at the
M sign of Myers]

Myers

J H Hyslop

X X X 10 0 0 X

Jan. 22, 1928

Hyslop

* On Hyslop signatures, see also pages 36 (Preface), 57 (Benham), 208, Note, and 317.

friend over the sea. (Oh yes, good.) [Automatic writing continued without any reading aloud as follows:] all this I tried to convey in L England. (Yes.) Very anxious to help Mil [spoken: M—I, I don't know that word, M-i- something]—with husband.

(Yes, that will be appreciated.) I find my work here as absorbing as the work I left; not of the exact character but acquainted. Lady [meaning L. M. C.] has done well and we know the communicator will help (Good.) Myers (Good.) Myers, (Do it once more.) MYERS. (That is clear.)

NOTE: "Myers," the last two times, was written with a CAPITAL M in four strokes, which is HIS SIGN through Mrs. Chenoweth and others. See illustration and pages 36, 57, and 208.

J. H. Hyslop. (Good.) [SIGNATURE very similar to Dr. Hyslop's. Drew three circles. See illustration.] (Oh, here also?)

[Circle drawn and an x made inside it.] (Ha-ha, yes.) star (Yes.)

NOTE: The circles might be taken to signify the Group or the Greek letter Omega—William James's sign. See *Proceedings* A. S. P. R., VI.

The circle with an X inscribed in it, labelled *star*, suggests that former reference made by L. M. C. to a star as a symbol may have been attempts to put through the sign of J. H. H.-X.

[Scrawls looking like oriental writing. Pause.] Annelle hold on (All right, we will.)

[My acquaintance, "Mil,"—a stranger to L. M. C., is having problems to solve with reference to her husband. "Annelle" has no clear pertinence. "Mil" is a close friend of last week's sitter.]

Now, I feel as though the power had gone from me.

(All right. We will wait a moment.) [Pause.]

Oh, I feel as if that B, B somebody is coming. [Automatic writing not read aloud: make a very careful point of the nerve light, it is the most important discovery 400 is a good voltage light light light (Yes.) Music rests some, excites others [scrawl] sift out! strain if used at wrong periods. (Sitter: Very connected.) (G. O. T.: Very clear.)

Music, light, light, (Yes.) [Automatic writing continued.] very advisable in some cases, (Yes.) look for a change regarding violet light the richer tints used only in extreme cases. (Yes.) [Pause.] All getting back to simple principles when the truth dawns. [Pencil fell.]

[Pause, head on hand, turning toward the right.] They have gone from me now. I get nothing more.

('Twas very clear.) (Sitter: They have given a great deal.)

I went deep today, I think deeper than usual.

(Yes.) (Sitter: Deep trance, was it?)

No, I don't think I was in a trance. I was very shut away, but I think I would have known any unusual—any unusual sounds I would have recognized.

(Sitter: Thank you so much, it has been most interesting.)

[A spontaneous bit of psychometric reading for sitter omitted. It was correct in detail.]

[Returned the article.]

(Sitter: Thank you.) That is all. (G. O. T.: Tell them, [the communicators] we have had a very fine bit of work today.)

(Sitter: I expect you know more about it than I do—it is only afterwards,—) (G. O. T.: Yes.)

[Personal message for sitter omitted.]

(Sitter: Are you conscious while you are writing?)

I am listening, but it usually all passes right out, you know. Usually I am so anxious to get it correctly as I hear it that I am not apt to connect it much. [L. M. C. began to tell how she began with the ouija board, etc., etc.] You are feeling the psychic power, aren't you?

(Sitter: Yes.)

I am too. [L. M. C. then went on to recount the story of a sick lady who had an experience in which she believed.] Has been helped in overcoming a difficulty with her knees. She is comparatively too young for that, but I don't know how it is done at all, but she feels I helped her, says no doctor has been able to do it. I don't know how it can be. I work altogether in the dark [metaphorically, not literally in the dark].

(G. O. T.: Well, I suppose you are linking with higher forces. Sitter: And I imagine perhaps some force or intelligence that has held the person back has perhaps been helped in such a way, too, when they had previously impeded the progress.)

I dare say. [Pause.] There is something I wish you would put down for Miss D——. [Pertinent and helpful message for a psychic patient of mine who has been to L. M. C.] It was just a message.

(Yes. Sit back and rest now.)

(Sitter: We must be getting back, we have an engagement.)

I think YOU HAVE A LOT OF POWER, you know [G. O. T.] and they are going to come upon it and use it, I think, in future. Don't you think she has a power?

(Sitter: A lot of it. G. O. T.: I am a sample case. Sitter: There was a lot of power here today. That "Marg" was good, wasn't it?

G. O. T.: Yes. Sitter: And that Caroline was my mother—at least, I have a mother and a sister,—I don't know which. G. O. T.: All right.)

Sitting closed at 3:25 P. M.

NOTE: It is apparent that the work is less smooth on occasions when extra sitters are brought to séances. This is analogous to everyday human experience. "Two is company, three is trumpery." Evidently it is the communicators who find this true, for many a time I have been present *merely as note-taker* when the sitting was held for a third person, a stranger, and the work ran on smoothly.



L. M. C. normal handwriting

Compare page 314.

CHAPTER XX

SÉANCE 21

L. M. C., December 18, 1924, 2 P. M. Sitter, G. O. T.

I omit from the series a confused and crowded sitting of December 11, 1924, with L. M. C. I had come to the present séance directly from another séance with Mr. Reynolds, in New York. There seems to have been no cross-reference. L. M. C. closed her eyes and repeated her Scriptural verses, as she usually does now before a séance, unobtrusively. She finds it quiets her and gives her confidence.

I feel I want to make three X-s. [Did so with pencil.]

(All right, that is good.)

I don't know why I am suddenly thinking of Egypt. (Go ahead.) I don't know anything about Egypt. . . [repetition]. (All right.) Now is there someone going to Egypt? Evidently there is something, some person of some kind. (Oh. Some—) Well, it is a good thing, a very good thing. [No pertinence to any plans of mine or my friends'.] Sorry M couldn't be here—Mrs. something, Mrs. M.

(All right.)

I see her husband a great deal of the time. Am helping him.—I don't know what this is. (Hm-hm.) Mrs. M, M? I see a letter l, I see two l's. (Capital or small?) No, they are small l's.

(All right.) [Evidently a recent communicator, Mrs. Mills.]

I don't know. Now wait a minute, I am getting a change here. Have you been closely going over some writing?

(Yes.)

Have you been correcting something, doing some correcting? (Yes.) Hm, there seems to be a great interest in this. (Yes.) I feel as if there were a group around me; (Yes.) as if you had been doing some work they were interested in. There are more people here than usual. (I see.) There are some very serious people. I get the name of Dr. Hodgkin. (Good.) Hodgson, Hodgkin. (Yes.) I don't know how you pronounce that. I get the name of Dr. Hyslop, O, and James, J-a-m-e-s, James and M-y-e-r [pause. Whispered:] s [Myers, whom

she herself usually refers to as *Myer*. She wrote automatically James and *Myer* now, the M approximating Mr. Myers's sign.]

NOTE: I had just been correcting galley proofs of *Proceedings* S. P. R., Vol. XIX, of which I was supplementary editor, the work being a record of mediumistic experiments by J. H. H. with Mrs. Chenoweth, of Boston. The Business Secretary of the Society and I had been comparing the original automatic script with the proof sheets. Myers, James, Hodgson and Hyslop are all associated with that record, Myers less than the others. Mrs. Chamberlaine knows nothing whatever of it or of my work upon it. It did not appear from press until about twelve months later than the present date.

They have someone else with them they think so much of, someone they want to talk about, someone who hasn't been to you.

(Oh, good.)

Someone you know about who hasn't been to you. They seem to have great reverence and respect for him, his learning. He is a fine looking man. They seem to fall back and let him come on. He has very keen eyes. Has a good deal of hair about him [sides of face indicated]. I see a name coming now, like C-r-o, C-r-o—oh, I know, it is Crookes. [*Wrote it "Crooks."*] He is here with the group. Knew some of these men on earth. (Yes.)

NOTE: They were contemporary psychic investigators in England and America and were certainly nearly all personal acquaintances. L. M. C., of course, knows this in a general way.

Now this circle has never stopped working since making its combination felt. It grows and grows, circle within circle, and there is so much to give. The difficulty, you know, far exceeds anything you can explain. (Yes.) However, this I would say: there is developing, the mind turning and being attracted towards the great system about which I felt and prowled for so many years, never quite reaching what I believed to be at the end of the line; and always pressing on and on, knowing that it was there, vaguely, but having no positive proof and no way in which I could reach it. And so I left earth without having fulfilled what I wished to crown my life with, there: the spark which, once struck, would unravel mystery within mystery. (Yes.) I am now interested and bending my mind to it in a higher sense having, of course, crossed the line of the experimentia—I don't know what— (Yes.) in the sense of first grade elements.— I don't know what that is. (Yes.)

But under this overwhelming, overpowering knowledge that stag-

gered me upon my entrance into this glorious world, my mind would turn back; turn back to those still struggling and hunting for that spark, the vehicle offered often forming strong enough condition to hold us for the moment. But the subject matter being of such great volume, we could not in one crisp sentence produce what would be the miracle turning-point of the issue. And so no vehicle presented itself at any one time. But by the patient persevering and the building slowly, but surely, of that indefatigable worker, my co-worker, Hy-Hyslop, I was able with him to draw a formula, a plan by which, putting together as one does a puzzle, we could produce an outline of what we knew in time would be recognized. This we have done, beginning to build up through L-i-g-h-t. We have not by any means completed this task, but have gone far enough to give you some idea of the road you are traveling. (Yes.) We will not fail you, if you persevere.

(All right, I will.) Understand, there are obstacles. (Yes.) Nothing achieved worth while without them, but these obstacles are not formidable; you much nearer the goal than I was. The pin-point—proving that issue was not even visible to mortal mind of man; only called an hallucination by my fellow workers. I in no way abandoned my efforts, but secretly worked along those lines. I retract n-o-t-h-retracting nothing that I gave out. Nothing.

(All right.)

NOTE: Both after and shortly before his death. This was published generally as Crookes's attitude.

Through my experiments I found overwhelming proof.

(Are those proofs in existence now?)

Some are. The unprejudiced were few about me. I left papers; only some in detailed form. Rarely I wrote. I stood alone, (Yes.) looking towards a new earth, and it was by a seer's eyes and mind that I wrote in a detached form, expecting to fill in at some later time. Let it be understood, I was *not deterred, not deterred* by criticism, put no matter how mildly.

(Yes.)

It was only because I saw what I saw, that I left it for a later generation to develop. My time was limited, and I would have accomplished very little at that time, I was told. My communications from unseen world were of remarkable accuracy. Unknown even by many about me in closest relationship, I obeyed what I believed advice from a higher power. My wife alone knew of some of the remarkable experi-

ences, experiments that I only partially worked out. I did not, however, fail to know that they could have been pressed much further.

NOTE: A member of the Crookes family informed me in the summer, while I was abroad, that the member of the family who had the psychic papers and records of Sir William in his care, after that great pioneer's death, has destroyed manuscripts and photographic plates recording Sir William's painstaking and epoch-making scientific labors in the psychic field, a piece of vandalism that, if true, justifies his statement above given, "the unprejudiced were few about me. My wife alone knew," etc., etc. His experiments were carried on in Lady Crookes's presence, in the briefly recorded instances of which we have printed accounts. It is therefore quite likely that the statement of L. M. C. is true. There is no one living to verify it, as Lady Crookes predeceased her husband.

I bid you be of good cheer. (Thank you.) To have pressed on is always its own reward, to have looked with the eyes of the spirit brings satisfaction here.

Many are with me here belonging to me by blood, many friends whom I value highly. I found the perfect life, got away from the things that annoy and are troublesome.

The soul, spirit, rests in happiness and harmony. There is a God, a central being. All comes from him and is satisfying, far more than the mind on earth can understand. It is satisfying beyond words here. We wake up here. Follow the thing called light, it has its tremendous value upon humanity, and in following it so many things will be explained. The question of light has not been taken until recently with any amount of scientific investigation. Look upon the light records recorded in the New Testament: light thrown about those who fear and suffer produces immediately the quieting effect. Always the study of light and brilliancy brings with it a different atmosphere physically, mentally, spiritually. [Pause.]

(All right.)

That's all stopped, I don't hear anything now, must be gone.

NOTE: This is the longest and most elaborate communication I have had from Crookes, though it is not true that I have not heard from him before, as was stated in the opening of this effort. In the present instance the material is plainly non-evidential.

I feel as if the personality, Dr. Hyslop's personality was here. . . . He brings that funny little person here before me. [Bell or Feda.]

. . . [I omit a long communication upon matters not essential to this series.]

Anybody near you going to Egypt? (Not that I know of.) I got that impression, I don't know why. And very often when I get Dr. Hyslop I get those three X's. I don't know whether it has any significance or not.

(Yes, it has significance.)

Did you get more today than you did last time?

(Yes, I think I did, but it was good last time, too.)

NOTE: The succinctness and clarity of the work today seem fittingly indicative of the type of mind at work and of the apparently successful retirement of the Group who purported to clear the way for Sir William Crookes.

I had explained, before we began today, that I had had a very confused day last week, before I came to the séance, and that their reference to confusion, in the séance, was therefore evidential. L. M. C. has a cold today and her voice is husky and light. In the early part of the trance speaking it was clear and deeper, quite unlike hers. I noticed this during the impersonation of Crookes. The psychic herself called my attention to it by her own remark, at the close of the sitting. She was, of course, not fully entranced.

Sitting ended 3:15 P. M.

CHAPTER XXI

SÉANCE 22

L. M. C., January 8, 1925, 2:40 P. M. Sitter, G. O. T.

[Before the sitting I tell L. M. C. that I have something interesting to show her afterwards. I have planned to show her what I bought today, some manuscripts, bits of Eastern writings, which I am interested in because of her own strange hieroglyphics received in the past five years or so. I cannot read any of them. I also tell her that she got four letters of Dr. Hyslop's signature recently, so well I believe a bank would pass them. I do not, however, tell her which letters. She is very pleased and assures me that she never saw in her life any original or facsimile signature of Dr. Hyslop. When she first wrote to the Society, he was ill, she says, and I answered the letters. This corresponds with my recollection. Further remarks unimportant.]

[Closed eyes, repeated verses.] Hm, what does FENSO mean, or fento? (*Fenso*, yes.) Oh, the most brilliant orange light, and then one point, like a STAR. I feel as if it were washing our minds and our bodies, this light, cleansing us. (Good.)

Do you know who Uncle Al would be? Al, I don't know who this Al would be. (I might.) Could Dr. Hyslop have a relative named Al? (All right, go ahead.)

I am looking at something off, like the woods, it is very open and rather cold. It is like open country, farmland. Not exactly that either. It is colder, more towards the north. But it is more like pioneer life, I don't know why I am taken there. (Hm, yes.) Now, I just get the impression of the starting from there of a branch of the family, or as if it had begun off in that way [right hand off to right—north]. (Hm.)

NOTE: Grandfather, George Hyslop, went to Ohio in pioneer days. It was farmland and open country. The whole Greenwood and Hyslop family left Virginia on account of their anti-slavery sentiments, and went North to Ohio and settled.—F. E. H.

Now I wish I could see this. I get—now I am trying to see something like a coat of arms, or not a coat of arms exactly, but something that is like one face on a medal, or weight, a bronze thing. (Yes.)

Now it is bronze in color. Now there is some writing on it. He says I am going too fast: to wait a minute. Going too fast. (All right, take your time.)

This doesn't seem to be connected with the medal now. I get the impression of this thing that it isn't exactly a medal, but it is something in bronze and there seems to be an inscription under it. (Yes.) And I see an axe or a hatchet on this bronze as if it were carved on it. Now I don't know, I can't make it out: there is some lettering under that, but I can't make that out.

Now he shows me other things: an old Bible, a very fat one, one of those Bibles with pictures in it. (Hm.) Now this Bible had some gilt on the outside. On the outside, ridges, and then there is gilt in it. Now he's trying to get Esor, Asor, Esau, because he keeps writing that. (Esau.) Yes, Esau, it must be Esau.

Now then, he takes me back to this inscription which begins with an E. There is something—well, I couldn't get that. E-something. Well, I don't see that, it is very faded out.

Andrew. [Automatic writing appears to be "Esobuo fremek tu." L. M. C. shook head.]

(Hm. Don't know what that is.)

Now I want to draw three lines. [Drew four, reinforcing one.]

NOTE: Mr. Frank Hyslop informs me that his Uncle Joe, already referred to, had a son "Al," who is therefore a cousin in the family. The bronze medallion referred to may be some military medal of the Scotch ancestor, George Hyslop, who was an army man in Scotland. F. E. H. is not certain whether there is such a medal.

At the time this was given, I thought it likely that the "Al" referred to "Mrs. Star," the L. A. of these sittings, as might have been the case from a faint suggestion in the context. However, the references following regarding "open country, farm land, pioneer life, woods," and "Uncle Al" led me to a different interpretation.

The communication that follows this one is still concerned with the elder relatives and their belongings. F. E. H. states, "I think we had a pictorial Bible carrying Doré's pictures as illustrations. It was such a Bible as described, I think it had a metal clasp, and it had a place in between the Testaments for the Family Record."

In consulting *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, and *Proceedings* A. S. P. R., VI, for other points, I was reminded of the fact, already familiar to me, that early attempts to refer to J. H. H.'s Uncle James McClellan had been distorted in transmission into "McAllan," and I find on re-

reading *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, 422, that "McAllum" was also a variant attempt. The same uncle is represented in various communications in A. S. P. R. *Proceedings*, VI, where this same confusion is referred to. He was named for this uncle, James McClellan, and he had also another Uncle James, with a different surname, so the choice of the surname for reference to the uncle is only natural, and Dr. Hyslop did it in his lifetime in annotating his records.

The reference to the kind of country in which his uncle lived and to "a branch of the family" in that connection places the relationship suitably also.

A still further link with the family is furnished in the reference to "Andrew." The sister of Uncle McClellan married a Mr. Andrews. The Andrews family would, therefore, be one the uncle might well mention or one which J. H. H. might well mention in connection with this uncle. I was unaware of the fact until I had gone through laborious search in previously published records, as I have not met the older generation of the family and have never visited the part of the country in which they lived. The references conveyed nothing to my mind, and could not be due to any telepathy from me, certainly, and no member of the Hyslop family, living, knew of the dates of my appointments for sittings.

The reference to the coin and Dr. Hyslop's father and the family Bible also fit together with the other items here mentioned. Robert Hyslop had taken care of the "tokens" of his old church, the Associate Presbyterian, after the local church had disintegrated. They were little oblong metal pieces, of a coin-like character, used to identify those entitled to participate in the "close communion" services of the church. They were not bronze.

I quote J. H. H.'s statement concerning them [pages 411-412, *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI].

"The improbability that they should be mentioned by chance is clear from the following facts:

"The denomination consists [in the year 1900—now probably fewer] of about ten or twelve ministers, and perhaps not more than a thousand communicants. There are perhaps fifteen or more separate congregations. . . . The Associate Presbyterian Church was the only one in this country that used these tokens. . . .

"The tokens are placed in the hands of an elder or member of the 'Session' for safe-keeping in the interval between communion services, and there are not more than fifteen or twenty persons in the United States [in 1900] of whom it can be said that they have had these tokens. My father was an elder in this church and was always entrusted with the keeping of them. [After the disintegration of his

church] father kept these tokens in a little chamois-skin bag, and I obtained them as mementos after his death."

The name of Crawford was associated with problems and discussions as to religious ideas in this sect, also. Cf. p. 211.

Dr. Hyslop's here, I feel it, I feel his personality. (Good.) He seems to be fingering a chain that he's got to his watch [indicating vest-pocket line]. Was his watch silver?

(I am not quite sure.)

NOTE: He did have a silver watch.

He's got a chain to his watch and something attached to it. He keeps—now he calls my attention to the brown [automatically drew a circle] greenish, brownish coin. He had something like that attached to a chain, something like a coin. Now was it his? Perhaps not. Perhaps it was something that belonged to someone, to his father, maybe.

(I see.)

Well, what was, he says, "What was the Indian story so often told me in childhood, in my childhood period, my earliest recollections connected with it. I refer you to a passage in my life. It can be recalled. I want to stress the importance of continuing your invest—" Invest-ment? No. Invest- something [investigation, doubtless].

"I rejoice. Keep on, keep on.

"It is near the end. You have the right line. Hold to it no matter what happens. This is only passing through the valley. The darkness is your back—back of you."

NOTE: *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI, page 522, Note 73 by J. H. H. runs thus: "[Father] used to tell us a great deal about Indian history in Ohio, and especially about Indian battles. [He had] a small collection of Indian relics. . . . He used to find these on the farm when ploughing or at work in the fields, and he often spoke of their camping-ground as probably near a certain spring on our neighbor's place."

Robert Hyslop had a small collection of coins to which J. H. H. has referred in his Piper notes. The "star" is on many of our coins, and the seal of the United States. I do not know whether a coin of Robert Hyslop's still exists that was used as a pendant to a watch-chain by anyone at any time.

It is significant that J. H. H. comes into the communication to "stress the importance of continuing" my investigation. There is much more apparent purpose and intelligence in the association of all the complex details of reference in these sittings than I could personally have supplied. L. M. C.'s interest in psychic publications dates

from about 1918, nearly two decades after the Piper records were published and nearly six years later than the publication of Volume VI of *Proceedings A. S. P. R.*, containing Hyslop family matter. She is not acquainted with those who read and discuss the publications of the psychic societies, particularly those of the earlier period.

I am discovering more and more of the uttermost importance of penetration. This enables me to show you the prismatic rays. They are marvelously effective if only turned in the right direction, of no avail used in the wrong. It is a matter of great clearness of vision. One must be content with this, only hoping to reach it or stumble on it by chance, as it lies so close. Turn that marvelous light upon the fluid which holds the keynote to the body. It is the tuning-fork; through its prongs the light directs the notes and produces the sound. This is the great thing to dwell upon.

O, am I calling in vain? This must be directed towards the minds of those whose keen and inventive natures will produce what we long to impress. Turn to the light. It holds all proof. Stumbling over the phenomena so often. Light properly directed, is by chance. It is only by chance the wheel comes opposite the mark, not by knowledge. Until you understand this, you cannot understand the rainbow, the lights absorbing from the bow and giving back the necessary fluid, the chord holding the two: the nerve system which sustains, and the spirit cells floating, held by this. Get at this, and you have solved enigma and made the stride of centuries. It is the sudden touch which throws open the door, revealing truth. Touch the spot with the light and see the results. These two are marvelously connected.

Never mind about the smaller things. Painstaking will come later. Direct all attention to this great and marvelous discovery. We were on the threshold of it, but we did not understand it. C-r-o-k-s-Crookes? (O, yes.) Was deeply interested but could not get a clear working formula for any investigation, you see, hampered; but have been working hard after release from the body. This group of earnest seekers, much do we owe them.

(O, pardon me.) [My pencil flipped from my hand and across the table between us, into the medium's lap. No disturbance, the work went quietly on. Evidence that she has nearly entered the trance state.]

Coming back, circling; circle meaning much more than we can explain to you. Circle, the giving and retaining of that substance which causes l-i-g-h-t, light. Heal the spirit as well as the body, but reaching

the body alone through the n-e-r-v-e-s, nerves. And nerve centers, fed by its rays, become rejuvenated. This does not mean prolonged earthly life, but the panacea of many ills so that suffering can be eliminated.

NOTE: The above passages I include, though not evidential, because of their possible value in future.

How strange that we did not emphasize the importance of the knowledge given through the entire revelation of truth in Biblical history. Always the lights: light evidence of power, light and power being the two words used most effectively and more often than any others, especially in the gospels. Old records showing the misunderstood appliances. Hindu lore filled with the two used powers, light and power of the body, which is yet light. [Shook her head.]

(Yet light?)

“And a light shone around them. Fear not.” The shepherds dazzled by it. Light of the guiding star. “We have seen his light and have come to worship him.”

What will be the result of the great discovery? Universe transformed. The hills clapped their hands and the unknown, undiscovered planets and worlds unheard of revealed as clear as the morning star. This is light—*thus* is light.

Now all grades must be tempered. The person throwing much light is often using or wasting, as the case may be. Some of the known cases, such as Ho—Home, Holmes, Home [automatic writing: Holm].

(Yes?)

Wasted, wasted. So misunderstood. (Yes.) Had tremendous ability and would have saved his own physical apparatus if he had known how—(Yes.)—to control what he gave. It was the essence of the nerve cells he used prodigiously [prodigally?] (Yes.) And recuperative powers always bringing him a little back but not far enough to regain perfect equilibrium of health.—Don’t know what that is. [L. M. C. has read of Home’s’ mediumship in Myers’s work.]

(Yes.) [J. H. H. used to lament the waste of Home’s psychic gifts.]

You see how some have more than others. (Yes.) And if it is used with discretion, it is of great value. This we know is given, is inherited, one passing on to the other. In some cases light is used by mischievous entities playing with the physical state as a vehicle for their own evil propensities. (Yes.) Thus comes the fall, the mental collapse, the nerve centers being ruined.—I am giving this as it comes. [L. M. C. explaining that she is transmitting dictation.]

I have absorbed all that I can. (Yes.) Is of intense interest to me. Remember that I am in the light. I am in the one light which is the light of this world. I can bring back to you that light as it shines through me, but I can only bring back the portion that I can use. If we could use more of it, we could do better, but we realize that it would not be well. There is a tremendous judgment overshadowing us. A great hand controls this, as all else, and we are content to rest and abide by its leadership. We are allowed to bring this light to those who wait and investigate. This latter Century, latter part of the Century, has made such strides, and it is almost in a new epoch which is called eternity. We are turning towards it. You are turning towards us, and the light which is the light of eternity is ready to burst upon you, when you are willing to listen and use it. It is the only thing that will bring peace to the disordered minds of men.

I am aiding you in the work you are doing.

(Thank you so much.)

[Reference to cases under treatment omitted.]

"Why are they so blind!" (Who?) [Pause, sigh, automatically drew hieroglyphics on the paper, X decipherable.] I don't know what I have been doing, but I seem to be making marks. (Yes.) [Pencil put down.] I feel as if they were fading away from me now. [Pause, pencil taken up again, drew some letters somewhat resembling the Greek.] I wish I could get those letters they are trying to impress upon me. Don't look like letters. (Keep at it.) [As she wrote she remarked:] I don't get that, I don't get it, I feel that I want to draw a board,—I don't know,—or write the word.

"Mills," who is Mills? (Yes.) "w-i-t-h- me" (Oh, good.) "A," A.- Somebody? "A. helping," (Good. Any suggestions?) called back. [A. is the initial of Mrs. Mills, deceased in May, 1924. C. F. M., her daughter, is now of my household. Traveled on steamer and part of the summer with me.]

(Can we remove the difficulty?) [Hand reached for pencil, which I gave, wrote automatically: not in sight.] N-o-t, not in sight; don't know what that means.

(Not in sight. [Pause.] Will guidance be felt?)

After the 12th,—don't know what that means—(All right.) look for a change.

NOTE: This date, January 12th, proved to be one on which a change that affected C. F. M. favorably did occur.

(All right. I am glad, I hope it will be for the better.)

I feel as if they had gone. [Took pencil again.] Do you know someone in France? (Yes.) On a street, la Ee o Eco—I don't know that street—col—I don't know how to pronounce that. (Yes.) Yes, yes, I don't know whether that is *o* or not.

NOTE: RUE DE L'ÉCOLE, Paris, where C. F. M. waited for me during my first French sitting. I learn this only on returning from L. M. C. sitting of today.

Is someone very ill? (I think so.) No hope, F-r-i-d-a-y-, no hope, Friday change. [One of C. F. M.'s tenants died within the week. I knew of the illness, one of long standing. My question did not apply to that matter.] Are you going away?

(Well, I never know, you see.)

Oh, oh but you *are* going away, hm. (How do you see that?) Yes, you are going away. Now, eh, [pointing left forefinger down on the paper] well you,—are going to be involved in some things. Action, action, hurry. I see this rather quick decision and all that. I don't know. (Far?) Why, I feel as if you *are*. Going away. Well, Dr. Hyslop's glad. (Is he?) He wants you to go. (*Does* he? That is interesting.) I see a little girl here again. (Yes?) How funny she is. She comes and puts her hand like this, [forefinger on her own lips] and listens so. She has very piercing eyes, and seems not very well formed. She has the thinnest arms and a rather big head.

(Does she tell you her name?)

Says it is cold, she don't like cold places. (Don't blame her.) Says she knows you, eh, likes to talk to you. (I like to have her.) She says, "Very busy now," she says, "very busy." Many people needing her. (Yes.) She says, "Look out, look out for"—something. Came to tell you about it. Something to happen very soon. Much interest here.

NOTE: Neither Bell nor Feda could be supposed to like cold places, as neither was accustomed to them, but at this time I did not know that Bell would share the characteristic, for I supposed her to be a Westerner, not an Oriental, as later I found she had been. I do not know what "something to happen very soon" may have purported. There was nothing outstanding that appears to have relation to this loose prediction.

So you are coming to see me, you are coming to see me. Hold some—I [L. M. C.] don't know what that is—["Séances" probably intended.] I will do better another time.

NOTE: I had neither plan nor expectation of returning to England. This became a possibility only at the end of March, involving hurry and a quick decision. I had a Bell sitting and a Fedá sitting on the second visit, in the summer to follow this present sitting.

(You did well, you know.)

I—I can do better. I know that I can.

(All right. I'll be glad if we have the chance. You do well here.)

What flower did you have? I can't remember. You had a flower.

(When? When I saw you?)

Yes. Was it a real one?

(There were some real ones there.)

Not there, but you had one. (Oh.) You had a flower, f-l-o-w-e-r.

(I will try to remember.) Were there others with you? One so nervous. I know she was fidgety. I see a light like a star.

(Hm. Yes.)

NOTE: Mrs. "Star" [Ainslee] was with me, or rather I was with her, at Séance 9. She was nervous perhaps, but not fidgety.

Now I get the word flower again.

(Can't you tell me the color of it? I don't quite recall, myself.)

[Whispered:] What was the color of that flower? P-i-n-k.

(All right.)

NOTE: I had no flower with me at the Fedá sitting, but cannot say positively that I wore none at the Bell sitting. I owned a small pink artificial boutonnière at that time, which I recall discarding at the end of July, before leaving London.

I know your color and can follow you anywhere. (Hm.) I think it must be like the marvelous scent of an animal tracing those with whom it is familiar. Distance means nothing to us, we can go to far places. I know *you*, I have been to you again, *again*. She means—(Yes?) She means "I come," I think. (Oh.) It is nice to travel night time. (Hm-hm.) We are very crowded then, on earth, when the world sleeps. Many of us come to try to help. Lots of people do not sleep, but are weary and sad. I know, I know; I was, many times. (Hm-hm.) Long ago. (Yes.) Hm. I was not happy on earth. Near M-u-t-r-a t-r-a m-u-t r-a [Whispered:] village. So, so tired. I [L. M. C.] don't know what this is. So tired. It is "s-o-l-d" sold me. [Wrote fragments of this as she spoke.]

(I see, poor child.)

L. M. C. whispered: "I don't know what." [Automatic writing: *Id* Greek letter *phi* and some peculiar characters not recognized. L. M. C. shook head, paused.]

(Go ahead, it is all right.)

[Automatic writing continued: a peculiar character and three circles.] I want to make three round circles. (Yes.) Can't do any more. I don't get anything.

(I think she is telling me who she is.)

She has big sad eyes. Hm, was she married?

(I believe so, but I don't know certainly.) [Pause, during which further peculiar characters were written.] (Does she say so?)

Seems to have been so sad. (Yes.) Seems to have been with somebody who beat her so, beat her and treated her badly.

(Poor child.)

Does she wear dark blue?

(I dare say. I will ask.)

I feel like I wanted to do that all the time [apologetically rubbing left forefinger with right hand.] (Yes.) Timid nature, shrinking back. Threatened, always threatened.

(Poor child, I am glad that is over.)

O, yes, she says, O, yes.

(Ask her who will tell me about this, if I write to inquire.) [I was still wondering whether Bell or Feda was the communicator.]

Little child, she keeps saying, found little child here, all I had to love. (Yes.) I don't know what that—(I know.) I will tell you, she says. (All right.) Nice man with me.

Now this must be Dr. Hyslop here [L. M. C.'s right]. (Yes.)

Now she has something on her head, she looks like she's an Eastern person. She's got something on her head. (Yes.) Hm. Someone—she's talked to you somewhere. Hm. [Pause.] Hm, hm, she says—now I know who she is, F-E-D-A [Wrote it as she spoke it a letter at a time.] Well, she's—she's—I know who she is, she's Mrs. LEONARD's. Oh, she is Mrs. Leonard's! O, I know who she is.

(Good.)

"She will tell you," she says, "she will tell you that I tell the truth."

(Yes.)

I have [did have] no one to tell me about this world; always I was no good.

(Poor dear, I know how that feels.)

I have lots of friends on earth, (hm-hm.) lots of friends yet I knew—I know. (Yes.)

I can't hear her well now. I am so astonished, my mind is working. [L. M. C. interpolates this concerning herself.]

(Just get quiet, just get quiet.)

Who is little As? A-s-a-i [Automatic writing: *ais a*] Asai or some such name as that. (Yes?) She wants to give me a name. (Yes?) They kept my little one, the little one I loved, for me here. (Yes.) O, if you could only come here! You will see how grand it is. I must go.

(Thank you for coming.)

Good-bye.

(Good-bye. Write and tell Mrs. Leonard that you came here.)

Pink flower, she keeps saying, pink flower. (All right.) I feel sort of [putting pencil down] I was afraid to take another [word] because my conscious mind began to work immediately. Do you remember any pink flowers?

(I think so. I will look it up. I think I can find out.)

Dr. Hyslop must have brought her here for evidence. She gave me a strong impression of having associated with some little baby. Now, I think it was her own, or a little brother or sister,—I don't know,—that she came to love so, and that she found over there. (Yes.) That seemed to be what she was trying to tell me. (All right.)

Seems to *love* flowers.

(I will have to find that out.)

Has big eyes, dark pathetic eyes, and *very* thin. I only saw her arms, but they were just like spikes, so thin. She seemed to be, O something like a child that had been starved to death nearly.

(Nearly, or really?)

Nearly, I suppose. Is A-i-s, Aisa or Ailsa or some such name as that, she gave. I don't know what that name would be.

I guess they have clean gone from me, now. Was it good today?

(Fine. You said you expected a fine sitting, you know.)

Well, because I felt rested. (Hm.) You seem to have plenty of pencils there. (I used up those [five] on you.) Did you get any writing? (Yes, something.) O, more than I thought.

(Yes, there is a blank page here that I turned too soon. Nobody knows I ever saw Fed.)

Nobody knows it?

(That is—well, my sister knows, and one other person.) [As I was leaving the house I remembered and mentioned to Mrs. C. that there was a third person who knew, and that all three were dependably silent.]

O, well, I first got F, I just got F, you know, and then it just dawned upon me who she was. I don't know anything about her, and have never read anything about her except *Raymond*. I only have that row of books that you see there, Dr. Hyslop's and then *Raymond*. I have no record of her except that, and I don't think there is anything in that about her life, is there? [First Edition.]

(I don't think so.)

And that is the only thing I have read. I don't know a thing about her life, and if Dr. Hyslop is bringing her it is a very good thing, isn't it?

(It is.) [I myself do not know whether the description and facts are correct. Shall have to write and inquire.]

That Aisa name is very clear in my mind, stands out. Could you find out from Mrs. Leonard? (Yes.) She would be willing to let you know.

(Surely.)

Sitting ends at 4:05 P. M. Mrs. C. remarks again that she thought I was in the country this summer, at my sister's cottage.

(My sister knows and one other person knows that I have seen Feda, and that is all, and you got a reference that made that clear in the sitting.) [I meant that L. A., Mrs. "Star," had been mentioned in the sitting.]

I hope she will come back again. Kind of pathetic, though, kind of a sad little figure. Is she a sad character? Sort of a pathetic character?

(Yes.) [I knew this much, and that she is said to have borne a daughter to her English husband and to have died very soon thereafter, at about fourteen years of age. Later I learned that the husband was Scottish.]

She seemed to be sort of joking, though, with Sir Oliver Lodge, didn't you think so? (Yes.) But she didn't give me that impression here. She gave me the impression of a person with a very sad life. And with me, I don't know how she talked to you,—but she didn't talk to me in that same way she did, not through me. Do you suppose somebody else is giving it to me for her?

(May be.)

Dr. Hyslop, you see, may be giving it through. [Pause.] That certainly is interesting.

(Do you think your work is worth while *now*, lady?)

Well, I think today is rather interesting. I think they give me these things to encourage me. Of course, I was rested today.

NOTES: As to Feda and Bell, I made inquiry of Mr. and Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. Leonard and Lady Troubridge, a regular sitter with Mrs. Leonard. The data I gathered point to an overlapping in the description of the little girl, Mrs. Chamberlaine not differentiating Bell as an individual, despite the fact that she has given me Bell's name in that connection. On one occasion she described the little girl's eyes as big and sad, which description seems to indicate Bell, concerning whom Mrs. Brittain states that her eyes are "big, sad, rather gentle, wistful eyes." On the other hand, Bell, Mrs. Brittain states, was *not* married, but Feda was married, as Mrs. Osborne-Leonard informs me. L. M. C., after saying "she has big, sad eyes," goes on to say, "Was she married?" She does not herself state that the child was married, but merely remarks "seems to have been so sad." Of course this argument might apply in either direction, according to one's judgment.

On another occasion, L. M. C. refers to her eyes as piercing eyes, and Mrs. Leonard states, in answer to my question, "Has she very piercing eyes?" that Feda's eyes were "very bright." "Big, not always sad."

As to my question, "Was she wearied and sad, and did she lose sleep thereby in her lifetime here? Was she not happy?" Mrs. Brittain states, "About that date [December 18, 1924], I was not sleeping at all well, and Bell does not seem to remember about herself, only not very happy." Mrs. Leonard replies, "I do not know."

To my question, "Did she live long ago? Near Muttra Village?" Mrs. Brittain states of Bell, "She lived within the last twenty years in Colombo, in Ceylon." Mrs. Leonard responds, "Yes,—120 years. Near Simla, I believe." Manifestly, then, Feda is indicated by the "long ago." And Muttra Village proves to be in Muttra District in the United Provinces, 225 miles or so from Simla in the Punjab. There is a direct rail connection through Delhi between the two. In an empire that extends about 2,000 miles from north to south, and about 2,500 miles from east to west, the distance between Muttra and Simla can hardly be called "far." My knowledge of these facts was nil. Mrs. Chamberlaine is equally unfamiliar with the map of India and has never traveled in the East, nor has her family. Moreover, neither she nor I knew anything concerning Feda and her life history save what has appeared in *Raymond*. I have, of course, learned more about her since receiving these messages.

As to whether the little Indian girl wrote in Eastern characters, Mrs. Brittain replies, "No." And Mrs. Leonard, "I do not know."

As to the question, "Did somebody beat her so and treat her badly?" Mrs. Leonard states, "Not that I know of." Mrs. Brittain, however, replies, "A little, perhaps," thus giving the point to Bell.

As to her wearing dark blue; Mrs. Leonard states, "Feda usually likes light colors." Mrs. Brittain says as to Bell, that she wears dark blue "sometimes, but very fond of colors." Apparently Bell may here also be indicated.

The timidity of nature is not recognized by Mrs. Leonard as pertinent to Feda. Mrs. Brittain states that sometimes Bell has a way of rubbing her left forefinger with her right hand half apologetically. "She used to be timid, but very much bolder now, and yet extremely sensitive, never frightened." Thus again Bell is indicated.

Lady Troubridge informed me that "Feda *dislikes* babies very much." Mrs. Brittain finds the reference to a little child waiting Bell's arrival on the other side after death not pertinent to Bell. She states, "I think these two questions are mixed up with another guide who passed away when her child was born. Her name is Ada, and the baby lived." But Mrs. Leonard places the reference as pertinent to Feda in the following manner:

"Yes—I have heard that she met a child over there—but not her own. Her own was left on earth. I think this ['As, Asai, Aisa, or Ailsa'] means Ayah, who was with her when she died and who took charge of her baby."

Mrs. Brittain states that Bell was tired but that she is particularly well formed, slender, and therefore has rather thin arms, but not a "rather big head." On the other hand, Mrs. Leonard states of Feda that her head is "a little large, but she did not look starved to me. She was very well off in comfortable circumstances. She seemed well-formed to me—but rather small. I think her arms were not very thin." In response to the question as to whether Feda has a rather big head, Mrs. Leonard goes on to say:

"This is curious—because I once clairvoyantly saw her—and noticed on that occasion that her head seemed large in proportion to her body."

Both mediums state that they have not heard that "the little Indian girl" has written or communicated that she has been reaching a sitter in America. Mrs. Brittain adds, "It may be it is because my life is a busy one, in other ways as well as my mediumship."

The prevalent tone in this sitting, so far as the little Indian girl is concerned, seems to have been given by Bell. The following excerpt

from Lady Troubridge's letter to me in September, 1925, emphasizes this point of view:

"None of it suggests Fedra to me—after seven years of knowing her intimately—Fedra has no troubles to relate—she is cheerful, sensible, practical and jolly—her dislike of babies she tries to curb, and it is explained by the statement that she died when her baby was born—and was much annoyed, as she wished to live longer—she was thirteen or fourteen—according to tradition."

Manifestly, the attribution of all the points to "Fedra" by Mrs. Chamberlaine is due to the fact that she has heard of her and has never heard of any similar guide of an English medium. I myself was unaware when these messages were given that Bell was a Singalese. Mrs. Brittain informed me of this in the summer of 1925, when I next saw her and could ask the question. Bell's name had not led me to suppose that she was anything but English.

Any theorist who endeavors to explain Mrs. Chamberlaine's messages regarding "that little Indian girl" by invoking my telepathic contributions in combination with L. M. C.'s gleanings from the Fedra of *Raymond*, enlists in a difficult and, as it appears to me, impossible pursuit. I had no mental picture of the child's body. My idea of her temperament naturally approximated that of Fedra rather than that of Bell. The references to the sadness and wistfulness of Bell surprised me, therefore. Yet the points with reference to Bell's life are quite as telling as those with reference to Fedra's both in this and in previous sittings. The psychic herself remarked that she was surprised at some of the characteristics she found in the supposed Fedra, for they did not seem to tally with the concept she had formed of Fedra from her own reading of *Raymond*. What has become of the postulated influence of the subconscious content of the medium's mind, so dear to Philistine critics? It seems to be conspicuous largely by its absence.

Miss Walker, through whom I secured my first and only appointment with Mrs. Leonard, in reply to my inquiries, gives one or two points in addition to those I have covered already. She states that "Fedra says she was married—to an English civil servant, an ancestor of Mrs. L.'s. But I believe that has been published somewhere, *Light*, I think,—long ago.

"She said she died when her baby was born."

As these facts are the only ones I have heard of as being known or published as to Fedra's personal history, I think it worth while to place them here in contrast with the large number of details which necessitated my sending out twenty-seven definite questions for verification or denial, said to be, and a number of them proving to be, true of Fedra.

On the other hand, those that did not apply to Fedra found perti-

nence in Bell's history. They were not random misses and hits, as might be an easy assumption. The Freudian overlapping seems here to manifest itself in the work of the psychic just as it often does in dream, but the detail can be picked out and placed. In the case of the dream, the source is, however, within the knowledge of the dreamer, and in the case of the psychic, L. M. C., the source is quite beyond the knowledge of the "dreamer," and indeed beyond the knowledge of the sitter as well.

In conversation, when I presented my questions to Mrs. Brittain, in September, 1925, she informed me that for a long time she had a guide by the name of Wild Rose, before Bell came. The persistence of the reference to pink roses—and wild roses are usually pink ones, at least in America—is rather curious in the light of this information. I had never heard of "Wild Rose" up to that time. L. M. C. has no knowledge of Mrs. Brittain's guides.

Mrs. Brittain said, too, "When Bell first came, she was so little, so tiny, she couldn't speak English at all. She spoke very badly. She must be better now. It is only since the War that she has begun to get intelligent at understanding English. She was a Singalese. She came through the influence of my brother, who was Science Master in St. Thomas's College, Colombo. Bell often speaks of her father, who was called 'Joe' by me and my brother.

"She was badly treated and is very, very thin.

"Joe was one of the boys who was a servant in my brother's bungalow. One day Joe came in haste and excitement to tell my brother that there was a white lady to see him at the bungalow. He left his work to go back with Joe, saw no one, and called Joe to account for fooling him. But Joe maintained that he had seen the lady, and later identified me from a photograph which my brother framed and hung up. This vision occurred at a time when my brother and I were making telepathic experiments between Colombo and England.

"As to my being busy: I was in Norway at the time you ask about. I went on the 29th of November and stayed until Christmas eve. I was very busy working for the Psychical Research Society of Norway. The people at home were needing me."

On this same point, Mrs. Leonard reports: "Some new people were needing me particularly about that time. They were Louise Owen and Hannen Swaffer." [The Lord Northcliffe communication editors.]

"Many people needing her" seems possibly more fitting to Mrs. Brittain, on the above information, than to Mrs. Leonard. As Mrs. Chamberlaine does not know of Mrs. Brittain she applies the idea to Mrs. Leonard.

CHAPTER XXII

SÉANCES 23, 24

23, Excerpt from L. M. C. Séance, Jan. 13, 1925. Sitter, Miss M.
[Anonymous stranger.] Notes by G. O. T.

Now I am again confronted with this child (Who?) that comes to me looking in. It has become a custom for her (Good.) to look in. "I am," she says, "looking upon you not for the first time." (No.)
[Evidential matter for sitter omitted.]

What a great change has come upon things. Your result will show.
16th August. George would know.

"Let me step in here." (Yes.) "I want to speak. This is Dr. Hyslop." (Yes, good.) "Let's change this a moment," (Yes.) "to another thing." (All right.) "Left—let me look upon this group. I am here helping. I want to emphasize the change that already we notice is working, to much better results. Follow along the line I gave you and you will see how great the reason-able-ness is along those lines. This light which will transform all things, and we bring, also illumines others, and helps in clearing mentally as well as physically. Let me show this." (Yes.) "Remember, I hold dictation is important. I did at one time think there might be some discrepancies, but not now. You will go right ahead. Clear up the thing and publish what you have. I know this meets with your own inclination, and it will be most acceptable to us who are bending our energies towards this end." [I had, as noted, recently mentioned my feeling that I could publish my data now.] [Pause, feeling of the trinket she was psychometrizing.]

Hm. Paris, who is it you know in Paris?

(Good, that's fine.) [The trinket, not obviously French, was bought in Paris last summer.]

Hm, someone has given out a thought towards you and it is working this way, and in Paris the light came. (Yes.) Oh, Rue de Rivli. [Automatic writing: Rue de Revile—rue.] I don't know how to pronounce it. (Sitter: Is that Rivoli? G. O. T.: Yes, right.) [Sitter and I had shopped together in rue de Rivoli, in the summer.] Now I gave that. We are watching, (Yes.) and one is with me who is greatly

interested. G. G. [Gustave Geley, the French savant.] I feel that I want to write such a fine little hand, I can hardly write. [Automatic writing: G. in large hand like Geley's. James H. Hyslop in small hand similar to his own.]

[Sitter whispered, misreading "James,"—*hommes*.] (G. O. T.: "Home, yes.") (Sitter: Is that *hommes*?) (G. O. T.: Oh, yes.)

NOTE: I did not read at the time the signature of James H. Hyslop, as it was upside down from my position, and I did not see it. I had mistaken *James* for *hommes* and could not read further at the moment, as I was writing my shorthand record.

There are such curious characters that I see, such curious things all shaded in colors. [Automatic writing of characters that somewhat resemble our alphabet, but cannot be deciphered to give meaning.] (What colors?) Oh, rich shades, rich shades that bring great buoyancy. They seem to, they are such rich crimsons and violets, the rich colorings. (I see.) Health giving lights. (There you are.) [Turning page for further writing.] I am taken somewhere not here, somewhere, I see—I am taken to a strange place. It is all strange to me. I see a lady. She has on something loose, not tight fitting. I don't know, it seems all so vague and so different a person, a woman who is dark in complexion and rather nervous in manner. (Yes.) And I feel as if she is so surrounded and protected, and there is so much, but it is not here, I think it is in Paris. (That is right.) I feel as if I were in a strange place, in England. [Sitter had mentioned being in England with me, as she entered the house, unthinkingly. L. M. C. was present.] I don't understand this, entirely different, to be in different surroundings. (Yes.) Someone trying so hard to show somebody. [Hand moving uneasily with pencil in it.] A great pressure brought to bear to try to reach you. (Yes.)

[Automatic writing: *E* [feeling about on pad]. (That's right, go ahead.) [Pause.] There is something so disquieting, something pushed aside. (Yes.) E., I keep wanting to write E. E. (Ah, ah.) What was the result to your mind, how were you impressed? Remember we are beyond and it is as if we sent you and you must get the results. We are not sure here. (Yes.) We are not sure, because the sending is not the receiving end, (Yes.) and our efforts, although so carefully made in detail are not always received intact. (Yes.) You know what I tried to do. (Yes.) [L. M. C. pointing with pencil to the bottom of the page corresponding to the point on the previous page where J. H.

H.'s signature had been given. Pause.] E. [Automatic writing: E.] E. TRIED SO HARD. [E. Ainslee?] Hm, this child comes to me now again. (Yes.) She seems to know this lady and recognize her. [Error—sitter never met either Feda or Bell.] I want to make 2, 3, the number, 23 the number (All right.) 9, 19, 2-4 (Yes.) J-U-L-Y (All right.) [Automatic writing:] 23. 1924 JULY. [Evidential messages for sitter omitted.]

Who is Ern? (I know.) Ern is here. (That is nice.) Just a group remembering. ["Ern" is substituted for the correct nickname of "Ernest Ainslee."] There is an older lady here, too, that comes and puts her hands on your shoulders and smooths your hair. [Evidential message for sitter—characteristic act of her mother, deceased. Further evidential messages for sitter omitted.]

NOTE: The French attempts which follow this, as well as earlier ones, are labored and difficult, but give good bits of cross-reference to my friend's [Miss M.'s] whereabouts during the time while she waited for me to have my *first* sitting in Paris. The two streets, rue de l'Ecole and Place de Sorbonne, are unfamiliar to Mrs. Chamberlaine, who has never been in France and who knows no French.

I cannot recall whether Mme. Girard, the psychic on this occasion, wore "something loose, not tight fitting." She was trim and pleasing in appearance, "dark in complexion and rather nervous in manner," though poised and quiet.

[Psychic drew some very distinct symbols.] I don't know what this is, some queer script again. [Head turned right.] Hm, wish I could write some French. I feel as if I want to—[putting aside the French trinket as she said this] (All right.) as if I want to put down the French words—they sound so differently and they come to me—I don't know. [Automatic writing: *Je mis outre(?)*] I can't get this, I can't. [Sitter and G. O. T. attempted to translate it aloud as the writing continued, the medium saying,] "Oh, I can't get this, I can't get this, it is so hard to."

[Automatic writing: *mat tre this pla ait r tonfin* [or *confin?*] *itor ville*]

("Ville," right. We understand that.) [In attempt to give encouragement to communicator.] [Automatic writing: *knew mother.*] Hm, eh, I don't know what that is. I don't get that. (We'll read it afterwards.) [Automatic writing:] *Faite or farle so-f* (To *parle?*) [L. M. C. shook head.]

I feel as if this is a message to someone, to someone not here. (I

see.) [whispered:] p-l-a- ci, hm [shook head] des (Yes.) Sor (sor? soi?) bonne (Bien. *bonnes?*) I don't know—[whispered:] valté santé it isn't finished, but it can be finished.

[Automatic writing:] PLA CI DES SOR BONNES valte [Place de Sorbonne]. O O O It can be finished. (All right.) There are three little rings, three little rings, round rings. (Sitter: She made something. G. O. T.: Yes.) [Pause, hand to head again.]

[Sitter had visited Place de Sorbonne also while she waited for me to come away from Mme. Girard's. I learned of this only on Jan. 13th, 1925, after we came away from the L. M. C. sitting.]

Be very careful and keep the results, closely follow out the plan they decided upon, we are helping. Hewitt(?) [Repeated this six times.] I don't know who it is. [Automatic writing, scrawls, followed by three X's James.] [Hewett is Miss Bazett's guide and Miss H. A. Dallas, in England, secured some work for me from Miss Bazett, including an attempt at J. H. H.'s sign, in the autumn of 1923.]

(Yes, is this advice to me, or to the lady, sitter?)

Yes, lady, hold on. (All right.) Helping from this side.

I see that child again, is it FEDA that I see? (I dare say.) [Automatic writing: Feda—] Feda I think I see, is that the child was here? (Yes.)

Just a moment,—I am looking in a room at a lady. Did she have A CHAIN AROUND HER NECK? (Yes.) I am looking at the lady that I think is MRS. LEONARD. (I see.) Did she have a chain around her neck? (I think so.) It SEEMS DARK IN THE ROOM. (True.) I am looking at the room but I see this lady. (Yes.) Now was there something about—eh—hm,— One minute; was eh, WAS SHE GOING AWAY SOON? (Yes.) AND WAS IT VERY SPECIALLY THAT SHE SAW YOU? Was she TIRED THAT DAY? (I shouldn't wonder.)

[Mrs. Leonard was going away August 5th or 6th, was very tired, waited late for her holiday in order to give L. A. her sittings. I was introduced as note-taker.]

Too many that day, the day before, the day before too much. (I see.) [Not determinable now.] [Scrawl, pause.] Hm, I hear nothing more. It feels, it seems like an effort. But I am conscious of the child here, as if she wanted to help. (Yes.) [Pencil fell, right hand supported head.] (Rest a minute. May be there is a change [of control].)

There is somebody here who seems so oppressed, so oppressed here, [throat and chest]. (Yes.) I get that feeling, not now, but on earth. (I see.) Comes near me. (Yes.) Hm, [pause]. A MAN THAT SEEMS TO PUT HIS HAND HERE [CHEST] as if he had great difficulty in BREATHING. (Yes.) [Pause.] [This would befit difficulty experienced in his lifetime by J. H. H., who thrice fought off tuberculosis of the throat. His voice was husky in his last illness.]

[Evidential matter for sitter omitted.]

Do you think of going away *with* someone? (Yes, she does.) [Thinking this indicated the sitter, but it proved otherwise.]

Yes, someone who *wants* to go. Someone who wants to go. Ella, el,—hm, i-s-o-n—(Yes.) She will help the other [pointing to sitter.]

(Good.) And there is a combined effort, a pressure from the other side to bring this about. [Hand to back.] A suggestion coming first, followed by strong pressure. [It developed that Ella and G. O. T. went abroad, to London, etc., quite unanticipated until some six weeks or more after this.]

(Yes, that is good, she will be glad to help) [still misinterpreting].

Yes, you will be very different, not so nervous. (All right.) Have you been to London? (Sitter: Yes.) London—well, I think you know—I don't know, but I have a feeling that it is just something that you are going to accomplish. You have been away, you have been in Europe, but I feel as if you were going again,—(Hm.) and that this time the results will be better. You were nervous. Now it will be better for you another time to go. (Good, sounds pleasant.) [I took this to be a prediction for the sitter, but it fits my own case aptly.]

Who is Harriet? [Sitter shook head.] (Harriet?) [Coughed, put pencil down.] I get nothing more. I can't trust myself for anything more, I don't hear well. (All right.) [Harriet not identified.]

I think, however, that Dr. Hyslop wants to say something—[took up pencil] (All right.) he wants to say that something is coming for you, Gertrude, (Yes.) something is coming for *you* which will be very gratifying. Something written is coming for you which will be gratifying. [This was fulfilled in the early spring, in an important letter from Sir Oliver Lodge.]

I think they have gone from me now. (All right.) It doesn't seem as if it were good today, but it is so jarred, disjointed, sort of disjointed, it wasn't connected. I feel as if it were all sort of higglety-pigglety.

(Well, I think we can make it out.) Dear knows, I hope so. I

jumped from one thing to another, (I think so) and I always attribute that to my nervousness with a new sitter, my anxiety to get something makes it, I think, kind of hard to impress. [Remarks to sitter omitted.]

I don't know why that Gustave is so here today with me, (Good.) but I have felt him here present with Dr. Hyslop all the afternoon. (Good.) [The abortive attempts at French words, etc., would befit this claim.] He seems to be so interested in all that went on. He tried to tell again about that screw. (Scroll?) Screw, (Screw?) loosened screw that caused—the real catastrophe of his death (hm, hm.) He is glad to be here. He says he hasn't spoken, but listened. (Yes.) He was interested. (Glad to have him, especially glad.) Dr. Hyslop is overwhelmed by people on that side recognizing him as a foremost investigator here, and a believer, and there it is worse, because they are trying through him to reach us, to reach this world, and he has not had an easy time. (No.) The difficulties are more than we know because of the acute mental advance there and the pressure that is brought mentally, which the mentality in the human state can't stand. The pressure is too great, and the power must be turned off to preserve the medium.

NOTE: C. G. S. has reported to me an experience illustrating this very point, in two recent conversations concerning her own psychic development this autumn.

It is his anxiety that no harm shall befall the work, as he conducts it from that side. His thought there and his sympathies all have made it difficult for him to carry an even balance. (Yes.)

More than almost any of the others he has been besieged, and those who follow him in the work will find exactly the same conditions.

(I see. A lively prospect.)

(Sitter: Do you know Gustave? G. O. T.: I know.) [Reference to Geley, of course.]

[Sigh, pause, head rested on left hand, head toward right and away from sitter.]

I feel as if he were sitting here; he's not talking to me, but he is sitting here.

(Yes, does he want the sitter to go?) [Sitter's suggestion.]

He is using a little treatment, (Good.) as he says, we are more or less let down by this. [Pause.] But now I feel that he is fading away from me.

(Much obliged, tell him my health could not be improved so far as I know.)

[Opening and closing eyes.] I think he's gone, I think they have all gone from me now. I would not trust anything more even if I get it. Is your hand paralyzed?

(My hand is recovering; how is your head, paralyzed?)

My head is a state of confusion, jumping from one to another that way. I feel better, it doesn't take me long, but when I first come, I feel oh, so confused.

(You don't feel the confusion when you go in?)

No, not at all, but there was a good deal of confusion this afternoon.

(I guess it is your own consciousness.)

Yes, if I could lose myself entirely, I have always felt I could do better. My consciousness—(Sitter: It just fights that.) No, I can't do it. (Sitter: You did some writing yourself.) Yes, it never seems connected. I never see it, but it just never seems as though it could be. The words are spasmodically written. [In reply to a question of the sitter she says she has never studied the French language and couldn't consciously make a French word.]

Sitting ended at 3:20 P. M.

NOTE: It is of course suitable that Dr. Geley should be mentioned in connection with the French references. The sitter and I saw very little of one another during my London days of sittings and note-writing with L. A., but saw a good bit of one another during the time of my Paris sittings, when L. A. was no longer near. The reference is correct, thus.

24, Excerpts from L. M. C. Séance, January 15, 1925, 1:45 P. M. Sitter, Mrs. E. E. [Anonymous stranger). Notes by G. O. T.

[Portions omitted in part erroneous, in part evidential for E. E.]

Now wait a minute, I want to get away from these. There are so many pressing on me here that I am confused, if it were not for Dr. Hyslop. He holds me to the point. He wants me to bring somebody, he wants me to come back, he wants to bring somebody. Oh, it is that little girl Fedá. F-e-d-a [automatic writing: F-e-d-a-] She's been here before, I know. (Good, yes.)

She has very dark eyes. Now I see her quite well. She has a very nice face, but it shows a great deal of suffering. I like her face, I like

her face. She has something in her hands that is very small she holds up. She says gentleman told her to bring it. (Hm.) It looks like a small, it looks like a card case. (Hm.) Gentleman told her to bring it. (Hm.) Now it has something in it, some papers. She opens it and she takes out some clippings and things. There was a reference to something in it. There was a letter, and a bill. There was a bill in it folded.

(Money or—) No, a paper, no, not money, a bill, a bill.

NOTE: "Bill," in England, never signifies money, as it may do in America.

Now wait, I think—there is a bill in it, I think it was dated December. I wish I could see it better. Now wait, I will go back to that. This card case, where is it? I left clipping about a—about eh, S, d-e-a-t-h, death of S, cut out from paper, in the folder. S. [repeated six times]. I don't get that. The pocket-book or card-case, bill-folder, or whatever you call it, is of a dark color, dark quite dark. I can't say black for I don't see, but it is as much black as anything. Has—initials in it [whispered] M. M., one of the initials is M. Who is Ernest? There is an Ernest here, (All right.) an Ernest who stands right here by me, too, I get with this Feda. Hm, Feda very sorry about the, about the chain. Very sorry about the chain, so many mistakes sometimes, but thinks I was not mistaken, if you didn't understand it. [I now recall that Mrs. O-L. wore a chain.] Oh, did you look in the watch? I hope you did. [Whispered:] Something about the watch, I don't know. [This has not been traced as yet.]

Now when the gentleman asks me I want to tell him you said everything was all right. I hope the insurance came through clearly, hold on to it, I hope you got it. [Shook head.] (We know what the round thing was.) [No notice taken of this remark. Refers to omitted evidence.] So anxious you should receive that, it was technically all right, but might have given trouble. There was something there not quite legal in form, he says, but I hope it passed through all right. [Sitter shook head.] (All right, is that for this lady?) I can't tell, I think so, I will wait a minute. Maybe I can clear this up.

(All right, take your time.)

NOTE: The real name of "Ernest" was given here and I wondered if the pocketbook or card-case given him by M. [Marian; see *Journal A. S. P. R.*, Feb., 1925] were the attempted reference, but Mrs. Ainslee did not find pertinence in the references to "bill, insurance," etc.

Hm, I see—there are some people around me, and there are some young men here. I eh, I feel as though I am going back a little, and getting in touch with some people who have been on that side quite a long while, not a great while, but not immediately. They went over quite a little while ago. Now, [coughed] now I see a young man here with a very happy face, very lovable, fine qualities about him. F. F. F. J. J. I think I am getting two names here of two boys: one is Jack and one is F-r-e-d. They are standing here by me now looking at me. I think one of them seems to be an English boy, not an American boy. (Yes.) They seem so anxious to speak through you, (Yes.) both of them. They have come between me and what I wanted to say. They are pressing on me to speak. They want to get home, and they can't. (Yes.) They want help.

(All right, we will help them.) Will try, have tried. (Yes.) But will try again. (Hm, hm.) "But we have come here for a purpose that you may report that we have been here to you, together." (Yes.) "Leave nothing undone, we will leave nothing until we have reached our own. Oh, why with so much effort towards us are we so hampered?" (Partly because we are stupid.)

My father, my father here, [hear?] (Where shall we send this?) E-n-g-l-a-n-d England. (All right.) England. K. J. K. I don't get this. (Yes, you can, you will.)

A. C. A. C. is here. (Yes.) Oh, I think it is splendid, make every effort to arrange plans as soon as possible. Sorry I could not make it clearer. My! This is terribly confused. (Hm, hm, I know.) I am struggling desperately to clear up this; that I understand, I was present. Had great help, reached through. Who is B.? (Yes.) Big B., B. must keep on. She will be of assistance to us. I have joined the circle. Who is Anna? A-n-n-a- (Yes.) That must be Anna, Anna joined the circle. (Yes.) Working tirelessly, will never let up. [I include these points and references with the hope of finding explanation.]

[Long series of evidential messages for sitter omitted.]

Don't be discouraged in results. I don't believe you will, because you will have some very convincing proof of a world close to this. You have done some things that Dr. Hyslop thanks you for. He knows you.

(Sitter: That is lovely.)

He knows you [Wrote but did not speak it: James Hyslop]. You have done something to help others to help him. (Yes.) And that is

the widening of the circle. You have thrown the pebble in. There is the bond, (Yes.) firmly established.

(Sitter: Glad to know it.)

NOTE: L. M. C. does not know it, but the sitter has liberally assisted in getting these very notes into shape.

I feel that little girl, Feda, here again. (Good.) She says the way is so much easier, now that she knows the way. She doesn't have to go to any trouble, just thinks herself here. (Hm-hm. Good.) Now she is glad to see this lady. (That is nice.) Will help all she can. (Hm-hm.) Likes her. (That is good.)

Thinks—who is Frank? I want to write the name Frank down. Thinks Frank knows her. (Hm-hm.)

[This indefinite Frank cannot, of course, be placed. Messages from sitter's communicators here followed. I omit.]

Now things are coming nicely for you [G. O. T.]. (Are they?) O, you will have a nice time. They are making strong impression.

NOTE: This may likely refer to the unforeseen trip abroad, for which plans were suddenly made two months later than this. The sitting ended with further remarks and unfulfilled predictions as to publishers, etc., which I omit.

CHAPTER XXIII

SÉANCE 25

L. M. C., January 22, 1925, 2:20 P. M. Sitter, G. O. T.

NOTE: Before the sitting, at my suggestion, Mrs. Chamberlaine agrees to change her position for the work and sit in a large arm-chair at right angles to the davenport she usually sits on. She thought if she had the ouija table in front of her she would feel sufficiently at her ease. She preferred this table to her desk. She pulled the shade down to cut off the light from the porch door. I sat facing her as usual. The high back and wings of the chair would be a support in case of trance.

[Preliminary remarks omitted.]

Someone by the name of Anna, Mary here. (Hm.) Anna, Anna Mary. Now she's a relative of Dr. Hyslop's wife. Anna, Annie, Mary Anna. [Anna Shedwick?] Mary—I don't know—Hall? He (Yes.) Wait a minute. This is F-l-o, Flo. It is an abbreviation for Florence, I think. (Yes.) I get these names here. They confuse me, too. I wish I didn't get them here. People confuse me; it is a confused state.

NOTE: Mrs. J. H. H., who was Mrs. Mary Hall Hyslop, had an Aunt Mary Ann, and intimate cousins, Ann and Florence. Ann was the niece of Florence and of Mary Ann. I knew only of the Florence, and was at a loss for the other names until informed by Dr. George Hyslop, Mary Hyslop's living son, in May, 1926.

I don't feel as if I had gotten anything; it is just a confused sort of state. So many people talking and moving. There is a great deal of motion here. There is an Uncle Ben. Now, eh—[Pause] C.

NOTE: This confusion in the preliminary stage of the work is characteristic of trance mediumship. Often, as in this case, pertinent fragments are given in the preliminary stages as well as in the concluding stage, as the psychic again takes on normal consciousness. L. M. C. is not familiar with trance mediumship in others.

"Uncle Ben" not placed, and "C" too indefinite to be, of course.

Now I am getting quieter [2:35 P. M.]. Confusion isn't so great. I can concentrate better [pause].

Is there someone near you who is thinking of accepting a position in London? Do you know of someone who is? (I am not sure.) Well, now, eh, this is a funny situation here. This person I see is a woman, and there seems to be some inducement, some offer,—her daughter. She doesn't want her daughter to do this. She doesn't want her daughter to go away, she wants her to stay here in this country, not go across the water. The work is to be done here, here, she keeps saying. I don't know what she is, but this is vague. I feel as if I am being connected with London some way, very closely, as if I am held together and held for a while, while something goes on, and something is being done there. (In London?) Yes, curious feeling, holding over, as if I were held here over, shut off. Everything is blank for a few minutes. (Hm.) It is like the radio when they are sending out a call. I am held over, a moment. (All right.) Something is being done there. [2:38½ P. M.] Now I think things are better.

NOTE: E. H. T. was two months later invited to go to England to accept a position, but not in London. This she did, but not for as extended a period as at first planned. Her mother, deceased, may have tried to forecast this information. The prediction of "Ella" sailing *with* someone, made at the L. M. C. séance of Jan. 13th, 1925, fits E. H. T., who sailed with me in May, 1925. She had always been hitherto disinclined to cross the sea and we had not the faintest notion that these predictions indicated her, at the time they were given. She finished her work in England before I was ready to sail home, and was "held over in London" while my work was "being done there," in August and September, 1925.

[Took up pencil and began automatic writing slowly and carefully. I did not read it aloud after the first three initials,—A. M. T. Pertinence not placed, if any.]

L. M. C. remarks: Now I feel as if I am getting in touch with Dr. Hyslop at last. (Yes.) As if he's coming to me. He hasn't been here. It seems so empty and blank, just with confusion. (Hm.) Are you there? (Yes.) He—eh, he is here now. He wants to make a little trial of something. He wants to write. (All right.)

He wants to guide my hand. Doesn't want me to use any exertion at all, just go right along. [I moved to the side of the table where I could read.] That is right, he says.

[Automatic writing,—confused fragments omitted:]

Do not fear, this is not for the message. [Handwriting changing to that resembling J. H. H.'s through her.] I am aware of your diffi-

culties, and can help you—make dogmatic statement and then trace each line of thought until you see the argument on all sides. Change the one about the COLOR OF COAT (Cont?) COAT. Make the subject material for the argument. Not the single statement of fact—(I see. Am I capable of that?) Yes, [pause] I know it. Carefully approach it on all sides note the attacks in any vulnerable point. Guard against anything that looks weak. I see that human machinery has its limits in the thought world which is opposed to stepping outside of senses. [Pause.]

NOTE: This at once reminded me of the C. G. Botham reference to the Biblical Joseph, the recipient of a “coat of many colors.” I had already annotated that record and had not elaborated the Joseph analogy.

[Change of Control.]

I keep wanting to make a circle. [Doing so with pencil.]

(All right.)

And I want to put a cross in it. [The Emperor signature.]

(Yes, good.)

After all, I feel, after *all*, you have more definite d-a-t-a; waiting hasn't hindered you. Such is my belief.

(All right. I am glad.)

When I left the sense world I couldn't quite accommodate [twice repeated]—not the word I want—acclimate my mental state on this—to this new existence. I was at first bewildered by an effort to force back. The sense world is a world of sound, a world of noise, just expressed that way. Now to come back, to slip back into it, is to become more or less confused, hearing or seeing in another sense than that we left. You see, the grade is higher. (Yes?) And the mental poise much higher. The vision given us entirely different, and the coming back very difficult.

NOTE: It is perhaps worthy of comment that it would be natural for J. H. H. to object to “a world of sound, of noise,” and find it confusing under strange circumstances, for he was one who primarily related himself to experience through sight, a visuel, and never got his ideas as directly through the ear. I had many experiences of this. A spoken suggestion would perhaps be dismissed as soon as I had uttered it, but the same suggestion written and presented a few hours or days later would find ready place in his mind. It had not been comprehended in its entirety until it came under his eye.

M-y-e-r Myers has expressed this so well.

(Where?)

When in a message Vere—no, I can't get that name—V-e-r-r, Verr (Yes.) a-Hm. Verrall. (Yes, I know.) Well, it was expressed in language better suited to expression of emotions, more easily explaining difficulties than if he had attempted it in English.

(Yes.)

Sometimes a quotation gives one a keener sense of a situation than anything expressed involuntarily on the moment.

Something about torrents, rushing torrents, something—I don't get that at all.

(Torrents, rushing torrents?)

NOTE: Mrs. Verrall, as is well known from the publications of the S. P. R., received many Greek and Latin quotations automatically through her pencil, from F. W. H. Myers, after his death. Many of these were parts of cross-correspondences. The one here suggested has not yet been placed, either by me or by Mrs. Verrall's daughter, Mrs. Salter, editor of the S. P. R. publications, who has had the record for reading.

Now with these who have preceded me I have spent much time.

NOTE: Myers had "preceded" J. H. H., as also Crookes, Hodgson and James and Stainton Moses, to all of whom he has once or more alluded in my series; also George Pelham and Dr. Isaac Funk.

And of course they have shown me the difficulties ahead. That spurs me on. (Yes.) I like difficulties. [I smiled, this was so natural, though I never heard J. H. H. say precisely this.] I am working over them. They are to— We have established a system about which we feel elated. As yet, this system is in its infancy, but with divine aid, which is granted us because it is for the enlightenment of human beings, we are progressing, and we have already made one or two successful attempts. I refer to England and the effort in testing, book-testing. (Yes.) This is all along lines of combined telepathic and—some other word, I don't get that word—spiritistic combination of thought and impression. (Hm.)

Now the inter-fearing, intervening—I don't know whether that is interfering or intervening. Interfearing, interference which comes from us is the divine touch which carries it through. This is the great chart.—I don't know what he is talking about.—"Great chart." Three X's and a dash. [Wrote this also: x x x—. Followed by three

possibly Greek letters.] “And lesser souls, so humbled, in the troubled world.” I don’t know what this is. I get quotation marks [writing the phrases as she spoke them]. And a hand points me. I feel as if I am looking at something written in Latin, now (Yes.) written in Latin.

(Go ahead.)

Don’t know what that is. I can’t make that out at all.

NOTE: Search has not yet discovered the source of the quotation. If it be original, it is not in the vein of the automatist, who is not given to poetic expression.

Now I have with me today the mother of one called Mary. She was not alive when *I* was there [twice repeated]. She has—*has* been in this world many years. (Yes.) Many years.

NOTE: True, Mrs. J. H. H.’s mother had been deceased for years before J. H. H.’s or her own daughter’s passing.

Now I want to write February 12, 1806. I also get 1811.

[Automatic writing: called Mary, she was not alive when I was there. She has been on Feb. 12, 1806-1811-]

[These dates would be too early for Mary Hall’s own mother.]

I wrote a letter home, making plain my intentions as a young man. (Yes.) [Fact published, *Proceedings* S. P. R., XVI.]

This,—hm, I get right here the impression of a physician [hand out toward right] a doctor who is with this lady, (Yes.)—that he [J. H. H.] has with him. She is an old lady, that is she is a lady who has lived long, long ago. She seems to be the wife—mother of his wife. Now, with her is a physician, an old gentleman and a—there is,—was something they had there, something connected with a fire. I don’t get that, something about a fire. I don’t know whether they were in a fire or witnessed a great fire or something. (Yes.) I don’t understand that. Seemed to have lost something by fire.

Now I don’t know who Anna Mary is. Who is Anna Mary? I keep saying Anna, Mary, Anna, Mary. [See note, p. 359.] There was a Hugh or McHugh, somebody connected with Dr. Hyslop there, on his side of the family. Somebody Hugh or McHugh, he has with him. (Hm.) I think there is some minister there, some ministerial sort of person there, McHugh. O, a very strict kind of personality, a very stiff and unbending, I think quite old-fashioned ideas.

(Yes.)

Now I think they have in their family some mention of him in an old Bible, Hugh or McHugh.

(All right. I'll have to ask.)

NOTE: J. H. H.'s youngest brother married *Mary McH.*, but the name is not McHugh. The marriage entry may very well have been made in the old Bible. The McH. family were neighbors of the Hyslops and were strictly conservative in religion. The mention of the place that Dr. Hyslop was born in follows naturally after the [probable] reference to old neighbors there.

Now Dr. Hyslop is talking about something that I want to get, something about the place that he was born. I think that place was bought. His grandfather had something to do with that, bought piece of land. Then father added to it. It must have been a farm of some kind, and I think there was at one time a mortgage that disturbed the father, something about the mortgage that disturbed him at the time. Very strict, Calvinistic ideas,—did he?

(Hm, that is right.)

Well, he had a stern nature, the father, and eh—there was something about a mortgage that disturbed him. I don't get the impression of father here at all, but I get the impression of the Hugh here. I don't know who Hugh is. There is some record of Hugh, he says. You will find it. I know this. Hugh or McHugh.

(All right.)

O-l-d-h-a-m, Oldham. I don't get that name, that is a curious name—Heneberry? I get some curious name here I don't know. Heneberry [Hannah Berry?] Heneberry. Makes a cross [doing so]. Oldham.

(Hm?)

Hannah, H-a-n-n-a-h, Hannah, old Aunt Hannah. I don't know what that is. (Hm.)

NOTE: References to the Hyslop farm and family history have been published since 1901, in *Proceedings S. P. R.*, often quoted herein. There are also such details in the *Memorial Journals* of the A. S. P. R., published in September and October, 1920, which Mrs. Chamberlaine has had. She has not read any of the publications of the S. P. R., and only those of the A. S. P. R. since 1918. The statements about the farm, its being bought by J. H. H.'s grandfather, added to by his father, mortgaged and a cause of concern to J. H. H.'s father, a strict, Calvinistic person, are not evidential, therefore. But these references are all interwoven with others of which I myself did not know the pertinence from anything published. For example:

The mortgage was on the *northern* Ohio sawmill property and covered the land under development, that bought by J. H. H.'s father, Robert. One branch of the family, I am told by Mr. Frank Hyslop, sprang up there and remained over twenty years. Not this land, but Robert Hyslop's father's farm, was J. H. H.'s birthplace, and it was *bought* by J. H. H.'s grandfather, it was not inherited. It was in southwestern Ohio.

I was unable to find anything published regarding the name "Oldham" in any relation to the Hyslop family. But, in reply to queries, I was informed by Mr. Frank Hyslop, in March, 1926, that Simeon Oldham was the name of a neighbor of Robert Hyslop on the old farm, and Mr. Oldham died years ago. I had, to the best of my knowledge, never even heard of him, any more than of the family connection by the name of Andrews, whom J. H. H.-X stated he had with him in one of the Oct. 30 messages. Thus the Oldham reference is as excellent a piece of evidence as one could ask for, of the revival of Hyslop family history two generations old.

"The Oldham family were later arrivals in the Ohio community. There was an old family by the name of Perry [not Berry] with whom the Hyslop family was intimately associated in Robert Hyslop's generation."—F. E. H.

[From this point of the sitting onward, the automatic writing was continued fluently, but was not read aloud or spoken aloud by the psychic in consonance with the writing, as is frequent with her. It was written apparently by F. W. H. Myers, and commented upon by J. H. H.-X:]

Watch that the light of years may guide the feet of faltering men

No earth light but a cerulean blue encompasses our state. Light lifts us out of death and makes us gods. Makes heaven our earth, transforms our minds leaves on the path of yesterday the empty shell of old decay F. W. Myers

(Thank you.) [Thus far, I have been unable to trace this in Myers.]

blue light look over some of my papers—you will find a few cases I have referred to similar to this now working.—

. . . [Correct name given] is a working factor not unnecessary to a business side let his purposes be a side issue—YOU WILL BE BACK in a needed fulfil [? or publication?]

(What's that?)

but of a different character

[No likelihood of fulfilment of this prediction. Compare H. T-S.,

July 17, 1924, and O-L., July 30, 1924. My own purposes do not tend in this direction, and there is no telepathic source for such a statement, so far as I am concerned.]

Keep, then, a steady head and a firm resolve, remember you are an instrument of importance to a circle whose purpose is never to give up until the goal is reached.

(Right! That suits me.)

You will be amply repaid in a bigger way: satisfaction and a clear mind at the day's end.

James is of our group, and is helping you in your writing. (Oh!) Have you not noticed certain turns and phrases?—(Yes.) That suggest his hand?

(I think so, perhaps I have.)

NOTE: I have, more than once, in his communications in my work with Mrs. Chenoweth, noted and enjoyed his style of expression.

He is very painstaking, (Yes.) and he is determined to put you through.

(Well, I appreciate that more than I can say.)

NOTE: I see no approach to his gifted style in my own, however.

We are a circle of workers. (Yes.) Let the rest buzz around. [I half laughed.] They do no harm, and often sting themselves.

(Very good!)

NOTE: The amusing remark is in the vein of William James, a master of metaphor. The psychic seems to be deeply in the hypnogogic state, almost unconscious of her work.

So glad you felt me there in England.

(Yes, indeed, I did.)

Watch for a series of developments soon. (Where?)

NOTE: In the following February there were manifest "developments" in J. H. H.'s Society, of which I had no foreknowledge, nor had L. M. C.

You will see some sparks fly if you wait long enough,—great armed neutrality will "bust" at last! But in the meantime be content. Do I remind you of days gone by? (Yes.) You see, then, my personality survives and comes back, (Yes.) through a strange organism.

(Yes, not the first time.)

O yes, I am right in this room. I sit beside this light, (Yes.) and give—. [Broke off. Scrawls. Paused, half waking, shook head as scrawls were made, several times. Pencil fell and was reached for again. Apparently a change of control. Wrote: Pennsylvania.]

[L. M. C.:] Don't get anything more, no more comes to me.

NOTE: The "light" does not usually refer to herself as such, nor does she use the colloquialism "bust," nor understand the pertinence of her own reference in the present case, which was exceedingly apt.

(All right.)

[Automatic scrawls. b e c g a r Pencil fell.]

[L. M. C.:] I don't seem to get that. [Reached for pencil, took it upside down, change of control to the automatic writing of J. H. H.]

(The other way up, the other way around, *this* way.)

[Wrote:] old dwarfed apple tree (Yes.) near the back of the house out West (Yes.) not far from kitchen door

(I see. This is J. H. H.?)

Yes—remember it—was not much of a tree for fruit, but used for many other things. (Yes, what things?) had it for hanging things on it.

(I see. The elders, or the younger?)

both. (I see.) put empty pans on it—tied puppy to it, climbed it so much—near kitchen (What kind of tree?) Apple.

(Yes. What brand, do you recall?)

Crab (Oh, hm-hm, I see.) I will [scrawl]

(Please tell me who wrote just before you did this afternoon, between this and your first writing.)

Myers James [Pencil fell.]

(Yes, I thought so. Thank you.)

I feel like they had gone away from me. Oh, it is much easier to me this afternoon. (Hm.) Much easier. (Hm.) Did you really get much? (Yes.) I think it seemed to go so much easier and quicker. I think it is much better for me to try—not awake yet. I feel so stupid. I don't know whether you would call this a trance, but O, so much air on my hands! Oh my, so much air about me! But I don't think this was a trance, (Hm.) but I liked it; it was easier and I could write better.

(Yes, it was excellent. I am sure they must be pleased.)

NOTE: From *Journal A. S. P. R.*, VI, 697, we learn that on Robert

Hyslop's farm there was a Maycherry tree not far from the house. On the preceding page there is reference also to a "quince apple." Mr. Frank E. Hyslop further states that this tree was called the Maycherry, the fruit ripening the last of May, but its proper name is the Early Richmond. "Mayblossom" was an expression used, it will be recalled, in Séance 3. Was there some attempt to include at that time this Maycherry reference, one wonders? That sitting of Mrs. Brittain has turned out to be so rich in reference that it seems more than likely this item, too, has import.

"The tree was near the back kitchen door and over the garden fence. It is quite possible we hung empty pans or pails on the fence under the tree. A scarecrow was put up at the top of the tree to scare off birds. Naturally, the tree was well climbed."—F. E. H.

"There were a few fruit-trees in our dooryard on the old home place—none near the kitchen door, however—and within my memory no dog was ever tied up to any tree. . . . Of course, I do not know what there may have been before my time, but my mother never hung any pans about to dry."—H. H. F. [J. H. H.'s half-sister of a younger generation. Her diagram of the house and yard shows a cherry tree out from one corner of the house, and no apple tree at all. Evidently J. H. H.'s "quince-apple" is a tree of an earlier date, as indeed this whole composite picture seems to be. Obviously, the quince is an apple more like the crab-apple than like other apples. The answer "crab" is therefore not very far amiss, though not quite correct, either.

[L. M. C. still emerging from her hypnogogic state:] I did not miss the change in seat any, it was just the same, I had the same table, pencil, and all.

(Hm. That is good.)

Was it a long sitting? (It is 3:50 now.) I guess I am awake pretty well.

NOTE: It had been a long sitting, with no apparent fatigue. L. M. C.'s eyes still closed.

I wonder—now I wonder if you ever have had an experience with people who could not—who felt that there was something they just could not get through? Did you ever feel that you talked with people who had so much intelligence that you just could not get their flow of language? (Hm.) Well, do you suppose that—you just miss it, don't you? You get what you can. But I don't see how it makes sense.

(It becomes automatic, and when it does, they can do it for themselves. That is the advantage of that kind of work.)

My hand wasn't a bit tired now, but my hand usually gets tired if I do any amount of writing [normally].

NOTE: I had noticed that the writing hand was cool at the end of the automatic work, as has often been the case with Mrs. Chenoweth. The same difficulty about transmitting ideas has been remarked at Mrs. Chenoweth's by communicators.

I wanted to move away over here [left]. I wanted to keep way away from it, so as not to obstruct it. I moved away over to the other side, I felt that I wanted to move away from it, a sort of a detached feeling. [Noticeable as she sat at work.]

Anna Mary,—I wished I knew that person. Do you know, I have an idea she was a Quakeress? Goes with that, Anna Mary, Quakeress, because she was plain, plainly dressed, you know. Not all plainly dressed people are Quakeresses, of course. Do you know whether there is a place called Oldham Ferry? I feel as if I am hearing such a place as Oldham Ferry. I don't know of such a place, I never heard of such a place.

(I don't know it.)

I never heard of it. Would that be in Europe? (Might.) Might be. I never heard of it here.

NOTE: "Old Aunt Hannah may conceivably refer to an old darky servant, now not remembered. There was a Mary Ann McClellan, sister to Uncle John. She belonged in highly orthodox religious groups, but I do not think was a Quaker.

"Hannah, Anna Mary or Mary Anna, a Quakeress, is not placeable."—F. E. H.

Until I learned of the pertinence of the name Oldham, from Mr. F. E. Hyslop, I wondered whether "Oldham Ferry" could be due to L. M. C.'s consciousness blurring the name "Old Hannah Berry." It is thus that we, the investigators, "fish" and "guess" after meanings. We ascribe to the medium a process similar to our own mental processes, sometimes, only to find that the communicator succeeds in putting through that which has far clearer pertinence than either the medium or we ourselves could contrive to guess. As J. H. H. often remarked, we would do well to show a little humility and sense of humor about this sort of thing.

How long was the sitting?

(One hour and thirty-five minutes.)

I wish I could shut myself away with others as I do with you. It is not so tiresome.

(This is what I have been working for, for some years) [etc.] . . .

Because, I will tell you why—it felt so easy today, so calm. I don't know what I felt. Oh, before, at first, I got such a confusion. Did you ever get it before? [as today].

(Yes, that is just the beginning.)

I never had it before: sort of a waiting, waiting, waiting. [Refers to an excellent piece of evidence she has received recently in connection with a sudden death in her own family, a prediction fulfilled.]

I think that message was from some member of my family. I think occasionally they percolate through, some little message. I think maybe I am kept from it. (I think so.) That was a good piece of evidence, though. (Yes, indeed, fine. I am glad you get something occasionally. It strengthens the idea in the family, too.) I think they are all pretty well convinced. My family have been a long time coming to it, but I think they are pretty well convinced now.

It wasn't longer than usual, was it?

(Yes, longer than some days, but not longer than others. But very good.)

Is the character of the work changing, Gertrude, any?

(Yes, it is. It is good.) I am very anxious to have it good. (O, it is fine. I am very much pleased indeed. I am very much pleased.)

Well, that means something. You are like an old music teacher I had. He said, "If you please me, then you will be somebody." I feel that if I have pleased you I have done something worth while.

NOTE: The negative evidence as to subconscious uprushes in the work of L. M. C. is well represented by the comments above quoted. That which is the familiar knowledge of everyday family converse seldom finds any place in her work, whereas, both in sittings for strangers and for friends, and in inspirational writings when alone, L. M. C. receives a great deal of evidence that she is in touch with sources of memory and information supernormal to her own mind.

At the close of the sitting of January 22nd, I told L. M. C. that I thought the reason for her feeling all "higgledy-piggledy" in the sitting of January 13th was that I had substituted the sitter on that occasion to take the place of another lady, who actually came on the 15th, as it turned out. I had not planned for the one on the 13th, when I asked for the extra time for a friend. But the sitter of the 15th found that the latter date suited her better, so I decided to sacrifice one of my own dates to her, and gave her reservation to the sitter who actually came on the 13th. I also explained that much of the work that we could not understand on the 13th proved clear to the lady who was

to have been present on that day. Hence, that although L. M. C. herself felt confused, the communications proved to have pertinence to a greater extent than I had known when they were received, which strengthens rather than weakens the evidence. L. M. C. expresses her pleasure, wishing only that the work may have meaning and be of service in the cause of science.

CHAPTER XXIV

SÉANCE 26

L. M. C., January 29, 1925, 3 P. M. Sitter, G. O. T.

Confused early portion of this séance is omitted. There were fragmentary references to Mark Twain, "tandem" communication, Martha H. [J. H. H.'s mother?], Frank [his brother].

Do you know someone by the name of Townsend? (Yes, I know of such people.) [Connected with my recent editing of *Proceedings* A. S. P. R., 1925.]

NOTE: "Townsend: a merchant in Ohio with whom father had much dealing."—F. E. H. This is not the family I knew of, but it is more fittingly related to Frank E. H. and Martha, his mother.

T-o-w-n-s-e-n-d- yes. Will give, or dwell upon the change in the style of writing, it's a good point. (Yes.) Make it plain. (Yes.) Case, similar to, what is that name?—to S-t-a-i-n-t-o-n-, is that Stanton? Something like Stanton? I don't know. (Yes.) Markings very similar (Oh, is that so, I hadn't realized that.) Give your attention. (I will.) I feel as if I want to say right here something, when I got the name Stanton I seemed always to see the name Mark Twain. I don't know anything about it, but just those two names seem to come, and I just hesitated because I chose the Stanton. I felt the name Mark Twain there at the same time, so I don't know what they meant. (I see.) [Pause.]

NOTE: Change in type of work. L. M. C. herself is unaware of all her(?) comment implies. I had not thought of comparing her automatic symbol- and hieroglyphic-writing with that of William Stainton Moses, which has been published in a volume entitled *The Controls of Stainton Moses*, by A. Trethewy, London, 1923. Mrs. Chamberlaine has not seen this volume at the time of this sitting. It contains illustrations of his automatic scripts, never published until the latter part of 1923. I imported one of the first copies of the book in America. There were very few about at the time of this sitting.

Inspection of L. M. C.'s scripts reveals marked similarities to some forms illustrated in Mr. Trethewy's volume.

The name, spelled Stainton, is pronounced Stanton.

We have of course added another to our circle, it is with great pleasure we welcome him. [I took this to be Dr. Geley.] He is torn between the great joy of finding himself again where he left off, mentally sound, and the thought of leaving those who were dependent upon him, upon his love and protection, and of whose support he felt responsible. He longs to make it plain to them, wishes to send a word back. Has done so already in several places. He thinks his wife knows this. Has gotten to her. She has—is much more conscious of him now than right at first. Stunned, a condition not good for any attempt on our part. I—was not foolhardy, do not think this. (No.) Had great confidence that all would be well. (Yes.) Not the fault of any one, an accident that might occur anywhere. (Yes, *oui*.) This, Bra, Bray, will confirm. B-r-a-y-, B-r-a- [Mr. Stanley de Brath, Dr. Geley's co-worker and friend, has since kindly given me notes concerning the Geley messages, as already recorded.]

(Yes, I know, I didn't know it could be confirmed, I will be glad to find out.)

Not sorry to catch up with those who preceded me. (Hm-hm.) It is with great astonishment I am standing on this side. I *was* prepared not to be astonished, but I can assure you there is nothing like it, nothing in mind of man like it. A new birth which is full grown so that it is comprehended—don't know what that means—passing pleasant, death pleasant. I did not suffer a moment.

(Good! What do you think of palingenesis now?)

All very uncertain because so in its—I don't know what this—con-c-e-p-t-i-o-n- not even brought to the mere and, miran-sithy,—I can't pronounce that name, miransithy. Miran the—[Fumbled for a word not made clear. No reply obtained to my question regarding reincarnation.]

Its scope lies beyond the power of man, and will travel slowly, causing drawbacks from misunderstanding, heaps of misunderstandings. But the inset—I-n- looks like incept, is the seed, and it is there, there wrapped about by tremendous chances for mistaken,—I don't know. Look to the light for revelation. I am glad that I can look back on achievement, I know that I was on the right track—Mistakes? Yes, many of them, thousands of them. Nevertheless, push on.

(All right, that is encouraging.)

You understand this, and I was not battling for the present (No.) and I recognized all the critics, kind and unkind who approached. (Yes.) It was a necessary step, and made the pathway to achievement not any harder. They must be convinced their own way. (Yes.) It is given to the very few to have flashes of heaven-born revelation. Unworthy though I be, I was the humble recipient of one of those, and I followed it, and I believed in it. And I urged that it go on, the investigation. (Yes.) Just before I left, my last trip, I put together some papers in a drawer, marked with band around them. Expected to use them as notes in a meeting to be held shortly. I would like to know if they are found.

(All right, I will try to find out.)

A set, now wait a minute, h-o-u-r- this is something [followed by automatic writing which neither she nor the sitter read aloud: comprising what seem to be French and Latin fragments including: *Via restes France triumphe Marne iv le Pastique Geley*]. (Yes, *merci, un moment, s'il vous plaît. Avez-vous été à Boston?*)

Oui, oui, more vus cresque ul Sorbonne trez depuis vivi le trentejuex [whispered: I can't get this, oh, I don't see this.]

(G. O. T., whispered reply: Oh, it is fine, go ahead.)

L. M. C.: It sounds so differently. [Automatic writing continued:] *Mallor bores Fromles'y*

(That is either an s or a z, I don't know what that is.)

Que morques (Marquess, marque, markway? Go ahead.) *allon je triste vacqu the Sorbonne bon* (L. M. C. whispered: *bon*.)

(*Bien, c'est bon.*) *critque de versation solles Lubis certes avis* Thus must I make good my promise. (Yes, glad to have you.) *Geley* (Thank you, *merci bien.*) *Oui, merci (Bien, bien écrit!) vo vous rtnerez noes nous? s t ul* [L. M. C.'s hand up and her fingers pointing up a second] *non vei malistres* [followed by three long lines. Laid fist on paper with pencil enclosed pointing up.]

NOTE: The attempts at French words or phrases were much improved today, as will be noted. I did all I could to encourage the further attempts. Mrs. Chamberlaine would, of course, have understood "*Merci*" and possibly "*bon*," but not "*bien écrit*." There seems to be an attempt at the phrase "*vous retournerez*"—which, of course, I did do, in the spring of 1925. If that was the implication of the attempt, it was fulfilled.

[Change of Control.]

The form of paragraphing and the general style of what followed are very like the work of the psychic research group communicating in Boston through Mrs. Chenoweth.

The writing was continuous. I did not read it aloud. My own remarks were made aloud, however, as usual.

Get in line that you may (Yes?) see the will subdued by powerful power attracted by human organism unknown yet, supreme control follows the powerful nerve force—running often produces a strong nerve output which is unknown yet, (Hm, didn't know that.) nerve control properly under force of powerful psychic [*sic*] will produce great lights and other phenomena. (Hm, hm.)

You are receiving help through nerve centers—(Yes.) Great discoveries ahead through nerve organism—which is the basis of the power called personality. (I see, does it link with physical phenomena?)

We are sure that the experiments that Myers carried on were just that. His shadow cases were undoubtedly of that nature—(Hm, hm.) [G. O. T. does not recall any such cases at the time of this sitting. But the reference may of course be to his chapter on "Phantasms of the Dead" in his great two-volume work, *Human Personality*.]

The nerves send out a short wave of or essence (Essence?) of light and make sort of background or setting for the mental picture thrown by the communicator. Myers says this explains the fading and recurring which has baffled before reflexchreity [?Reflection?] is thus a natural consequence—

If you think out this estimate of a carefully planned system you see we get the wonderful rejuvenating results from [sigh] gland methods—which nerve symptoms always rejuvenate

(Nerve systems always rejuvenate.)

Poloxus makes this return

(Oh! That's a new word to me. A person, or a thing?)

a thing (Hm, hm.) a state (I see. Thank you.)

You will find that fear hate and love are all reactions of the state of nerves. (Hm, hm, I see.)

[Pause, sigh.] Memory is retained by me and I recall my own nervous debility so producing a mental wearing away

You see I was always nervously tired even in the years at South [or Smith?] [J. H. H. was on the Smith College Faculty in 1885-86.]

(So? That's too bad.)

knew this but fought against it. (Yes.)

Nown [Now] what happened

I was weakened and worn out by a nerve reaction

My system needed a refreshing My batteries were gone—(Yes, how could you have got it?)

I believe had I understood the powers of light and the use of the light as I now see it I would have held out longer (Yes.)

This is the coming of all knowledge to man; by light may he rise from darkness. [Hand in air.]

(Yes. Well now, a little application of it to the psychic's nerve centers would restore the balance in relation to that cold.)

Yes, we are helping. (Good.)

James recalls the discussion in England on Mediums & insanity (Hm, hm.) brought before scientific body No necessity for that—quite the contrary— [This reference I have not been able to verify.]

[L. M. C. orally: This pencil is almost taken out of my hands.] (Good.) it [communication] has rather a beneficial result, because the nerve centers are in a receptive state at that time and receiving what at no other time is of such benefit. [Pause. Pencil fell.] (Hm, hm, thank you.)

[Resumed pencil] T

L. M. C. orally: I don't think I am getting anything else. Somebody by the name of Hyslop been ever here?

(What is it?)

Somebody by the name of Hyslop ever been here? Rather confusing. (How do you mean?)

Well I guess not. [Pause.] No, I guess not. I see a big B, a big B [J. H. H.'s daughter Bea has been to see L. M. C. anonymously. I do not mention it.] (All right.) Now the lady, Mrs. B, Mrs. B— (Yes?) Has she been getting something? Has something come to her yesterday or today?—concerning light. She a— she's had some messages along those lines. Now is she quite interested? Is she quite psychic? She doesn't know how psychic she is. I mean she doesn't say much about it, but she has a good deal of power. Dr. Hyslop has been trying to get at her, get a message through. He says he hasn't succeeded very well.

(I am not sure.)

[Personal messages concerning Dr. and Mrs. Bull omitted.] Dr. Hyslop thinks so much of him, and says he helped him so in his last days. He's never forgotten, and he says to tell him that that quiet

talk he had with him shortly before passing, before passing into a comatose state, when he was supposed to be unconscious: (Yes.) he was between the two worlds, and saw as in a dream, as in a mist, the faces of those about him. (Yes.)

Was Dr. Bull detained or something? or was the train late? I don't know whether it was that day or the day before, there was something about, he was detained; he was late about something and he didn't get there in time for something. I don't understand this. (Yes.) There was a delay of some kind. (Yes.)

NOTE: Dr. Bull had called upon Dr. Hyslop, at the latter's summer home, within a few days of his death, and had a good talk with him. He promised to come soon again, but was prevented by the demands of his practice, until it was too late. This fact was not known to L. M. C.

Dr. Hyslop did pass into a comatose state, a fact not known to the psychic, normally.

The "Margaret" who next appears in the record may well be Dr. Hyslop's step-mother, whom also Dr. Bull attended in her last illness. [Personal messages for Dr. Bull omitted.]

I don't know who Margaret is, M-a-r- Dr. Hyslop gives that name almost immediately. (Good, I know.)

Now I feel an inclination to put my hand back here [right lumbar region] (Yes.) That is all I get. [Opening eyes fully, they had been partially open for some time as she was doing the last few pages of the automatic writing.] I think it must have been very poor today. (No, it was not.) Because this sniffing, whatever it is, I don't know what it is,—with a cold you feel sickish and I am not a bit. I wonder if this snow has anything to do with it.

I don't get anything more. Seems to have gone from me. I don't think there was any writing worth anything. It seemed so awfully vague, but I just seemed to write along so rapidly. Was it very rapidly, the writing? It just seemed to go right along. (Not so very.) My hand seemed to work without any effort from me. (Yes, it was smooth.) My hand is not a bit tired, and I have not any feeling of using a pencil at all. Ordinarily my hand gets very tired and cramped if I do much writing, it always has; and I wouldn't know I had been writing at all hardly. (That is very interesting about your hand.)

Because I never write long letters, never have, because my hand gets too tired. I have an idea I clutch the pen too tight or something, I often look at my hand and wonder why.

[Sitting ended at 4:36 P. M.]

NOTE: The fluency of the writing appears to have been accompanied by less direct consciousness on the part of the psychic herself, as well as by less fatigue. Evidently the control is becoming more effective and better regulated.

CHAPTER XXV

SÉANCE 27

Sept. 29, 1922; 9:20 P. M.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mrs. Physician," psychic. Present: Miss P., "Miss Smith," W. D. Bayley.

This record of Mrs. Physician's work, one evening when I was the guest of Dr. Bayley and the psychic, has been given me by Dr. Bayley, for my use.

I was introduced on this occasion as Miss Smith. Permission had been asked, and granted, for Dr. Bayley to bring to a sitting some evening, "a patient" who was interested in psychic matters. Nothing else was said about me, and as the circle was a private one, meeting only occasionally at the psychic's home in Philadelphia, it might have been supposed, quite naturally, that I lived in that vicinity. The recognition of me by the communicator was therefore startling, it came so promptly and without "fishing." The excerpt from the record is verbatim from combined notes of W. D. B. and G. O. T.

At the opening of the sitting the psychic rose from her chair, just as the trance had spontaneously begun, and carried on, as it were, a conversation between herself and guides whose presence she invoked or announced. There were long Biblical quotations and some moral reflections. She finally made a statement, addressed to "Imperator," that she was ready for her work. The preliminaries consumed about fifteen or twenty minutes. As the trance first came on she referred to herself as "the Malachi" [messenger] "of dreamland." This use of the word Malachi is on record more than once in connection with other work associated with the name of Imperator, that has been published in the past.

[Psychic pauses. Sinks back in chair. Sighs. Speaks:]

I would say to you, my girl of dreamland, Hyslop speaking now. [Pats Miss T. on shoulder] Mine, mine! (G. O. T.: Good!) Glad you're here. [Takes pencil and piece of paper and goes to her desk in the darker part of the room. Miss T. follows her to the desk.] "Give me some light, please; give me some light."

[Hand begins to write as follows:]

[Automatic Writing]

I shall not be able to give you that and little else without the full cooperation of the messenger Let us not ask too much James + O

[After the words "I shall not be able to" she interjects orally:]

Give me some light, please, give me some light!

[W. D. B. turned on a white electric bulb in addition to the red one already burning. Hand continued to write, without interruption, completing the sheet with cross and circle; the right hand, as G. O. T. was about to remove the page from the pad in her accustomed fashion with Mrs. Chenoweth, held the sheet itself and quickly set it aside to the left, placing the left arm on it as she leaned forward on her left elbow, continuing to write as follows:]

There is a spiritual body

There is a natural body My Book Contact with the Other World
Hyslop + [Indication of Imperator's help.]

[In the same way this page was removed and put over to the left. The first page was taken back to the right hand and lines were added at the top slightly overwriting the first line written, in this particular experiment, but not obscuring it—that which was written is "Contact with the Other World page 186."

Then the hand followed down the page to the very end of it and below the apparent signature already there (which proves to have been a word of address and not a signature), wrote: Hyslop. Then took the two pages and pinned them together in the reverse order to that which they had been written in.

The pins used were in a package wrapped in paper fastened about with elastics, resting in the pigeon-hole of the psychic's desk. As she finished writing and was preparing to pin the sheets together, she blinked a bit, though her eyes were not fully open, secured the package of pins [which had been sent to W. D. B. several weeks ago as a J. H. H. identifying article], removed the elastics from the end of the pen-box in which the pins were, took out two and fastened the pages together with them, perfectly straight and clear. Then, without anybody's having an opportunity to read them, rolled them up in a scroll, took the two elastics from the pen-box packet and put them around the ends of the scroll, then put her own initials on the outside of the scroll and, handing it out to Miss Tubby [Miss "Smith"], dramatically said, "For my secretary."

(Good for you!)

You will hand this to my trustee. [W. D. B. was one of the Board of Trustees of the A. S. P. R.]

[*Notes of W. D. B. duplicating the above:*]

[Hand writes and tears sheet from the pad; writes more on the second page.

[Gets article left some time ago belonging to Miss T., opens box and takes out a pin.

[Wraps up articles and writes on the outside wrapping.

[This is a malobservation owing to my point of view. She actually rolled up the pinned manuscript and wrote on that.—W. D. B.]

For my secretary [handing the roll to Miss T ("Miss Smith")].

(Good for you!)

Mrs. P.: You will take this to my trustee. You will ask her how he is getting on with the book [patting G. O. T. on the back]. I am most pleased. My girl, I am most pleased.

(So am I. Thank you.) [Both seated.]

I shall give you this to return to the Society [drying eyes with handkerchief]. We are all here.

(Good!)

Hodgson will give you an example of the work we are doing with her [the psychic, Mrs. Physician].

Miss Tubby, I am here, Hodgson speaks. [Shook hands.]

(Hooray!)

I am most pleased to welcome you in our little circle.

(I'm honored.)

My girl [addressing herself], you have caused me a little trouble tonight. Your mind was not so clear. You have been troubled; why have you so little faith in your ability? Most are the opposite. There is one great trouble with you. You will doubt. We will try tonight to disillusion your mind once for all. Imperator has given us permission to experiment in a small way but we are not so sure that we can reach you physically. We shall try tonight. Hyslop is your mind. You obey his every wish. He influences your mind for your future progress here.

(Yes.) [These remarks addressed to the psychic were misappropriated by me.—G. O. T.]

You have done well in a few short months. You have accomplished what has taken most messengers years. Your work is of the best. We have great hopes for your future.

(Thanks.) [Mistaken response; addressed to psychic, as above.]
 Old chap, I have something for *you* tonight. Watch her most carefully. (W. D. B.: Yep!)

[She arises, followed by Dr. B., who walked away from his notes, to the darker corner of the room. Miss T. went to table and wrote the notes, during the interval:]

Washington? [question] [Reached out twice and shook hands with W. D. B., who reports that in so doing she gave two Masonic grips.] (W. D. B.: Yes.) Do you understand? (W. D. B.: Fully.) Are you contented that she is of us? (W. D. B.: Perfectly.)

Remember your first obligation. Do you understand? (W. D. B.: Fully.) [Masonic "stunt."] There is much that you may understand later. We tell her things that it is impossible to tell even you. (Yes.) When the time comes, remember! Hodgson. (Yes.) Remember.

(W. D. B.: I will remember Hodgson.)

[Mrs. P. marching up and down room twice, whistling "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with hands up as though holding and playing on cornet and then on slide trombone.]

(W. D. B.: Fine!)

NOTE: Dr. Bayley formerly played cornet and euphonium in a large amateur Masonic band. On a number of occasions, in playing for the Knights Templars, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was a predominant theme. He does not think the psychic knew of his participation, but of course it is common knowledge that this is the Templars' marching tune.

Dr. Bayley's notes on this "Masonic" performance are as follows: "In the dim light I followed her to a distant corner of the large room. She turned, facing me, and went through certain procedures which would have been comprehensible to any Mason. I do not know what was meant by 'Washington.' There is a Washington Lodge in Philadelphia to which some of my friends belong. It is my impression that neither R. H. nor J. H. H. were members of the fraternity."

That's what they all say, fine, for themselves, Hyslop; but when I come to do your mind I see Hodgson sitting beside you; and when I come to your side I hear him say "Give her this—or give her that." You always have some hard work to give me, Hodgson. Why don't you give me some of it yourself? Why don't you do some of the work? [Psychic speaking to her communicator.]

My girl, you make me laugh! They are all lazy here. You do not seem to particularly fancy Uncle Dick. What have I done?

[Psychic:] Doctor, you are all right, but you make me study too hard. I think you should work a little yourself, too. I think so. Yes, I like you, but I like Hyslop best of all. I like him best of all because he always understands my spirit's mind, and then, Doctor, [R. H.] you swear sometimes. You swear at things when they get muddled up. [J. H. H. never swore. R. H. sometimes did. Mrs. Physician had never met either of them in life.—W. D. B.]

[Trance "conversation" between the psychic and her guides omitted.]

NOTE: The quotation from *Contact with the Other World*, page 186, is correct save for one word; the word "little" replaces "much" in the original, which reads:

"I shall not be able to give you that [the sign, password, or test] and much else without the full coöperation of the messenger. Let us not ask too much, James." The passage is quoted from a record made by J. H. H. in his lifetime, of a sitting he had on May 31, 1902, with Miss W., a private psychic, and refers to the password or test which his father had given him through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Smead, in the years 1900 and 1901. This password was given in a foreign language, and is something he did not give out, but has kept carefully filed, since, for reference purposes in psychic work.

The quotation here by page, from *Contact with the Other World*,* appears to be a good book-test, if nothing more, as the psychic states that she had not read the later works of J. H. H. at all, and this volume is his last. Psychic books are not a part of the library in her home. I myself had not read it, and was quite surprised after the apparent signature "James," to have the further writing appended: "There is a natural body. There is a spiritual body. My book *Contact with the Other World* Hyslop + " the cross signifying the aid of Imperator, who was also implicated in the effort of Robert Hyslop through Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Smead and Miss W. The initials M. M. S., signed on the outside of the scroll, were misunderstood by me, as I did not know the lady's name, we two having been introduced as "Miss Smith" and "Mrs. Physician." It was night when I was taken to the house, and the name-plate which I could have seen by daylight at the door was not noticeable, nor was her first name on it, so that I had no clue to her identity. She had none to mine. Her initials are the same as Mrs. Soule's (Chenoweth).

* Century Company, New York, 1919.

It was astounding and dramatic to be promptly and correctly identified by this stranger, in her trance work, and then to receive so well-chosen a book-test from her. Her family was averse to her psychic interests and she could not easily keep psychic books at hand for reading.

CHAPTER XXVI

SÉANCE 28

Medium, Mrs. Osborne-Leonard, at her home, in a London suburb, Friday, May 29, 1925, 11:15 A. M. Sitter, G. O. T.

On arrival, I presented my letter of introduction from Sir Oliver Lodge's Secretary, Miss N. Walker, who introduces to Mrs. Leonard only those who have never had an appointment with her before. Hence I was to be regarded as a stranger, as neither Miss Walker nor Mrs. Leonard knew that I had been present as note-taker for L. A. last summer. I told Mrs. Leonard that I understood from Miss Walker that this was a new home, and that it seemed that her surroundings could not be more fitting and delightful than here, wherever she had been before. She agreed with me. Inadvertently, I laid my coat and purse on her séance chair, which she explained was hers, as she apologized for placing them elsewhere in the room. It was the same sort of straight chair she had used for Feda's work at the preceding sitting I had attended as note-taker. She apparently took me for a total stranger, as I hoped she would do. I had purposely dressed very differently, and in the meantime my hair had been cut short, which changed the effect of my hair in my neck and the set of my hat.

Mrs. Leonard darkened the room with curtains, lit the night-lamp and prepared my place at the note-table beside Feda's chair, saying:

You know that it is Feda who controls me, do you?

(Yes, I know that, thank you.)

[Pause, her hands over her face. Deep breathing. 11:22 hands fell into her lap, clasped tight. Face stern. Hands flat together. Began to whisper words, most of which I could not catch:]

Wait a minute... listening... Laura [proper name used] isn't here....All right...He's disappointed....Wanted Laura too... Wanted to talk to her as well... [Whispering ended.]

Yes, I am coming. Oh, good morning, good morning, good morning.

NOTE: The three "good mornings" were apparently addressed, like the "Yes, I am coming," to someone invisible and inaudible to my

senses. It turned out that I was to have three principal communicators, as will presently be seen: my cousin, deceased one year ago, J. H. H.-X, and my mother, deceased years ago. There was a brief interpolation by a young man standing near J. H. H.-X, his only remark quoted directly being the phrase, "Where I am," in correction of Fedá's "Where he was," everything else concerning him being descriptive, in Fedá's own terminology. Thus my communicators were three principals. I have read since another verbatim record of a Fedá sitting in which there were two communicators and two "good mornings."

It occurs to me that it will be well for those who work with Fedá to note with especial care whether this sort of correspondence is usual with her. If so, we may regard it as a valuable bit of internal evidence in the psychology of communication. Too much time is easily spent in argument as to what is hypothetically possible in the interpretation of records, and too little in close scrutiny of the precise wording and implications of the messages. It is a waste of time to imagine explanations, as a sort of dilettante guessing-game in psychic parlance. In all research imagination is useful when applicable to the actual data under the microscope of attention.

(Good morning.)

I thought Mrs. Laura was here. Isn't it nuisance? 'Cause I saw you in the same place. I know she will be coming later on, again. I know that you are linked up with her.

(Yes.)

NOTE: See Séance 9. I have never before had a personal sitting with Mrs. Leonard and Fedá. Miss Walker keeps her sitters entirely anonymous. "Mrs. Laura" and I have been often "in the same place" since we last met Fedá together, though Fedá has no normal means of knowing this, L. A. having never mentioned anything of her affairs or mine that would lead to such an inference.

Wait a minute.—[This remark often addressed to communicators by Fedá. I shall omit it usually, as it merely indicates Fedá's desire to have time to report to the sitter before receiving more from the communicator.] But there is a spirit that is helping you that does come to her. (Oh?) But I mean a gentleman. (Yes.) Not a young one, (Yes.) but a rather elderly one. I will go slowly.

(All right, thank you.)

I call him elderly in years, but he was never old in himself. When he was here, he got a very young, what you would call boyish spirit in many ways. He always talks to her and he gives her tests. And he say that now he wanted to give you one or two.

NOTE: J. H. H.-X is "the test gentleman" of Laura Ainslee's Fedasittings. I am aware of this fact.

Because—wait, go slowly; all right. He is interested in you and he's been trying to help you. (Hm, hm.) He's had a great deal to clear up. (Yes.) To clear up; he says, a lot of rather what he call unpleasant work to do. (Yes.) And he hasn't enjoyed doing it very much.

(Poor fellow.)

He says he doesn't mean work in the spirit world. (Ah.) But work connected with things that you are linked up with. (Hm.) And he says, other people, too. (I see.) And it hasn't been all plain sailing.

(I see.)

Some elements in it—elements in it that he has not liked at all. (Yes.) And he says, "I have had—I have been *compelled*," he says, like that way. "I have been compelled by circumstances to accept the situation, not as I would have had it, but as it must be for the present."

(I see.)

And that you will have to do so, too. Ain't it a nuisance. He says matters are better.

(Are they?)

They are better. They are better but, he says, "not quite satisfied yet." (I see.) But he's going to go on helping to pull things together as much as he possibly can.

NOTE: The association of the "older gentleman," the reference to his work and my own and to certain circumstances which would have in his lifetime been distasteful to him, as they appear still to be, are all very apt. If Mrs. Leonard had known my name and identity in the work this would have been a natural inference from discussions that she might easily have heard, but my anonymity protects the incidents from that explanation.

Eh—hm—he says that he's going to have another sitting with you very shortly. (So?) Not with Fedas, but another medium that he's taking you to. (Hm.) And he means in London. (Good.) He said that particularly, because he feels that he may be seeing you in another place, away from London, shortly.

(All right.)

NOTE: I had no plan for any sittings. As I was typing this first part of my record, my friend, Miss P. B. Tenney, sitting across the

room, informed me that she was impressed for the second time that "they" wish to give me a message automatically through my own pencil, but with her in the room. She did not wish to interrupt my writing to tell me of it, but was impressed to do so. She is my hostess. We make an appointment to try the experiment three-quarters of an hour later, in this room.

I have not told her of my Leonard appointment at all. She was told only that I "went to meet friends" at Victoria Station, this morning and did not plan to return for luncheon. Arrived home with groceries just before tea-time, I busied myself with reporting on the bit of marketing and on the weather, and told her where I lunched. That is all. Miss Tenney secured the "X" last year. See Chapter VI. The automatic writing did not prove to be of any great import or value, but her "impression" seemed an effort to fulfil the prediction, received from Feda. I had, later, in Devonshire, some slight attempt at a message in a circle of which I was one, but there was nothing convincing about it. It was given me by a stranger who knew nothing of my series of records.

He doesn't want you to leave London at once. Well, what he said is this: "It will be necessary for you to go." Not in a few days, he doesn't mean, but just a little bit later, as if it might be within a few weeks.

(I see.)

Not home again, he says, not home. (I see.) But to another place which is rather a good way from here. I keep getting a letter P. (All right.) P for the place. (All right.) So he says remember that, because I shall be meeting you there. (All right.) He wants you to do that.

NOTE: I wondered if it might prove to be Paris, but I did not return home by way of France, as I had done last season. Possibly this was in the communicator's mind. There was no fulfilment to this prediction. I arrived from Paris five days ago, but had no sittings there this year.

[Whispered:] Tuppy? Tubby? [Aloud, but quietly:] Tubby, Tubby, Tubby, Tubby? (Yes.) He keeps saying Tubby to you. (Yes.) He's not very polite! But he says, "I am very pleased to see you." And he pats you on the shoulder [indicating her own left shoulder] and he say like "Good girl," like that way. [Laughing.]

(Thank you.)

NOTE: This giving of my name was very quiet and easy and appar-

ently without any realization on Feda's part that it was a name. Her apologetic remark as to his addressing me as "tubby" shows that she regarded it as an adjective. I am not a stout person, it may be remarked, for the benefit of strangers, hence the epithet would not befit my appearance.

And he says HE HASN'T FOUND MANY FRIENDS TO RELY UPON, TO CARRY OUT THE WORK AS HE WISHED IT. (Yes.) HE'S BEEN A LITTLE BIT DISAPPOINTED. (Yes.) But he says, "I know that a few of you have done your best."

(Thank you.)

He says, "You have done your best, but you have had to do it in the face of such opposition." (Yes.) He says, "Opposition from those who have not got the true spirit of the work in their hearts." (Yes.) "But," he says, "we must just do the best we can. We can work."—

Just wait a minute while I tell her about the lady that's come.

NOTE: Coming after my name, the references to the manner in which I have had to work must be discounted to a certain extent, as the psychic may have some subconscious coloring to contribute in that connection, my name and my resignation from the staff of the A. S. P. R. being common knowledge in England now, with no doubt sundry surmises and theories attaching thereto on the part of a few of Mrs. Leonard's sitters who follow the news of the Societies and may have heard of me. The references of Feda are clear, and it is true that L. A. has shared our ideals of the way the work should be done, together with a share of the opposition to those ideals from those who do not understand or share them. J. H. H.-X has had reason to be disappointed.

Feda interrupts him to give the following:

I wanted him just to wait a bit, because there is such a nice spirit here, a lady. (Yes.) The lady is with him, but she doesn't come with him, you know, at all,—if you understand? (Yes.) She's separate to him, altogether. I said "with him" at first, because she stands near him, because she's got to get into the power. But she doesn't belong to him at all.

This lady is no longer young. When she passed over, she was an elderly lady. Not very tall. I think you would say about medium height. She's not short, but she would be medium. She's rather a nice build, straight and holds herself well. Her face is inclined to the oval in shape. (Yes.) Her features are straight, well shaped, regular

features. Her skin is clear, not exactly fair, only it's so beautifully smooth and clear. (Yes.) She hasn't got hardly any wrinkles, only the one I notice most is just here [nose to chin] each side of her mouth, rather deep, just there. She has a fine shaped mouth, very well shaped lips. (Hm.) Her eyes look to be like a gray. (Hm.) Her lashes are a darkish brown. Her eyebrows very well marked, not much arched, very little arched, [not dark] but fair and well shaped, well marked. [You would notice them more if they were darker. Not as dark as the lashes.—This expression I omitted in the shorthand for lack of time, but I purposed to recall and insert it here. This was one of the first points that led me to think I knew who might be intended, though as yet uncertain.]

Her hair was gray when she passed over. And she doesn't wear it down on her face at all. She wears it taken away from her forehead, and it is very fine looking, nice looking hair, though it was quite gray. I feel as if she took trouble with it and would always keep it well brushed and tidy.

(Yes.)

She was not feeling well for quite a long time before she passed over. But she was a lady with so much will and energy that she really, you see, saved herself from being very ill. (I see.) And managed always to sort of do things and talk to people as if she was, you know, as well as ordinary people. (Hm.)

At the end of her life, she seemed to get very suddenly bad and to sort of collapse, and was quite unconscious when she passed over. But it wasn't really as sudden as it seemed, because I feel that for two or three years she wasn't at all in a good condition of health. Not at all. She was an active lady and she liked to keep going. She liked to be always doing something, and she didn't want to be a burden on other people.

NOTE: I rather anticipated that my mother was to be described, as she has elsewhere been associated with J. H. H.-X as a communicator. It proved, however, that it was her niece, my cousin, who was described. They resembled one another, but the points of difference are brought out in Feda's description. The description of the height as "medium" is correct for my mother, my cousin being slightly above medium height. But my cousin carried herself well and my mother was somewhat bowed with long illness and weakness. My mother's hair was gray but not any longer fine after turning gray, as my cousin's remained. They dressed their hair as described. My mother had more wrinkles,

being older and more careworn at her death than my cousin. The regularity of the features was a point in common, and the gray eyes. My cousin's skin was beautifully smooth and clear, though not very fair. The eyebrows and lashes, the line from the nose to the mouth, the fine mouth and well-shaped lips all well indicate my cousin. Her hair was gray, not white, and she took pains with it. It always was well brushed and tidy.

It was eminently true of her that she was active, had much will and energy, and did like to keep going even when she was not feeling very fit. She confessed to me, a few weeks before her death, when she was leading a very active life, that she felt just so tired all the time she didn't know how to stand it, but that she was really well. She did collapse suddenly, two or three weeks before her death, owing to the slow progression of an internal disorder which she herself knew nothing of and which was only discovered after she went to the hospital. She was never told of it. She would have hated to be a burden upon other people. This characteristic she shared with my mother, in addition to the other resemblances. Later points made by Feda still further prove the communicator to have been my cousin, however. The following is eminently true of her:

I feel she was a kind hearted woman, nice character, self-contained. —Wait a minute,—but you *must* try it! She says that she does belong to you, she knows you very well.

NOTE: True, she was an intimate friend as well as a relative.

She says that you have got a photograph of her that was taken not long before she went over. It is not a very good one, but she was glad that you had got it. It wasn't what you would call a full-length one. It was just taken, the top part of her [indicating the torso from the waist upward]. She thinks that you will be able to find that quite easily, but it isn't one that you have got with you. (I see.) It is not supposed to be a good one of her. (Hm.) It is not good of her, because she is much better looking than she shows me in the picture. (I see.)

NOTE: There is such a picture of her which has been out in plain sight at my home until the past six months or so, when it was put away as not being quite as good a likeness as others we have in the family. It was taken on a pleasure trip, as a memento. This was not a full-length picture, but showed the figure seated, "the top part of her." She was better looking than this photograph. I could probably have found the photograph easily at home. It was not in England with me.

She's a woman that, if you saw her, you couldn't help noticing the shape of her features. She's a rather what you call an ex-tinguished looking lady. (Hm.) [Feda half aside, as though correcting herself:] No, *distinguished*, distinguished looking, for her features are what you would call quite straight, not what you would call aquamarine [evidently intending *aquiline*]. Her nose rounded at the tip and her chin, too, rounded at the tip, not pointed. Regular in shape, rounded a little bit at the tips.

NOTE: She was distinguished in appearance, with straight, regular, "not aquiline features." Her nose was rounded at the tip, and her chin, too. Feda has a charming way of getting the sound of the long words she "listens" for, without always pronouncing them properly. The meaning is so clear that the error in pronunciation is delightful.

She's tried to speak to you, I am sure, before, and I feel that SHE'S TRIED TO SEND A MESSAGE, not through Feda, but THROUGH—wait a minute—now, I can't get that. Well, she looked at me and she said another, ANOTHER CONTROL WHO RATHER REMINDS HER OF FEDA,—wait a minute, I am telling her. [Said to communicator, who throughout shows less familiarity with the *modus operandi* of the sitting than the other two, more experienced communicators. This is quite natural in the circumstances, though Feda does not know it.]

And she says that's someone far away from here, but whom you will be seeing again, later on. And she gives me a large letter C, while she's talking about this. (Yes.) C.

NOTE: Bell mentioned her name, Margaret, and the pet names by which she often heard my mother call me in my little childhood, to which reference soon follows, here. And of course Bell is very like Feda in age and coloring. So is Sunbeam, Mrs. Chenoweth's guide, an American Indian. I have had one or two attempts at communication through Mrs. Chenoweth, as well as one through Mrs. Chamberlaine. The latter has no young Indian guide that I know of, however. I have seen all three psychics since.

She's got a girl with her who's related to her, on the other side, too. The girl is very beautiful, but it is a good while since she passed over. The girl I am speaking of passed over before the lady. (Yes.) And I don't think the lady had quite expected to see a great big, grown up beautiful spirit like that meet her, because I feel a feeling of joy and yet surprise, too. Eh—she's building up the initials J T (Yes.) J T. They come up just near her.

(Good.)

NOTE: These are my father's initials, and he lost a daughter just our cousin's age when they were both young girls. The initial of my sister is C., which was given just before the reference to her. It may therefore not apply to the psychic through whom Cousin M. has tried to communicate, but to the name of her cousin who died so many years before, in their youth. The family had always thought and spoken of my sister as "little C." It would be strange to think of her otherwise. She was beautiful both in appearance and in character. My cousin was very fond of my father, as well as of her Cousin C.

Then who's that other one, then? Who's A., A. as well. (All right.) There is an A. as well. Doesn't come quite with the other letters, but it came up near them. Just after she had built the J. and the T., I saw an A. come up, just as if linked near them.

NOTE: The A. "linked up near" the others is very good. A. was related to her by marriage, and so was J. T. They were not related to one another, but she forms a connecting link with each. A. is also deceased. They were fond of each other in life, and there is a bond of affection and respect between all these mentioned in the group.

Gert, Gert, Gert—wait a minute. Can't get that. Gert, Gertie? Gertie? Wait a minute, can't quite get it.

NOTE: This, of course, is a nickname for my given name, though we never used it in the family. The expression of dissatisfaction befits this fact. The name may have been given in full, and the control may have misinterpreted it, as she is not English. It came very readily indeed, without any apparent recognition on the part of the communicators that they had scored another hit. "Gert" is Mrs. Laura's nickname for me, but she has never used it in conversation with Feda or Mrs. Leonard.

Lottie? Lottie? Not quite that. Wait a minute.

(Not quite right.)

Lottie? Lottie? No, no, wait a minute, she says. Change the letter, change the letter. OTTIE, Ottie, Ottie—she doesn't quite say Lottie, but I keep getting something sounding like Ottie. Ottie—I CAN'T QUITE GET THIS ONE YET, but she will try again when I am not trying to think of it, she says.—Wait a minute.—Joseph.

NOTE: The name "Lottie" or "Ottie" and "change the letter" suggested to my mind the name of a very close friend of her family, a man, whose nickname was odd and would be difficult to transmit. He

pre-deceased my cousin, and I was prepared to have her refer to the fact, but it proves that I was quite wide of the mark, and amusingly so. "Joseph," immediately after the "Lottie" and "Ottie," links it back to my family, for Joseph is my father's name, already indicated in "J. T." This name evidently slipped through like "Gert," quite automatically, and the control paid no attention to it at all. There was no effort at interpretation or elaboration as in the case of the names known to give me difficulty, on account of their faulty transmission.

If only we could get this simple automatic record from psychics, regularly, it would be much more telling and very likely less of an effort for them, as well. One often thinks, in receiving work of this sort, "What if a telephone wire could come to self-consciousness: how it would interpret and misinterpret our conversations!"

My own misinterpretation is checked by the sudden flashing in of the name Joseph, which had nothing to do with the friend I supposed M. meant by "Ottie." As a matter of fact, the reference was to another of my nicknames, after the attempt at the nickname for Gertrude. The record runs: "I can't quite get this one yet." I did not catch the pertinence of the phrase at the time. But directly after "Joseph" was interpolated, there was a further effort at a pet name for me in my childhood. See the following note.

There is a very funny name, too, sounding like Duzin, Duzin, Duzy, Duzy, Duzy. I don't think this is an ordinary name now that we mean, like David, or any ordinary name like that. Duzy, Duzy, Toozy, Toozy, Tootsie [thrice]. O dear! She says it is very near it. Toosie, Toosie. As she says it, she rather smiles, as if it rather reminds her of jokes and happy times.

(Yes, that's right.)

O dear! Tusey [thrice]—O dear, not quite that—Tusey is the nearest I can get to it. It is very near, but not quite right. There is a bit near the end she wanted to alter [repeated this]. Tootsie, Tootsie. O dear!

"Never mind," she says, "don't *you* say it."

(I won't.)

Because, she says, if she can't say it now, she probably will again, and she will probably say it suddenly. (Yes.) Wait a minute: Toosa [thrice]. She says, "Never mind, leave it," but she's awful tempted to keep on trying, because she was so awful anxious to get it.

NOTE: M. is characteristically very persistent; always has been.

(I see. Why?)

Well, she thought it would be like a clew, she says.

(Yes.)

And she says, "Not a clew with the present only, but with the past, some time ago." (Yes.) And she's sort of looking back, do you see? (Yes.) And she's looking back and chuckling, like that way [illustrating with a chuckle]. (Yes.) And she keeps saying it just as if she was chuckling a bit.

NOTE: The three names M. attempted prove all to refer to me: Gert or Gertie, Lottie or Ottie, and Toosie. The latter two represent the *Trotty* and *Tooshie* already presented defectively in the Britain séance [No. 3]. At that sitting, M. was the one indicated as present with my mother, and apparently it was the purpose here to clear up the reference, and clinch the matter so that it might not appear to be only my surmise that supported these names as the ones intended. "Change the letter" after Lottie was given, and the decapitating to "Ottie" would appear to indicate that the initial sound was to be changed. My own surmise was wrong, for it would have involved changing the double *t* in the middle of the name, and would have carried the connection quite outside of the family.

In her youth, my cousin used to find me very amusing, as I was an infant and a little child then and she often chuckled over my ways. My father was associated closely in her mind with that period, when she used to visit us. There were jokes and happy times in that "past, some time ago"—over forty years. For M. was "elderly" at death, in her early sixties. My own knowledge of those times is at second hand from her own recollections and conversation about them, in many cases, as I was so small I have forgotten even the facts of her visits. She took a young girl's interest in "the baby" and remembered the foolish little nicknames and amusing prattle, of which she told stories that she chuckled over, all her life. As explained in the notes to the A. B. sitting, I was called Trotty Veck, owing to my continual trotting about on little errands for others or upon my own small affairs.

It will be noted that the remark, "I can't quite get this one yet," is appropriate to the effort to give three names for one person—myself, Gertrude, Trotty Veck and Tooshie. [Compare Note, p. 88.] It was after the mention of May, who named me, and who was a little younger than my Cousin M., that the two pet names were attempted in the Britain sitting. It must also be remarked that my cousin's name begins with the letters M-a, and she had a great "lot of ribbon and laces and funny things" stored away always, "and she was a very busy woman while she was here," and of course belonged in the family, in "another country more like Australia." She was an American, as am I.

She keeps saying, "Who's gone smaller, who's gone thinner?" Was there some joke when she was here about somebody getting fat? "Who's gone thinner?"

(I don't know. Perhaps so.) [Still laboring under the delusion that my mother was meant.]

I think so. You will remember that, will you? She's being reminded of it and remembering while she's trying to give that name. Wait a bit. She's talking quickly. She says one in a sense will bring you to the other; but in a way it is a joke about getting fat. She's not fat. (I see.) She's not fat, she's just nice, she's just medium.

O, what are you just saying then, about that effect? Yes.—She says that she's often been to you, and she's tried to impress you that she's there. (Yes.) But she says she hasn't been able to quite show herself or make you hear her voice or anything quite so definite, yet, as she wants to do. She says that she thinks that she will get much more in mental touch with you later on.

(All righty.)

What a nuisance. The conditions have not been very good, she says. Who's Elsie, Elsie? (Yes.) She's speaking about Elsie. She doesn't mean an Elsie passed over. She's speaking about an Elsie on the earth.

(Oh.)

She wants you to be rather careful about your guessing whom she means, because Elsie is on the earth, and she's afraid you would think it was someone with her over there.

NOTE: I had thought so at first, but had not indicated it in any way. I wondered whether the beautiful young girl she had been surprised to meet might be "Elsie," but they were not related, and Elsie died not really a young girl, but a young woman, so I was frankly puzzled until M. warned me against guessing whom she meant. But plainly M. here intends a member of her own family, still living, whose name begins with the syllable "El," though it is not Elsie. This "El" is the one with whom she had many a joke about "Who's thinner, who's grown thinner?" They were very nearly of the same weight, and both used to claim a little reduction in weight when they got together, and there would be laughing discussions as to which had won. "El," moreover, would have been a good channel for M. to communicate through, had conditions been right, but they have not been very good since M.'s death and "El" has not tried for communications on account of her own health. She has, however, had one or two visions and impressions from M. which she has reported to me. M. grew thinner in her last two

or three years, no doubt owing to failing health, and was "just medium," which worried "El."

Because Elsie is on the earth, and she's got a very strong feeling that you will be seeing something about her. No, she says, "Reading," like reading news about her. I don't think it will be dreadfully interesting, but you will say like, "Fancy that being so," like that way.

NOTE: Shortly after writing out the Feda record and annotations, which I was doing on June 5th, I did receive a bit of mildly surprising news of "El" by mail, and of course "read" it. It concerned some new living arrangements she was making, not "dreadfully" interesting but welcome news. El is one of the four persons indicated in what follows, the whole thing being a well-woven group of references.

She says that she doesn't only go to you, but she goes to help four of the [or *other*] people she's interested in. As if there are four belonging to her on the earth that she tries to help. Four. "My four." Yes, she's trying to count, and she counts that way, and says four that she especially goes to. I don't feel that the four people are all together. I have a strong feeling that they are separated, in that they are not, not the four, living all together in one place, but that the three are nearer to each other than the one is. Three people close together, rather grouped, and one rather separate.

NOTE: At this time, three of those she is interested in are in Europe, and the fourth, "El," is several thousand miles away, in America. We four have seen more of her and been closer to her than other relatives.

Try and tell me that, then.

There is a picture of a gentleman she shows me, in whom she's very interested. He's above the medium. He's rather tall in build. He has no beard or whiskers. He's about medium built across the shoulders, and yet he sort of gives you an impression of being well built. His head and face are a little to the long in shape. His nose shows the bridge; it's rather what you would call a little bit Roman. He has a firm mouth, not small, it's quite medium size, but firm, and he has rather a good chin, too, rather a strong chin. His hair is thin on the top of his head, and his head is rather high and broad, too. A very good forehead. At the sides and back his hair is *pretty* thick, but rather gray. I have a feeling that this man is not with her on the other side, but he's someone in whom she's interested, who is still on the earth. He has no moustache, he is quite clean shaven. And he wears glasses on his eyes.

It's someone that you know, too, and you are not with him just now, and you are not very likely to see him at present. He hasn't been well and she's been rather worried about him, trying to help him. He gets so depressed, and she's been trying very hard to help him.

She says, "When you see him again, he will tell you about the trouble, and about him being ill." She's not sure that you would hear about it in a letter; probably not till you see him again. But she wants you to remember that she's been helping him just now, because he's needing it just now, at this moment.

(Yes. I don't know, of course.) [It is shortly before noon.]

Yes. She says you doesn't know of this, and she says she doesn't think you will know in a few days, even; it will take you a few weeks till you know. But she would like you to date this, so that you can look back and see that it was the same time. And whoever this is, he's wanting to make a journey. I feel his thoughts of packing up things and going a journey, but his not being well made him worry, made him fear a bit about it.

NOTE: In general, this description is applicable to the communicator's son, the one living person in whom she would have the keenest interest. But the following items seem to me erroneous: "Head and face a little to the long in shape; nose shows the bridge, a little bit Roman; hair thin on top and rather gray; wears glasses on his eyes." I have not seen him in fifteen months at the time of this sitting, and it may be his hair has grown a little gray and that he now wears glasses. His head and face are more nearly round than long, his nose strong and straight, but not at all Roman. I have no photographs at hand, and memory is sometimes tricky.

However, the other details of the description fit his case admirably, and I have no doubt who is meant. I know that he has long been subject to fits of depression, that he has been thinking of taking a long journey, of which I had expected to hear before coming abroad myself. I have not heard from him in months and do not know the reason for his having deferred his trip. Nor is it likely that I shall hear anything from him in some weeks or months to come, except in a roundabout way through "El." He would be apt to worry over his own health if he felt at all ill. Hitherto, the young man described has been widely separated from three of us, he being in Europe and we in the United States. At present, three of us are in Europe, and "El" is in the United States. M. certainly would be trying to help him if she could.

September 9th, 1925: I wish to append the following items to this note.

On May 23rd, 1925, six days before the Feda sitting, "El" wrote from America to my sister, in England, a letter which was forwarded to me and reached me just a month later than the sitting, that is, June 29th. Referring to the young man, "El" says, "He gets home [U. S. A. from Europe] June 1st, I believe. He will be nice and rested, for he will have been on [the steamer] a month." On July 7th, "El" again wrote from America a letter received about ten days later, saying that the young man had arrived in America in the first half of June. "He is not very well." She refers to his loss of weight, about thirty-five or more pounds, and goes on to say, "His losing his suitcase [containing his mother's, M.'s, picture] and the last month [abroad] spent trying to find it, a prolonged shuffleboard tournament on steamer, a tussle with a drunken man on board steamer, all combined to make him feel ill when he got home."

It is clear that "trouble" and reference "about him being ill" are correct points. He had planned a longer trip, and "El" says, in her letter of June 16th, received toward the end of that month, and a month later than the sitting, "I had thought the probable reason for his coming home soon was because he was not well." Further than this I have no information. I have not seen him or heard directly.

In the autumn, after my return to the United States myself, I looked up my photographs and find that the details of the description that were amiss for M.'s son all exactly describe her husband, deceased. He had a pretty good showing of hair, somewhat grayed, on the sides and back of the head, but long thin and then bald on the top, he wore glasses for years, his nose was decidedly Roman, showed the bridge, his head was long, forehead high and broad. Here again is an interesting example of the overlapping of pictures and description I have had occasion to note with other psychics. The son is not yet gray.

M.'s son has not been in good health for the year passed since I first made this note. Her concern is therefore all the better evidence. She made a most brilliant series of communications through Feda.

Who's W——, W——? They are speaking of someone, calling W——, too. [A man's name given in full.] W——. That is nothing to do with this man that they have been speaking of. (Oh.) Nothing at all. (Oh.) That is something to do with the [elderly] gentleman that came to you first.

NOTE: The name mentioned would be thus properly related. There is no W—— connected with the young man.

He says, "Trying to influence W——," he says, "I am." He looked at you, and he's twinkling a bit. And he says, "You can't,"

like that way. And he's pretending as if W—— wanted a good deal of hammering, like that [one fist pounding down on the other] like that. As if it takes him all his time to impress W——. That's what he says. But he nods his head, and he says, "I manage to do it occasionally," like that way. [We both laugh.] He says: "W—— is very obstinate. W—— is very obstinate, very obstinate." But I don't think he really minds him being obstinate. No, I am sure he doesn't. He says, you see, W—— doesn't resist him. W—— allows him to influence him, because he doesn't know he's influencing him. Ain't it a nuisance! He's a little bit inclined to resent being influenced too much by other people,—he is if he knows it. But, he says, "Fortunately he's not aware of all I try to influence him in, so," he says, "I manage to do a great deal of work by"—by what? O, dear, I don't think there's any sense in that.—"By hiding my light under a bushel," he says.

(Yes.)

You haven't got any bushels.—"Never mind," he says, that's what he calls matter for [metaphor]. Well, it would be better if you [J. H. H.-X] spoke in ordinary English. "W——'s been rather like a fire-brand." (I see.) He's been throwing cooling waters on W——, quenching him a little. (I see.) Isn't it a nuisance. But he seems quite serious over it.

NOTE: These references are natural as coming from J. H. H.-X. One cannot, of course, prove the influence of the communicator, as it is claimed that that is not understood to be effective, on the part of the one indicated. It is true that I could not at all probably influence the individual, were I to attempt it.

I had long suspected that Feda's "Isn't it a nuisance?" sometimes means "Isn't it amusing?" and here the phrase following, "but he seems quite serious over it," clinches my surmise.

The switch to the interests of J. H. H.-X is a clear break from M.'s work, just preceding. The switch is maintained in what follows:

And he says, "I have still got a lot to do with him, you know, I have got a great deal to do with him, on the one what—on the new"—Who's the new importation?

(I see.)

The new importation, the new importation. (Yes.) Eh—O, well, he's knocking the new importation into shape. (Yes. Yes, I see.) That what he say he's doing. And he says you know who he means. (I think so.) It is a person, not a thing. (Yes.) B. B, B—and then he builds up B. (Yes.) He says he's doing his best. (To knock him

into shape?) Yes. He says, "I am doing *my* best," (I see.)—"to knock him into shape and get him into seeing the way we want things," do you see. He says he wonders who will be chosen next.

(Does he know?)

Well he says you know there is someone else going to be what he calls appointed, appointed. Yes. He says there seem to be a good many changes, one way and another, a good many. He says there has got to be a new person appointed now.

(For what purpose?)

Now wait a bit—. Now what does that mean, auxiliary? (Auxiliary.) That what he say. Not exactly taking the place of somebody, but auxiliary. Circumstances will make it necessary, he say.

(Will they? I didn't know about it.)

He says you doesn't know just now, but he says it will have to be and you will know about it a little later on in the summer. (I see.) Then he say, I don't know—Wait a bit, while I tell her: "The trouble isn't quite over yet." (Oh?) Ain't it a nuisance. (Hm. Too bad.) Little friction, he knows it. (I see.) And the friction is arising in connection with B. (So?) You will hear about it, he says, "but," he says, "I hope that it can be overcome." He says—can't quite get that, eh,—he says, "I am specially trying to help B. just now, with some new experiments." (Yes.) "And I want you to make a special note of the fact that I am taking an early opportunity of communicating that to B. himself." [Whispered this and then repeated aloud as from dictation.]

(I see.)

B. reminds him of a—of a what? O, but I don't think that's nice. (Never mind.) Of a very clever and energetic sparrow. Sparrow. [Laughed.]

(That sounds nice.)

"Because," he says, "he's been cleaning up the garden of s'perfluous—s'perfluous matter." I don't think sparrows are useful. "Oh, yes," he says, "they are very useful." (I see.) He says he'd—B. has done quite good work on his own lines, he says. (Yes.) And he says, "I want him to know that I approve of the cleaning up process upon which he has been engaged." But people don't like being called sparrows! He says, "I am giving that word specially, specially. It applies to him in two ways." (Yes?) Two ways. (Two ways.) He says, "What is a sparrow?" [repeated]. It is a thing what comes and eats the fruit in the garden. "No, no," he says, "never mind

about the fruit in the garden." And he says that is what B. is. But B. doesn't eat the fruit in—He says, "Never mind about the fruit in the garden." He says you know what he means when you think it out.

(Yes.)

He says, "We want what I call a new mind." (Yes.) A new mind, he says, "A mind that would bring a new reasoning focus," he calls it, "a new reasoning focus to bear on a rather difficult situation. And," he says, "I feel we have got it, and that things on the whole will be better in consequence."

(Well, I am glad.)

"But that does not ob-liter-ate," he says, "that does not ob-liter-ate"—obliterate what?—"some of the things that happened previously, which involved injustice and unfair treatment in more than one direction." What a nuisance.

NOTE: B. is, of course, the initial of the new "importation" on the staff of the A. S. P. R., Mr. Bird, whose name is well suggested by the reference to a sparrow, which so disturbs Fedá. He does bring in a new "reasoning focus." There have been a good many changes, one way and another, in the work in which J. H. H. was leader and prime mover in his lifetime. I know nothing of any present "friction" or of the appointment of any "auxiliary" person. Nor do I know of any message that Mr. Bird may have had from J. H. H. The general fact that there have been many changes in the A. S. P. R. is one no doubt familiar to Mrs. Leonard, as it would be to any English psychic worker, but the details referred to are beyond the limits of her knowledge, and even beyond my own, though I sailed from New York only the 2nd of May.

My endeavor to verify the details has yielded the following:

Subsequent to this sitting, Mr. Harry Price, of England, was appointed Foreign Research Officer of the A. S. P. R., as was announced in that Society's *Journal* for August, 1925.

My inquiry of Mr. Bird, by letter, for points referring to him, received the following response:

"So far as I can see, I must answer all three of your questions in the negative. And I enclose your slip filled out in this sense.

"1. I was not entering upon some new experiments toward the end of May, 1925, or undertaking them at that period.

"2. I did not receive an intimation that Dr. J. H. Hyslop was especially trying to help me with them.

"3. There was not any friction involving me, to which Dr. J. H. Hyslop might have been interested in referring, for evidential reasons, the latter part of May, 1925.

"J. MALCOLM BIRD."

Naturally, there may have been substantiating data with reference to certain of these details, which had not come to Mr. Bird's attention. That is to say, the result is not necessarily a total negative as to the facts, but merely as to Mr. Bird's knowledge of the facts.

Then he looks at you and he says, "Are you aware that I have met an old friend recently?" (No.) "I say 'old friend' because I was not with him often, but I had met him and I liked him, and we had corresponded very much some years ago. It was my intention to work with him and carry out certain investigations, but in the meantime, I passed over." He says, "I am not speaking of a relative. I am speaking of a man who was interested in the same things and people, and who has only just passed over." He says, "I have seen him. He has only just awakened in the spirit world, and he is"—he's what? "He has already begun to wish to be active." (Hm.) "Now," he says, "you will just have to take down what I can say about him. Put down William." (William.) William. He says, "If I can get through another name or initial, I will." (All right.) "But," he says, "I have a strong impression that you will be speaking about him tonight."—Tonight. You mean this afternoon?—"Well," he says, "what time is this?" He says he supposes this is about the middle of the day.

(Yes.) [12:10 P. M.]

He says, "The time is rather difficult, but," he says, "I mean later on today. Might be late this afternoon." He says, "It is the one thing that we cannot grasp on this plane, and that is time. It is very difficult," he says.

NOTE: The name William causes me to wonder how Sir William Barrett is. I have been in England so short a time that I have not called, though I have had it in mind to do so for several days, especially the 25th.

It proved that Sir William Barrett, the eminent physicist and the good friend of J. H. H. in just the way indicated by Feda, had passed out of life the very day before this séance, but I did not hear of his death until June 1st. It is probable that Mrs. Leonard knew of his death, as it had been publicly announced and a memorial meeting was planned with eminent speakers, in connection with the funeral ceremonies. It is not probable that she knew normally of the friendly correspondence and coöperation of the two men, who had met and liked one another in Dublin, before Sir William retired from the university there and took up his residence in London. Long before their meeting, J. H. H. had coöperated in tracing a supposed American communicator who addressed the then Professor Barrett through the mediumship of

Mrs. Dowden [Travers-Smith]. They may have planned to work together in some experiments further, but I cannot now recall the fact. I was familiar with much of their correspondence for years, but of course anything regarding experiments, for the sake of evidence, would be more than likely written by Dr. Hyslop personally and not go through the files.

It may be that J. H. H. tried to impress me to call upon Sir William immediately upon my arrival in London, but I had no premonition to push the matter, though I felt a special urgency to go soon.

As his last initial, B., was the same as that of Mr. Bird, just given, it would offer difficulty in the transmission through Feda, who must have known Sir William's name well and would have been much puzzled to unravel the sparrow mystery in any such connection. I can quite see how it was that J. H. H.-X said guardedly, "If I can get through another name or initial, I will." I got no other.

Hyslop and Barrett were not related by blood, but deeply interested in the same things and people. I did not speak of Sir William that evening, and I did not look at a newspaper for several days, unfortunately, so got the verification later than I should.

I keep seeing a big letter H come up at the side of him, H [outlining it with her left forefinger near my left arm].

(I see.)

And I see, too, a J as well [outlining similarly, several times]. (Yes.) "And you have got them in the wrong order," he says.

(Yes, that is right. I know.)

And what did you [communicator] say?—Who dares to call him Uncle Jimmy! [I laughed, as this is the nickname a friend of mine had given the dignified J. H. H. in private conversation with me.] And he looked at you and pretended to frown [imitating him in illustration] and he says, "Who dares to call me Uncle Jimmy?" Like that way. And he's a funny man. Sometimes when I suppose he means a thing as a joke, he pretends to look dreadful serious. And I think he often did that here, you know. He would often say things that he didn't really mean, and say them with such an awful serious face that the people who didn't know him well would be a bit taken aback and say, "O, dear," you know, what did he mean? And then, after, they would see that it was a kind of joke, and they would feel rather silly. And he's nodding his head, and he says:

"Yes, I believe that I was guilty of such practices." What? But he didn't seem dreadfully repentant. He seemed as if he was quite satisfied with himself about it. [I laughed.]

NOTE: The above was a true characterization of J. H. H. He was often brusque in attack but there was always a friendly hand inside the iron glove.

His initials, "H. J.," but "in the wrong order," followed by the amused reference to Uncle Jimmy, place him for the first time explicitly in this séance. It is true that he often pretended much more severity than he really felt toward individuals. He was emphatically severe in his judgment of principles and lines of thought and action in others, or in himself, but he never bore personal grudges or spoke with animus against the persons who seemed to him to be acting on erroneous grounds. He had a grim humor about this, that is well represented in Feda's presentation here of his "awful serious face," which was at first misconstrued by many beside Feda.

He did not use the name of "Jimmy" as applied to himself, so the "who dares" is highly apropos. No one, in his maturity, seriously addressed him as Jim, except possibly elder relatives when he visited them. "B." did not so address him, and he could only psychically have "heard" B. do so in the letter I am about to quote, which was written five years after J. H. H.'s so-called death,—a word I find it most unfitting to use with reference to him.

To my great amusement, I discovered, in going over the summer's correspondence, the following rhymed letter mailed me April 7th, 1925, before I left the United States, by its writer, Weston D. Bayley, the writer of the Preface to this volume.

"Dear Tubby: I would have you know, we're very glad that you're to go across the briny sea. You'll call on psychics there once more and summon up the ghosts galore who once knew you and me. If Uncle Dick is still about, you're likely soon to find it out, since if he is in trim, he'll surely get a message through (e'en though it be a line or two), significant of him. Then, too, if Uncle Jim's around, by this time likely he has found why spirits, when they come, some very splendid things will do, admixed with twaddle that comes through and makes them seem so dumb. To understand why Jim and Dick as deaders failed to turn the trick, has kept me sorely vexed. There's evidence to know they're here, though oftener it does appear they're stupid or perplexed. And all their lives they tried to know what makes communicators so, yet they are just as bad. When cornered for a crucial test, they dodge and hedge just like the rest, and make one bloomin' mad. . . . Cordially, B."

Uncle Jim refers jocosely to Dr. Hyslop, and Uncle Dick to Dr. Hodgson, the intimate friend of W. D. B. who first used the nickname "B" for Dr. Bayley.

The two references in this amusing letter had quite slipped my mind, at the time of the Fedá sitting, but evidently some note had been taken of it and preserved for mention by "Uncle Jim" when opportunity should arise. He has on another occasion [Séance 9] mentioned B. through Fedá appreciatively and has several times expressed his knowledge and appreciation of B.'s interest and support in securing the Hyslop communications and in carrying on the work of scientific psychic research in America. It is, therefore, quite reasonable to place the above rhyme in evidence of the fact that in this instance "Uncle Jim" has *not* "failed to turn the trick." In fact, the communicator was more accurate in his reference than I myself, though I was in possession of all the facts.

The whole is a good play of tit-for-tat, which would have appealed to J. H. H. in his lifetime as excellent evidence.

NOTE by W. D. Bayley:—

The "Uncle Dick" and "Uncle Jim" incident grew out of this circumstance. Dr. Hodgson and I for a number of years spent the month of August together on the coast of Maine at the summer home of a patient of mine (the M. B. of some Piper Sittings). My daughter, then a growing youngster, with other children, knew him as "Uncle Dick." He was passionately fond of children and captivated them with his romping plays, games, and childhood songs which he taught them. He was an untiring and ever-available "Uncle Dick." My daughter, now grown up with children of her own, still reveres the memory of that wonderfully versatile man. In this manner I occasionally addressed him jocularly as "Uncle Dick." The psychic did not know J. H. H., and even if she had known him, it is questionable if with his more serious temperament, she would have felt free to think of him as "Uncle Jim." In the offhand, quickly written, rhyming letter to Miss Tubby, the "Uncle" designation merely fell in with all of the more serious associated memories and concepts of my two splendid friends who were dead.

Dead? Of course I followed the multitudes who looked with half curiosity, half awe, upon the carefully-groomed remains in the casket. (Funeral procedures, like all other human methods, have been subject to the laws of evolution; formerly there were hired mourners, etc.) I have listened to numerous ecclesiastical discourses over the dead; and attended to the last words of theological authority spoken at the closing of the grave! How much easier it was for the cleric to be comfortably driven home to an appetizing dinner and how silly the exiguous few who may linger, imbued with the strong personality of the friend who was mysteriously absent from the doctored-up shell!

But in all human inquiry history records the little handful. It has

been so in every line of scientific progress. Many have realized this human defection, but the one great writer who gave a fixed perspective to the difficulties of pioneers was Professor Andrew D. White in his literary masterpiece. The former President of Cornell and Ambassador to Russia made an imperishable monument with his pen. Many may not read the indelible inscription, but the loss and the continued ignorance is theirs.

Here persist the few who are not satisfied. Where the orthodox preacher placed a period, they have added another stroke and made of it a comma; and now how many gentlemen of the cloth are readjusting their glasses, to re-examine the punctuation! They are not unmindful of the many previous withdrawals (in good order) before the progress of scientific inquiry. Here doubtless is another trench to be abandoned. (Easier than many of the preceding ones.) We have proclaimed "immortality;" and now a congeries of scientific men predicate "Survival." These few clear-sighted clergymen are keenly mindful of the fact that the (so-called) Christian Church is dribbling down to an extra-emotional formula and ritual from which there are millions of deserters.

If scientific inquiry, by the standard laboratory methods of procedure, can demonstrate that "mind" and personality is an entity apart from the fortuitously agglutinated association of elements which (in constant flux) go to make up the "body," here is a new and rational support to the pulpit. If survival is proved and it is shown that everyone carries with him the exact quantity—no more, no less—of the personality which he has builded on earth, what an incentive to rational, theological urging! It is no longer a matter of vague and remote "faith," it is now a matter of demonstration that some humans go into the next world with wonderfully builded psychical qualities, while others pass over so contemptibly mean that it requires a celestial microscope to observe their coming.

The problem as to whether mind or personality is a product of the chemical activity of neurons, or whether psychical individualities are entities separate and distinct, which are in temporary association with organized structures, is a purely scientific one, to be solved by the methods of inquiry which have clarified all other lines of human research.—W. D. B.

And he says, "Isn't it a good thing I am well now."

(*Yes.*)

And he says, "I don't sit there, don't sit huddled up and TIRED in the chair now." (Good.) He says, "Trying to concentrate and feeling so weary of it." (Good.) He says, "full of pleasure," (My!)

“—in the very”—in the very what?—“in the very sense of living.” (Fine.) “Well,” he says, “I used to here, you know, sometimes, but,” he says, “not latterly.” (Hm.) He says, “I felt very tired sometimes, very tired.” (Yes.) He says, “Used to sit near the desk, you know, used to sit near the desk, half leaning on it.” (Yes.) “And feeling, ‘well, I must keep going,’ and trying to ignore the fact that I was far from well.” (Hm.) And he say, “Now, work is a pleasure.” (Good.) And he says, “When I was here, you know, it was a pleasure; it was a pleasure when I felt well.” (Yes.) He say, “I loved work and wanted to work,” (Yes.)—“But it was the consciousness that I was not doing what I thought was my best.” He says, “My brain was tired.” (Yes.) And he says, “My breathing, too, you know, I was worried with.” (Yes.) Your breathing? “Yes,” he says, HIS BREATHING UP HERE [TAPPING HER CHEST] and he says, “Used to go like that” [BREATHY ASPIRATION AND A COUGH] and he’s glad he doesn’t have that now, because, he says, it used to make people sorry for him, and they didn’t like it.

NOTE: The description of his weariness and the way he sat at his desk in the latter weeks of his activity, his sense of the necessity of keeping on as long as he could, his love of work when he was well, the huskiness in his breathing, due to bronchial trouble, are all exceedingly apt. It became difficult to hear him over the telephone owing to the huskiness of his voice, and it did make us feel sorry for him. I myself noticed it as a symptom for some weeks before he had to give up working at his desk, and it gave me a pang not only for him, but for the future of his work. Of this I have not spoken, and it is not a matter of general knowledge likely to have reached the ears of a psychic in England.

He says, “What did you bring food in a bag for?” Food in a bag! Now he says, “Not what I used to do,” but it’s something that amuses him very much when he comes to see you. He keeps saying, “Food in a bag.”

(What’s that?)

It’s something that he’s seen you do. (Is that so?) Yes, he says, “Food in a bag.” (When?) Well, he says, “Food in a bag.” He’s pretending—O, he’s teasing while he’s pretending to stuff food in a bag to bring. But it is something that he’s seen you do just now.—But she didn’t bring all that. But he’s pretending that you brought lots and lots of food. He’s only teasing, only it would amuse him when he saw you doing it.

NOTE: On the day before this séance, I had been to market and had "stuffed lots of food in a bag, not what he used to do" when he carried a luncheon in his bag on the train to or from his work in Boston, in order to save money. My errand was a household one, and the bag a market-bag. I had been thinking of today's appointment with Mrs. Leonard as I marketed, and had made a point of inwardly expressing the hope that my friends would be present to greet me and do some good work.

What were you worried about soap for? Just lately have you been worried about soap?

(I have been thinking about it.)

Well, he got thoughts of soap, he says. "Somewhat involved thoughts of soap," he says. You weren't looking at soap [repeated], but more that you were thinking about it, and he thought that you wanted to get some. (Yes.) That's what he thought. And also something that ought to be done about brushes. Just at the same time, were you thinking anything definite about brushes? He couldn't get this very well, but he got an indistinct idea of something to do about the brush. It will probably come back to your mind after, he says. (Yes.) Well, wait a minute, I don't think that she's got it yet.

NOTE: My thoughts about soap, as I shopped, had been "somewhat involved" the two days preceding the séance. I had thought I ought, perhaps, to buy some household soap and did not know what brand would be best in England, so I had not purchased or looked at it, resolving to take counsel with my hostess first. Also, I had recalled with regret that I had neglected to buy toilet soap in Paris, as it had been my earlier purpose to do, and I realized that I must soon replenish my supply. But again, I should have to look into the question of the best kind to buy. In this connection, my brushes had flashed into mind, with the thought that the hair-brush would be needing washing, followed at once by the recollection that it had been done just before I left Paris a few days ago, but that a smaller brush must be seen to, soon. These were passing thoughts, flashes, one would suppose not readily caught by psychic means, in the midst of busy streets and shops. It is certain that they would not be as impressively held as thoughts held in a telepathic experiment, for example. Yet they seem to have been very fully apprehended by some consciousness other than my own, supernormally. I had not spoken these thoughts aloud at all.

And don't keep worrying about your shoulders. What you doing that for, last night? Fiddling with shoulders.

(Yes.)

Something you were doing, and he kept saying to you, "Do stop doing that, now stop doing that," like that way. And I don't think he really minded.

NOTE: I had worn a garment, the day before, with a shoulder-strap that slipped and occasionally required to be put in place, but I had not especially noted the fact, as it was not particularly troublesome, as such a thing can sometimes be. It had made no special record upon my own consciousness; therefore its reading is the more noteworthy.

He says he's often been with you, and he says he's practising trying to get thoughts as plainly as he can, because he knows later on he will be working with you and Laura, he says, more. (So!) Yes. More. (That's good news.)

He says, "More definitely and on much more important work than anything you have done yet, either of you." (Good.) It isn't outlined yet, but he's preparing for it. [Whispered something as if to herself, repeating the communicator's words or allowing the communicator to whisper.] Because, he says, he may have to impress his personality there directly, (Yes.) in order to get it done, he says. (I see). He says, "Rather sorry that the little circle was broken up." (Yes.) He was sorry about that, but he hopes to continue something on the same lines, later on, again.

(Good.)

NOTE: There is no present plan of Mrs. Laura and myself to go into any such work as is here indicated. It is true that a little circle of friends, inclusive of us, has recently been broken up, owing to the summer plans of all of us. In the course of the winter she and I joined a few others, in somewhat irregular groupings, for experiments in psychic photography, but the reference seems too specific to indicate this. It is true that I have held certain Sunday evenings regularly open in my home, for some years past, when a little group of members of the A. S. P. R. and their friends were accustomed to gather for social interchange on psychic matters. Mrs. Ainslee has had her part in these social evenings, from time to time. They are now broken up because of my removal from a city home.

Now wait a minute, wait a bit. Do you know there is standing near him a much younger man, very nice looking. O, he said, "We are all nice looking!" But I did notice this young man very particularly. He's tall and rather thin in build, rather slender. His eyes are blue, and his skin is a little pale but very clear. His hair is brown, not a

dark brown but a medium brown, and it's brushed back from his forehead. His forehead is square. His eyebrows are brown and straight. They are rather well marked and rather broadly marked, but not being dark you wouldn't notice them so much. If they were black they would show up better, but brown you don't notice so much. His lips are a little full, rather curved, rather well shaped lips. He stood near you and held out his hand to you, as if he couldn't quite understand that you couldn't just look round and see him.

(Yes.) [I "looked round" hereupon. But the idea is, I think that the young man is expressing friendliness.]

I get a very nice feeling with him, of a very good and kind disposition. I feel that he would have passed over rather suddenly. I get that feeling of him not expecting to go over when he did.—Were you [communicator] thinking about the sea? I get a strong impression of him either being at or thinking very strongly of a place near the sea. And I think it was not only that he might be at a place near the sea, but that he was contemplating a journey that would have taken him either over or to the sea. I don't think he could have felt very long pain or illness or anything like that. All I get with him is a—see, [touching her hand to her throat] like a light choking feeling, and he only felt that for a very little while. He felt very dizzy and a sort of sinking feeling, but this choking was the only real discomfort that he felt when he went over. Ships, ships, I see ships near him, and I think he must have been looking at or thinking of ships just a little while before he passed. Thinking very much, I feel, too, of a very particular ship that he might have gone on.

He is a very bright, happy spirit. And I have a feeling that he's really happier now than he might have been here, because when he was here he was rather sensitive and perhaps he wouldn't have been so *very* happy if he had gone on living. We feel his condition, his state is better now, specially better for him. I feel very strongly that if he could have gone on living here, if he could have got through things and gone on living, that he wouldn't have been very well, and that his nerves would have been bad; and that it is better for him to have gone over and been where he was.—“No, where I am,” he says, “where I am.”

NOTE: This much younger man I did not at first place. I was rather expecting him to be Ernest Ainslee, as Laura's absence had been noted with disappointment at the opening of the sitting. The personal description, however, was unsatisfactory in some details, and when I showed it to Mrs. Ainslee she said that it was emphatically not

that of E. A. In the autumn, after this sitting,—on September 2nd, 1925, to be exact—I had some ouija-board work from a private psychic, Mrs. A. L. B. Creagh, who, with E. H. T., had her hand on the ouija indicator. There was a communication interpolated, when I asked a question relative to this book, and advice was given, together with encouragement, by one who, being asked, said his initials were “E. F.” He spoke of the necessity of discouraging experiences at first, and the necessity for patience. Neither E. H. T. nor A. L. B. C. had any idea who could be signified by “E. F.” I at once placed it as Edwin Friend, who for a few months assisted J. H. H. in editing the publications of the A. S. P. R., and who was drowned on a trip to England, when the *Lusitania* was sunk. I did not, however, tell the ladies of this at the time. Later, in reading the present Feda sitting, it came to mind that the personal description excellently fits Edwin Friend, whom I knew personally. And the apt reference to ships and the choking sensation and the sinking, at his death, make it extremely clear. It may be that he made this attempt through a total stranger, Mrs. Creagh, in order to bring himself to mind as a communicator. I was of course familiar with the facts of his death, but I had not recognized who was meant by Feda. Yet the personal description is excellent. The only detail with which I should not agree would be the reference to his hair and eyebrows as being medium brown. They were, as I remember them, a very light brown.

E. F.’s disposition was good, kind, bright and happy, though sensitive. There is no doubt that he would have had a strain upon his nerves, for he had undertaken, on the advice of others, a mission and a purpose which would have brought him into conflict with a much more mature and able mind than his own. His work lay by his own choice in the field of psychic research, but he had accepted advice and support which would shortly have placed him at a very grave disadvantage in that work. His death did save him from much nervous wear and tear that was bound to have come to him had he lived, in the body. This is known to but few persons, as he had only begun his career when it was suddenly and dramatically ended here by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, on which he was a passenger. It is possible that Mrs. Leonard had heard some reference to the facts of his death and his mission to England at the time of the tragedy. But of my acquaintance with him, so that I could recognize him on description, and of the natural connection between us, as having been co-workers for a short time, she knew nothing, for I was totally strange and anonymous to her.

O, wait a minute. Toozie, Toozie, Choozie, Choozie—O dear, they are trying that name again. Toozie, Tootsie, Too, Toozie, Too, Too, Toosee, Tootchie, Tootchie—not quite.

(Better.)

O dear, very like it. Tootchie, Tootchie, Tooshie, Tooshey. Never mind. If they can't get it, they will try and give it to Mrs. Laura, (Good.) when she comes.

NOTE: Tooshie or Tooshey is the pet name Mrs. Brittain tried to give me last year, from my mother. [Séance 3.] It is noteworthy that when it finally comes correctly Fedá is not sure of it, but the communicators drop the effort, as with "Gert" and "Tubby" and "Joseph," as soon as Fedá reported them. This is an interesting sidelight on the psychology of the communications, Fedá apparently being unaware of what the communicators know, merely making her own effort to give parrot-fashion the sounds she hears as nearly as she can. If she were not a separate individual this would be inexplicable. There was no subsequent attempt to put the word through in the sittings for Mrs. Ainslee, though my own response, "Good," left the matter open, so far as Fedá could tell. The failure to make any attempt to follow the matter up is negative evidence of value, therefore.

Because she will soon be coming now. (Will she?) Yes. And the first gentleman, the J. H. gentleman, he say that he did send you a message through Mrs. Laura.

(Yes, I got it.)

And that he made some remarks which amused you both.

(Yes, he did.) [Séance 9.]

And he says he thoroughly enjoys coming to you both. (Good.) Yes, he says, because you are both cheerful souls, and when he was here he didn't like pessimistic [pessimistic] people. He liked people, he says, to go to work with a good heart. And then he sighed a bit, and he said, "I am afraid I was rather pessimistic [*sic*] myself. "But," he says, "that wasn't me, that was only my physical condition." (Hm.) He says, "That wasn't the real soul of me." (Yes.) And now when he comes to you he always tries to make you feel hopeful and cheerful, because he feels like that himself, he say.

(Good.)

And he says, "You know that I have tried to send a message to you through more than one person." (Yes.) He says, "Through Fedá."

(Oh, have you?)

And he says, "There is another message you ought to have got," he says, "as well as through Laura." (Oh. Who?) He says, "What about H. D.?"

(H. D.?) [I was puzzled.]

He says, "Don't guess now, but wait a little." (All right.) He says, "I mentioned you to her. I said I was helping you. And I also referred to Walter," he says, "but don't try and guess now." (All right.) It will come back to you, after.

(All right.)

And he says, "You may have forgotten, because," he says, "it was before I spoke to Laura."

(Oh.)

NOTE: This puzzled me until I read the sitting notes aloud to my sister, June 21st, three weeks after the Leonard sitting, when it suddenly came to mind that Miss Helen Dallas was the "H. D." he meant. At the time of the séance and when typing out the record, I could think only that it might mean Hester Dowden (Mrs. Travers-Smith), but I had had no work of Feda's reported to me by Mrs. Dowden, and in any case that would not predate Mrs. Ainslee's messages from J. H. H. through Feda, at Mrs. Leonard's. I was not clear as to the meaning of the message and could not verify it until I recalled some work Miss Dallas had kindly sent me several years ago, and I was a bit uncertain that that report was of Feda's authorship. For the record see Chapter XXVII. It proves that J. H. H. was right—or that Feda was, if the reader prefers that statement of the matter. My own was the hazy and faulty memory in this case.

"What a nuisance the water's been, hasn't it?" The water.—You don't mean the water on the ship? No, no, no, no. "No," he says. I don't quite understand that. Were you having some trouble about drawing water, or getting water?

(Recently?)

Yes, quite recently. He means something that you have just been thinking of. (Yes.) As if you were quite a bit annoyed about water and saying to yourself, "What a nuisance this is," like that way. And he says he 'spects that you will think to yourself that he must be with you at some funny times. [I laugh.]

(Glad to have him.)

And he says, well, he is, but it doesn't matter; and he knew that you were grumbling inwardly about the arrangements for the water. Ain't it a nuisance.

(Yes.)

Why yes, they do! He means, though, in England here. (Yes.) "Perhaps English people don't find it necessary to bath." Lots of them do, but that is what came in his head, he says, but I told him I

think lots of them does. Wait a minute. "But they don't seem very clever about arranging the water," he says. "And that is what you were thinking, too," he says.

(Yes.)

NOTE: As recently as last night I had been annoyed at drawing more hot water than was needful from a specially-heated bath-tank, when it deprived another of the extra amount and only made my bath-water too hot for comfort. I had felt that it was too bad that the arrangement for such things was not as simple as in an American apartment or flat, where the one who followed me would not have had to wait for the tank to be filled and reheated. This I had expressed to no one.

I had the séance in mind at the time of the bath last evening.

And he would think that he could have saved you, you oughtn't to have paid so much, coming over. (Is that so?) There is something that you were charged too much for, and you were charged some extra that you ought not to have had to pay. And he thinks when you look into matters, especially going back again, you will find out it was so. It was like an overcharge, and he says he's afraid you can't do anything about it now. But he says he's only saying it because you will be interested when you find out, because he's told you so.

NOTE: This is curious; I had, for a few minutes, thought, in reckoning my accounts yesterday, that I had overpaid my ocean fare, but a further inspection showed me my error. It is possible that my thought was caught by Feda or by J. H. H., but not the correction. It was, however, true that my journey to England in the summer preceding this involved an injustice in terms, and I collected a considerable rebate thereon on my return to the United States last autumn. Of course this was in the back of my mind in reckoning my expenses of this season. I have found no overcharge connected with the 1925 journey and the prediction of J. H. H. has not been fulfilled thus far, nor is it likely to be after the lapse of more than a year since it was made.

And—what was that? You thought she was—No, I don't think she's done anything to her different to what you knew.

(What about it?)

Well, he keeps on as if he is trying to feel you on your head, as if something looked a bit different to him. (Yes?) But he says he approves of it, if that is any satisfaction to you, like that way. (Yes.) But he says it does look different—(Yes.) to what he used to know you, like that way. [I here took off my hat, which pretty well covered

my hair, cropped only a fortnight before this sitting, for the first time since I was a child.]

(Yes.)

But he says it does look different. (Yes.) But he does approve of it. (Does he?) He does approve of it. (Good.) And he wasn't sure he would, at first, but he does now. (Good.) [My own ideas have undergone the same general change, a feeling of uncertainty having deterred me from the experiment for some time.]

And he says he does take what you would call a fatherly interest in you, "Because," he says, "after all, you are carrying on the work in my way; as far as you can," he says.

(Thanks.)

"At least, as far as other people will let you." (Oh, yes. Thank you.) He says, "All the time," he says, "you and Laura have been up against other people. But," he says, "I am able to impress you, from time to time, about what is best to be done." (Good.)

NOTE: The expression of the fatherly interest well follows the personal remark about my hair, for it was largely because of my interest in psychic research that I had not had it cut earlier, thinking it wiser to remain conventional in the non-essentials where it was necessary to be unconventional in my main work and interests, which have been closely identified with those of J. H. H., both before and since his passing. It is true that I have, so far as possible, carried on my work in his way, having found no better. These efforts have met some obstruction, and this has involved as well some of Mrs. Ainslee's efforts in sympathy with mine. This, however, may possibly be in a general way familiar to the psychic herself, through discussions she may have heard. But my attitude in reference to my hair would not be open to this explanation.

I am not at all surprised by the statement that J. H. H.-X has been able to impress me, from time to time, as to what is best to be done. It seems to me highly probable, though I cannot prove it from specific clairvoyance or the like, which I do not experience.

And—what was that about? She—he thinks that you are going to have an interesting time here. (Good.) And he feels that you are going to get in touch with one or two interesting people.—But isn't she going to stay in the one place all the time, then?—And, you know, he's got the impression that you may not be staying in the one place all the time. (Oh.) That is what he feels rather strongly impressed about. But he says he will help you arrange matters quite comfortably.

NOTE: I had expected to remain in London for some time, with short side trips once or twice in the summer. And it is part of my plan to meet certain "interesting" people on matters concerning my work. At the time of this séance the plans were under way but not yet matured, the final appointments not being in hand. On June 4th, five days after this, I received the promise of a desired interview with one of those I hoped to see, Sir Oliver Lodge. The interview proved most helpful and encouraging, and led to other helpful contacts.

In August I removed from my room in the flat of a good friend, in order to share larger quarters with my sister in Chelsea, London, where we were indeed very comfortable. This move was unforeseen by us at the end of May, when the prediction was made, our plans being then quite other. It would have been impossible for us to share the room I was occupying, for any length of time, and we were especially favored in securing the flat we went into.

And—O, you know HE'S BEEN WANTING TO GET A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH. He would like to get one.

(Oh.)

NOTE: I have had no "spirit photograph" of J. H. H., but one of our friendly "circle," Mrs. L——, has secured his sign on a photographic film in one of her private, non-professional circles. The record is given in Chapter VI. It must be recalled, too, that L. M. C. had some impression [Séance 13] that J. H. H.-X had made or wished to make such an attempt.

But this lady that came just now, she wanted to get one. She wanted to get one very much, for you. And she wanted to get one so that you could see how much younger she looked, because she does look younger and much better than when she was there. And she keeps sending her love, sending her love very much. Do you know Florence, Florence? Because there is someone she's met on the other side, someone that she knew and liked. And I hear the name Jesse [or Jessie] rather near her. It comes close to the Florence, as if there is some link between the Jesse and the Florence she speaks of. Those are both names that she thinks you will remember, that you will think of afterwards.

(I see. I don't know now.)

She says no, because, she says, they belong to many years ago, to much younger days. She used to talk about them, and she was very pleased to see them again, very pleased.

NOTE: My Cousin M. was fond of her relatives and talked of them a great deal. She and I had a great-uncle, Jesse, whom I never saw but she may have seen when she was little. We had also a Cousin Florence, whom we both knew personally, but she died many years ago, subsequently to the death of Great-Uncle Jesse, who died before I was born. We were very fond of our Cousin Florence, and spoke of her many times. I was at a loss when the reference to Jesse was made, as I was thinking only of the feminine form of the name and we had no female relative of that name deceased. The link between the two, Jesse and Florence, was not direct, though both were related to Cousin M. and to me in the same way. There was another Florence she could have mentioned who was her relative but not mine, or that of the two she has here linked up. Her fondness for relatives was a source of amusement in her family.

I don't think she's got anything of yours with her [said to communicator]. Do you know, she'd got such a very strong impression that you'd got something of hers. [To communicator:] Do you mean here, in England? She do. She mean here.

(What is it?)

Wait a minute. What you feel as though—is it something metal?—And hard, in metal. And then I get something to do with writing. Well, do you know, I get two things. (Yes.) 'Tisn't the photograph she's showing me. (No.) I get something to do with writing. And as well as writing—I get a strong impression of writing, though I don't quite see writing. But as well as that, I feel something metal. Metal like a—sort of like as if it might be something gold, that you have got here. (I see.) She means in England, that should remind you of her. Whatever it is, I think it is like a round shape, like a sort of that way, she keep going [indicating round shape or winding action with her forefinger].

(Want to feel it?)

NOTE: I now placed in her hand the gold watch I had with me, with a fob attached, the pendant on the chain being an inheritance from my mother, as was the watch, though the chain of the fob was not from her. I was carrying the watch in a metal outer case, which I removed before handing Feda the watch. I had supposed that "the lady who came just now" was the same who had appeared earlier in the sitting, Cousin M. But I find that I may have been mistaken, for my mother could, too, have referred in the same way to Jesse and Florence, and she certainly had often seen her Uncle Jesse, whereas there is some possibility that Cousin M. had not. My mother would be niece to Jesse and first

cousin-once-removed to Florence. She was fond of them both and often spoke of them in my younger days, though she was not as devoted to relatives, merely as such, as was Cousin M.

I had nothing gold and round that had belonged to M. either in England or in America.

The reference to "writing" led me to look at once at several folded papers and envelopes with articles in them for psychometry, for among them I thought I had a letter of my mother's which I had prepared for the purpose. The communicator evidently knew something of this. At the séance I gave up my search, thinking I had left the letter in my room, after all. It turned out afterward, that the envelope containing it had been addressed by another hand than hers, and I was confused thereby. So "I don't quite see writing" was a good hit.

Yes, that's it, and she's pleased, very pleased. Yes, I think it is all right, but I think you were a little bit worried about it just a little while ago. And then she looks at you, and she says, "You were, too, for just a little while. You didn't think you had lost it, but it wasn't quite right." And it wasn't, I don't think, but it was only just a little while.

NOTE: True. Just as I was leaving America, about the end of April, the crystal-frame sprang loose and I was afraid I should break the crystal, but very soon after I got on shipboard, May 2nd, I succeeded in replacing it without breaking the crystal, and it has been all right ever since.

What's this got to do with an anniversary?

(Very good.)

What has this got to do with an anniversary? It isn't only this [watch], but there is an anniversary very near now. This is May. She's nodding her head, and she says, "If it is May, of course there must be one very near."

(Yes.)

And you know, she says she's been thinking about it a little bit more than you have. I think you have been a little bit naughty about it, not just remembering it as you should. She says, "You would have remembered, you would have remembered that, but it was rather funny having the sitting just now."

NOTE: The anniversary "very near now" and the reference to "May" in this connection are precisely correct. This day, or the day previous, is the first anniversary of the death of Cousin M. The month of May is the natal month of both M. and my mother, as well. It is

true that I had not recalled the coincidence of this date with the death-day of M. and it is odd that by what seemed pure chance, owing to the failure of plans of another sitter, May 29th had been assigned by Miss Walker to me for my Feda sitting. I had of course in mind the two birthday anniversaries this month, and had spoken of them with my sister recently, but I had overlooked the special interest of this date, which the communicator called to mind. The kindly reproof would be more natural from my mother than from my cousin, in this connection.

I don't think you have got something else that would remind her of this [watch]. I don't know what she means, but I think you have got something else [returning the watch]. Something else, also belonging to her; belongs to the same period, the same time as this. It is not the same thing at all, but it is rather the same shape. It is metal, it is round, but it would belong to the same time and remind you of the same circumstances, but you haven't got it here with you.

(Hm.)

NOTE: I have a locket shaped like a miniature watch of the same style as mother's watch, gold, belonging to the same period and inherited from my mother. I did not have it with me, and had long supposed it lost and thought she must be referring to a similar one in my sister's possession. A fortnight after the sitting, to my surprise and joy, I found my own locket in my trinket-box, in London. I was expecting her to say something about my having lost it. No telepathy here, certainly.

A little while ago, she thought you were afraid that you had lost something of hers. And she couldn't see what it was, but she knew you hadn't lost it.

(That is right.)

She was saying that she got a very strong impression and was saying to you, "You haven't lost it, you haven't lost it. It is only mislaid." And she got the impression onto your mind, and you didn't worry about it quite so much as you might have done.

(That is right.)

NOTE: Within a fortnight, in my journeying, I suddenly realized, after packing my cases and starting to a train, that I had not put on a brooch of mother's that I had been wearing the previous day. I got the impression that it was only mislaid and voiced this to my traveling companion, who assured me, on her part, that she was sure also that I had only mislaid it. Neither of us could have proved why we felt so

sure of this, but the pin turned up, when my grip was unpacked, a day or two later.

She says, "What did you cut out the picture for?" Cut it out; put it in a different surrounding, a different place.

(When?)

This is not just lately. She's not speaking of something the last day or two. (I see.) She's speaking, I feel, of something that you might have done a few weeks or even months ago. And I feel you very carefully taking something out, out of a frame, putting it into something else. And she was rather pleased about it. I think she thought it was rather an improvement, so she wanted you to know she was pleased. You will remember afterwards, but it is some little time ago that we did it.

NOTE: The reference to the picture is very apt. In October, 1924, "months ago," we had cut a picture of mother out of a frame and put it with other photographs in a different surrounding and a different place. It was a photograph she never liked, and we felt she would be pleased to think it was no longer in a frame where it might be hung, though we had not had it hung, out of deference to her dislike and our own. It is an odd thing to be pleased about, but it would be in the vein of her humor to refer to it thus: "rather an improvement." We removed it on a busy day of unpacking and settling our possessions in a new home, my sister and I,—the same two whom she "impressed" about the brooch. The communicator seems to imply that possibly "we" were three on the occasion of removing the photograph, if she may be counted.

She says she comes to see you some part of every day.

(Ah, that's lovely.)

And she says you have been with her at night time, sometimes, in your sleep. (Hm.) But she can't always make you remember. (I see.) And thinks she's been a little bit disappointed that you haven't dreamed of her, do you see, more? (I see.) [Cf. H. T-S., p. 186.]

Mrs. Laura doesn't always dream, either.

But she says that you have been over and have been with her there; and she says it is only a question of time, because she says some morning you will wake up and will remember where you have been with her.

(That is nice.)

NOTE: One of my rare psychic experiences concerns a dream of my mother some years ago, in response, apparently, to my urgent request

that I might see her. I do not often dream of her. On that special occasion, I did wake up in the morning remembering seeing her bending over a bed, apparently my bed, though I did not see myself but felt myself in it, and was looking at it and her as an observer. I tried not to waken but to keep the vivid picture before me, which was more realistic than any memory I had of my mother. It did not occur until more than a decade after her death.

Although she's a sort of happy soul, I feel that she had a good deal to fight with in her earth life. And I don't mean just before the end, just a health condition. (Hm.) But I feel before that some anxiety and trouble caused by some other person. I feel that the anxiety and trouble was partly in connection with a man, not a woman. (Hm.) I think she always made the best of things, but she says she wouldn't like to come back now. Much rather be where she is. And you know she was often a lot more ill than she let anybody know. (I know.) She often got very weak internally. She says it is so nice not to have to be afraid of having any more pain again. And she didn't like to be fidgeted about. It got on her nerves. She says she's got a new body and thoroughly enjoys life.

NOTE: The references to her condition of health and her "happy soul" are strikingly apt. She suffered weakness internally a great deal, and over-spent her strength often, in caring for others. The "anxiety and trouble" in connection with a man were a part of the conditions she had to make the best of. Trouble and illness and all that they entailed for him were met and shared by her. She had suffered so much pain in her lifetime that her expression of her relief from it is a moving verification of her identity.

There is no overlapping of her communications and those of Cousin M., though no names are mentioned.

And she's met many friends, and many that she loved, and many that she says had passed over a long time ago. But three that she is with, three people are of more recent years. (Yes.) [I was not sure who these might be, at that moment.] And wait a minute. There is another lady that is with her that is a relative, and she is of more recent years. And I feel that there are also two men. She doesn't give me at all a lonely feeling, a very happy—but do you know that she's losing the power? Ain't it a nuisance?

NOTE: The four "of more recent years" with her, could well be her sisters, of whom I was very fond, three of whom died a few years

before my mother, and one a few years after. The two men would be her husband and her son, my father and brother, who were connected with the illness and care she met so courageously. These are all comparatively deaths of recent years, not as early as the Jesse and Florence she mentioned earlier, and there are other relatives who died in her childhood, as well as many of our mutual friends who have passed over and to whom she has, through other psychics, now and then referred in the course of my investigations. Not everyone has as many relatives and friends to whom pertinent reference could be made. It is appropriate that she says there are many.

I can't hear her so well, now, but I can feel what she wants to say. She's sending you her love.

(Yes, I send her mine.)

She put her arms round your neck, rather a peculiar little way, and put her finger under your chin there, as if she was going to kiss you. She lifted your face up to hers to kiss you, that was her way.

NOTE: This was a mannerism of mother's, particularly putting her arms around one's neck in a peculiar little way. A psychic friend whom I saw daily at the time of this sitting sometimes appeared to be influenced by my communicators, and she had in the preceding three or four days done a very similar thing, not as a personal matter but for someone else, she did not know precisely who. She had, both before and after the séance, of which she knew nothing, impressions that my mother was about and giving me messages and admonitions, some of which seemed in character for mother. This would strengthen Feda's statement, "she is with you some part of every day," which I did not report to my friend. Nor did I tell her about the coincidence of my mother's little mannerism being described to me by Feda, until she had manifested it herself. She was not told about the most of my record, at all, and knew nothing of my purpose to secure it, beforehand.

The power is going. I have to go. And you give my love to Mrs. Laura.

(I will. And she will give hers to you. And mine, too.)

Yes. She will be soon coming again, and we will send you a message through her.

NOTE: At Mrs. Ainslee's sitting with Feda, July 23rd, 1925, this séance of mine was referred to, but my name was not given. So L. A. inquired, as to me, "Feda, had she ever been here before?" and was promptly told that I had not, and that the communicator had a feeling that I was strange to the work with this psychic. The communicator

was Ernest Ainslee, who did not communicate directly with me at the Osborne-Leonard sitting last summer [Séance 9], as J. H. H.-X did.

In the spring of 1926, Mrs. Ainslee took pains to ascertain from Mrs. Leonard that she has never had any idea who it was who took the notes, on the occasion of the July, 1924, sitting. It was done in a casual way at the time, purposely, L. A. not pre-arranging it but stating on her arrival that she had brought a note-taker along and left her waiting outside, in case Mrs. Leonard should object to the plan of having one. My identity has therefore been amply protected from the knowledge of the psychic.

The message promised through L. A., however, did not come through, merely the statement that a lady she knew had been for a sitting recently.

(And you give my love to all of them, and my best thanks, and thanks to you, too, Feda, and my love.)

Yes, and Feda's love to you. And God bless you.

(And you, too, Feda, thank you.)

Yes. [Whisperings, not clearly heard. Quiet pause, 12:50. Stretched. Whispered:] Peace. What? O, yes. [Woke.]

NOTE: "I have gone over the Leonard sittings of May 29, 1925, and October 14th, 1923, and I corroborate and concur in my sister's notes thereon, so far as they concern our family affairs.

"ELLA H. TUBBY."

CHAPTER XXVII

SÉANCE 29

As I read over the preceding record with my sister on June 21, 1925, the name of Helen Dallas came to mind as the possible person indicated. On June 25th I was to pay her a visit, and I then verified the reference. She recalled to my mind the report she had made me in the autumn of 1923 of a portion of a sitting of hers with Mrs. Osborne-Leonard. This report I have placed with my personal contributions to another series of records I have collected relating to J. H. H. since his passing, and these are now in the rooms of the A. S. P. R. in New York. I had quite forgotten that Miss Dallas's record was from Mrs. Leonard. She has given it to me over again with the following letter:

"Innisfail, Crawley,
"June 26, 1925.

"Dear Miss Tubby:

"I am *giving* you these notes of the part of my sitting with Mrs. Leonard which refer to Professor Hyslop, with much pleasure. I have taken the notes very accurately, but for the sake of brevity I have left out pronouns in rough notes, and I have copied exactly. Any addition of my *own* I have placed between brackets. I do not write shorthand, unfortunately.

"I sent the date on the sheets I posted to you earlier, but I seem to have omitted it in my notebook, very stupid of me! I cannot remember it now, but I think it was in October, 1922—or 1923. You will probably remember—I generally start with the date. I think it was 1923. . . .

"Yours very sincerely, H. A. DALLAS."

This was closely followed by a post-card, with the further statement:

"I have found a note which makes me *sure* that the interview was in 1923—I think early in October.

"Yours, H. A. DALLAS."

"Friday (June 26, 1925)."

The date was some time in the week opening October 14, 1923, as

my note on the sitting will indicate. The record follows, Mrs. Osborne-Leonard's guide, Feda, being in control:

October, 1923. Mrs. Osborne-Leonard, medium, H. A. Dallas, sitter.

Copy of record taken at the time of the sitting, given G. O. T. by H. A. D. in November, 1923, and again in June, 1925, for use in this series.

Medium: "Chubby—Cobbie—Tubby." A man. "Hand them over."

[H. A. D. hands over an envelope containing a letter (received before his death) from Prof. Hyslop.] (Unfortunately I [H. A. D.] noted afterwards that the address, "American Society for Psychical Research," was visible on the cover, although in the dim light it may not have been perceived by the medium.)

Medium: Oh, what a change in conditions, what an alteration all round! A nice kind of influence,—a flow of kindness.

(H. A. D.: Something important to say?)

Something he is trying to do now—a big thing to do—not affecting to one person [only], beneficial to others.

Building something through someone else.

Something planned for, he is going to help. *Solving*—going to help to solve something mysterious, doing something through the people on earth.—He is going on with it and leading them to carry it on *successfully*. [Medium's hand moves as if grasping—holding.]

"I have shown myself." Has *written* through someone's hand—Got to do it more.

NOTE: True, through Mrs. Chenoweth. This was continued in a series of sésances given me in 1923-4, *e. g.*, Séance 2, Chap. III; and F. L. L. record, Chap. VI, Sect. 10.—G. O. T.

Thinking of something over the sea.

Interested in places not near here. B., a place—traveling about. [They?] think a lot of him. He did not want to pass over when he did—hard to go when he was doing so much: but he wants to say he *had* to go to continue—could not do [it] on earth.

Pulling threads together.

Work spread out. *Unity*—trying for Peace.—He thinks a lot of peace and unity. [Eminently true of J. H. H.]

Interest in other countries, not only here.

Just at present special things to be done that he must help *at once*.

[It was a time of readjustments and problems in the work he had established in America. A membership campaign was under way.—G. O. T.]

Roping people in as "recruits." CHANGING THE CENTER FROM WHICH HE WORKS. G. to do with the work, linked up with it. Tried to do what he is doing now before but [words lost].

NOTE: G. O. T.'s work individually for J. H. H.-X's communications was changing its center this very month, a fact unknown to H. A. D.

A place with an awful lot of pictures connected with him.

NOTE: I had just moved to an apartment with very high ceilings and had been obliged to change the wires on all of our pictures, a rather large number of framed ones for a private home, as well as a number unframed, aggregating perhaps fifty in all. These I had devoted Sundays, October 7 and 14, and Friday, October 12, 1923 (a holiday), to hanging and arranging,—a somewhat arduous task, requiring hours of work on a ladder seven steps high, and much reaching and stretching and weariness. I noted the remark, "An awful lot of pictures," as did my sister, with much amusement when I first received this report from Miss Dallas, in November, 1923. We verified the point and the dates at the time, especially noting that I had spent all my free days in settling this particular detail of our new home myself, with my sister's aid.—G. O. T.

Something that is being done to perpetuate his memory, but not a stone, something useful to others.

NOTE: My work in the interest of communication from him, for which I wished the A. S. P. R. to have the credit.—G. O. T.

'Stelling [Is telling?]-work.—Difficult to carry out a little while ago,—and yet he wanted it kept on with, it must be kept on with. [It had been officially discontinued after three years. I had *personally* kept it up; in absent sittings.—G. O. T.]

Tries to do something with his hand.

Influences a little body of people.

A lady, he has more of a personal influence—he is fond of her, but even with her it is not merely a personal thing—it is to carry things on—wider—[True of my relation to the work and to his part in it.—G. O. T.] Scope must be enlarged and rather quickly will be done.

Branches in other places—sowing seed in other places—not just a certain section but all kinds of people—roping in.

Has anything been done with America? Specially America—not *only* America. [The A. S. P. R. was definitely endeavoring to interest “all kinds of people” by invitation, contrary to his practice, in his lifetime.—G. O. T.]

Medium mutters: Perry, Per, per, Perry, Per.—*Writes in the air:* P r P-r-i-n-c-e [I *think* these letters were all written with her hand in the air, but I am not sure whether the word was uttered before it was finished in writing.] L o—A a name very important. “I know what they are all doing.”

[L. A. seems to be indicated. She had become deeply interested in the work, both mine personally and that of the A. S. P. R.—G. O. T.]

Opposition, carrying it on in the face of misunderstanding. He wants them to be sure he is helping.

Mr. Fred says he wants them to have [lost concluding words] Mr. Fred feels they will make good. [“Mr. Fred” is F. W. H. Myers, in Feda’s usage.—G. O. T.]

The trance now concluded and as the medium came out she whispered distinctly, “Gertrude.”

NOTE: The reference in this sitting to my name, to work in America, the effort to “rope in” people as “recruits,” to branches, and to the effort to build something up are apt in view of the fact that it was at this time, and just previous to it, that the A. S. P. R. had adopted the policy of inviting suitable persons from the professional classes to membership in the Society. The policy had also been urged, and some beginning made by Mr. Edwards, the President of the Society at that time, toward its execution, of extending the Society’s usefulness by establishing local sections throughout America, to focus interest and widen influence, as there was much random work and many spurious organizations which ultimately hurt the more serious scientific work in psychical research, in parts remote from the headquarters of the American Society, in New York.

The references to efforts at peace and unity are pertinent in the above connection, and also in connection with the work I was doing, “traveling about,” in “B. a place,”—Boston, where J. H. H. had “shown himself” and “*written* through someone’s hand,” Mrs. Chenoweth’s. This work I was doing was indeed in an effort to perpetuate his memory, and he was apparently influencing “a little band of people” who supplied cross-reference in these attempts. He influenced more than one hand in this connection apparently. The work was,

however, difficult to carry out owing to opposition that lurked in the minds of a few to the effort, and I had at this precise time been required officially to discontinue it, but I had kept on with it personally and unofficially by absent sittings. My interest, it is also true, was not merely a personal thing, nor would J. H. H.'s be, but for the sake of giving the wider scope and influence that he himself had always felt to be necessary, if psychic research was to play its proper part in the needs and problems of a preponderantly materialistic society, such as civilization has presented for the past fifty years. This was the point of view and the vision that held him to the work through years of hardship and isolation from his academic confrères.

The effort at that time to hold things together was pertinent, also, and the reference to Dr. Prince in this connection. The fact is that, as we now know, he was at that time interested in the possible formation of an independent society in Boston, apart from the A. S. P. R. founded by Dr. Hyslop as an outgrowth of the old American branch under Dr. Hodgson's secretaryship. This independent Boston group has now been formed, and is under the direction of Dr. Prince, who has left the A. S. P. R. officially.

Mr. Myers, it will be seen, has manifested interest in the work I have done. Mrs. Chamberlaine got an attempt at his sign in her script of December 4th, 1924, when I was having a sitting with her. Mr. Myers ["Mr. Fred "] very clearly in my Boston work, in the summer of 1920 when I was on my vacation, came to me with his sign, and purported to give me a most sustaining and far-seeing message that has been a support in many vexatious problems since. He has more than once expressed interest in the work in America.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SUMMATION

In the course of the twenty-nine readings and the twenty-one varied reproductions of the sign of James Hervey Hyslop, deceased, which are the subject of our study, we find a chronicle of psychic facts more than usually full of evidential pertinence. The principal communicators have apparently been concerned to accomplish:

1. The transmission by a variety of clair-sense automatisms and impressions of the posthumous symbol of J. H. H., which has apparently been posthumously chosen for such transmission. [See Chapter VI.]

2. Numerous Hyslop family references of which the major portion (perhaps ninety per cent.) concerns a generation whose decease antedated my acquaintance in the family. Most of these items were unknown and meaningless to me and unplaceable at the time I received them. The occasional exception furnished the clue which led me into a labyrinth of Hyslop family data published in connection with Piper séance records a quarter of a century ago, and in connection with the work of Mrs. Chenoweth about fifteen years ago. A large amount of time and attention was necessary to gather the points I required, most of which, although published, are not familiar to the present generation of the Hyslop family with whom I am acquainted. In one case, that of the Scotchman, Mr. Andrews, there was no published fact available, and inquiry had to be made of an elderly relative of the second generation back, to establish the point. The Hyslop family details, even the few referring to the present generation, were almost, if not entirely, without exception unknown to the psychics through whom they were imparted to me. The Oldham and Townsend families of Ohio were totally unfamiliar to me and to Dr. Hyslop's daughter. His brother, who had lived in the Ohio home until his young manhood, had to be called in to verify these references, hitherto unpublished, so far as I have discovered.

3. The following up of my professional activities and the course

of my life during the period in which the work has been accomplished in New York, London and Paris.

4. Observations upon my association with Mrs. Laura Ainslee, and upon the fact that she followed sympathetic lines of work, together with occasional pertinent flashes from her chief communicator to me, though he was unknown to me in his lifetime: these associations being kept entirely from the knowledge of the psychics with whom I have worked.

5. The giving of personal messages, some of which I was unable to verify until months later, concerning two families of my friends whose deceased members were acquainted, and were associated with my life at the same period, now long past. These associations terminated at the very time when I entered upon my initial service in psychic research, recording the first series of Chenoweth sittings undertaken by J. H. H. [See Introductory Chapter.] I have not discussed those families with the psychics, or even mentioned them.

6. The giving of proof of personal identity by my own relatives, together with evidence of their memory of my early life, at a period before I could remember it as clearly as my elders could. Emphatically, it would be impossible for any of my psychic acquaintances to have heard the pet names applied to me by my relatives of the preceding generation, over thirty-five years ago.

7. Reference to "guides" ascribed to me.

8. The identification, by facts unknown to me or to the American psychic who gave them, of the principal guide of each of two English psychics whom I had consulted,—the very knowledge of my journey abroad being given, in the first instance, to the American psychic by my principal communicator, Dr. Hyslop.

The yield of ninety-six points in cross-reference, between psychics of three different countries (indicated by the capitalized expressions throughout the record) has been a generous one.

The verification of points has taken uncounted days and weeks, overseas correspondence, search in printed archives and family history of the Hyslop family still unprinted, and in the family histories of personal friends lost to sight for years. Long-sought verifications have had a most appropriate tendency to arrive at just the time when they have been needed, regardless of the period of time elapsing after I had instituted the necessary inquiries. Indeed, the whole plan of the work has been shaped quite as much by the psychic determinants as by the collator and editor. It has been a collaboration, as the records

indicate, all the way along. My part has been chiefly that of the verifier and observer, and there are but few points in the whole to which I have found no key.

I have included the few obscure matters for two purposes: (a) to show their proportion to the whole; (b) to offer the opportunity for their verification by others. So many puzzles in the course of the work have at last been solved and cleared up that I shall not be surprised to find that further developments solve those remaining.

Of all the psychics represented in these pages—outside of the recipients of the sign—only three knew James H. Hyslop personally: Mrs. Chenoweth, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Dowden (Travers-Smith), the latter having met him about eight years before his “death.” * His work here presented through those psychics who *knew* him does not concern his family or his life-experience; but through psychics totally strange to him he has given me such material, and it has taken patient and persevering endeavor to verify the obscure and relatively old matter with which I was almost wholly unfamiliar. Had he dwelt upon details regarding his living family, whom I know well, my task would have been easy—and the evidence would be open to the familiar variations of argument centering on “telepathy and subconscious reading.” But a superior psychological judgment is evident throughout, in choice of Hyslop family material for reference. The same intelligence appears to be able to intermingle such matter with unpublished and obscure family history and with comment upon my own problems and work. If we accept the one as evidence of supernormal knowledge on the part of the psychic, we must accept the other as having its origin in the same general sources, for they are interwoven elaborately and extensively.

It is bad judgment, bad science, to classify two objects made of the same material under different categories. The glowing sun and the meteor—how different in appearance and how alike in dependence upon the mathematical laws of gravitation, of space, and of chemistry! The primitive man regards the one as a deity, the other as a portent. His ignorance of the common laws of causation excuses him, but leaves him none the less a victim of superstition. So, it appears to the close student, must one excuse the ignorance of the superstitious who bow down to the Subconscious Unknown and murmur the litanies of Telepathy in a monotonous chant.

* “I find it difficult to assume that I am dead,” said he to me through Mrs. Chenoweth, most amusingly, in 1920.

A new day has dawned. The sun of survival has risen upon human consciousness and we have its light henceforth to illumine the dense obscurities of hitherto uncharted regions, and to define the bounds of the subconscious memory and its possible capacity. Telepathy has thrown, as it were by a lightning flash, certain mental susceptibilities into bold relief. Seen in its light alone, those susceptibilities have taken on an importance disproportionate, because of their isolation from their whole setting. The careful witness in telepathic experiment often testifies to other elements in the situation which surpass the possibilities of mere thought-transmission, indications of memory of a sector of the life-experience of an individual, rather than one or two chosen, distinct thoughts or memories.

To place the identity of the communicator of such an unfamiliar picture lets in the flood of light that reveals the correct setting, where "telepathy" and "subconscious memory reading" could merely pick out a detail here and there from the general darkness.

In the darkness of night one may see, as he drives through town or countryside, a home standing amidst trees and shrubbery, brought suddenly into sight by the flash of the motorist's lamps. Each one, to the motorist, is "house," and some are "homes." Trees, bushes, grass—these are recurrent in the pictures and recognized. Yet the flashing lights reveal something more:—dreary, cosy, roomy, cheery, a subtle character is almost inevitably attached to each observed house. But "empty" or "abandoned" befits the description of that house from which no human influence radiates.

Even so, it appears to the writer, telepathy *per se* has been thought to turn the human element out, leaving an empty concept. But it can only formally and arbitrarily dispossess the owner. The house bears marks of its use and the purpose that led to its construction by the human creature, even while it is empty. The gleams of light that disclose its outlines reveal a whole picture and setting, the background of the detail. The full light of day brings all into clear vision at once and we see, not a succession of separate items, but a complete picture.

In like fashion, psychic communications, both from "telepathists" and from sensitives in general, involve inseparably the larger background and in effect present sectors of thought, feeling and memory often of lives and life-histories foreign alike to the psychic transmitter and to the investigator.

Interhuman psychic communion and communication throw full light upon the human scene and show us at last a world unlimited by

those old, familiar, and possibly fictitious boundary-markers, time, space and death. These have their mathematical and psychological uses, as concepts. We need in our vocabulary words for such concepts, but let them not lord it over us. We created them, put empirical meaning into them and, as we delve deeper into the meanings of life and mind, we enlarge the concepts not only of the mathematics of space and of time but of the psychological content packed into the word *death*.

That far-seeing mind that chose to place its ripe experience in psychology, logic and philosophy at the service of psychic investigation, without money and without price, and gave, in terms of earthly years, half of its maturity to an exhaustive and intensive laboratory investigation of psychic mediumship, most appropriately has contributed more than any other single individual, save possibly that other great pioneer, Frederic Myers, to the *posthumous* enlargement of our concepts of life and death.

This volume comprises but a fraction of what I have received from James Hyslop in the years since June, 1920. There is a large mass, not yet utilized and interpreted, of records given me from him during the first four years after his passing from the earth stage to what seems the clearly established present stage of his life. Even this one year's work, carefully annotated and studied and summarized as to its cross-reference items in the Index, (pages 25-30), gives evidence, at a glance, that we have herein fresh material for study and reflection.

May I express the earnest hope that students of this work will regard it with the open mind of the compiler and of our mutual benefactor, the principal communicator, J. H. H.-X, who devotes himself, in this material age, to the study and enlargement of the concepts of mind, soul and spirit, and all that they may imply of man's splendid, unevolved possibilities in his existence, now and hereafter.

"Perchance one day we shall rejoice to recall these things to mind."

—Virgil, *Æneid* I, 203.

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